ollier's

I play baseball for money—not fun

BY DUKE SNIDER

MAY 25, 1956 · FIFTEEN CENTS

GESELL ON TEEN-AGERS

New insight into
the years 13 to 16

May 25-1956

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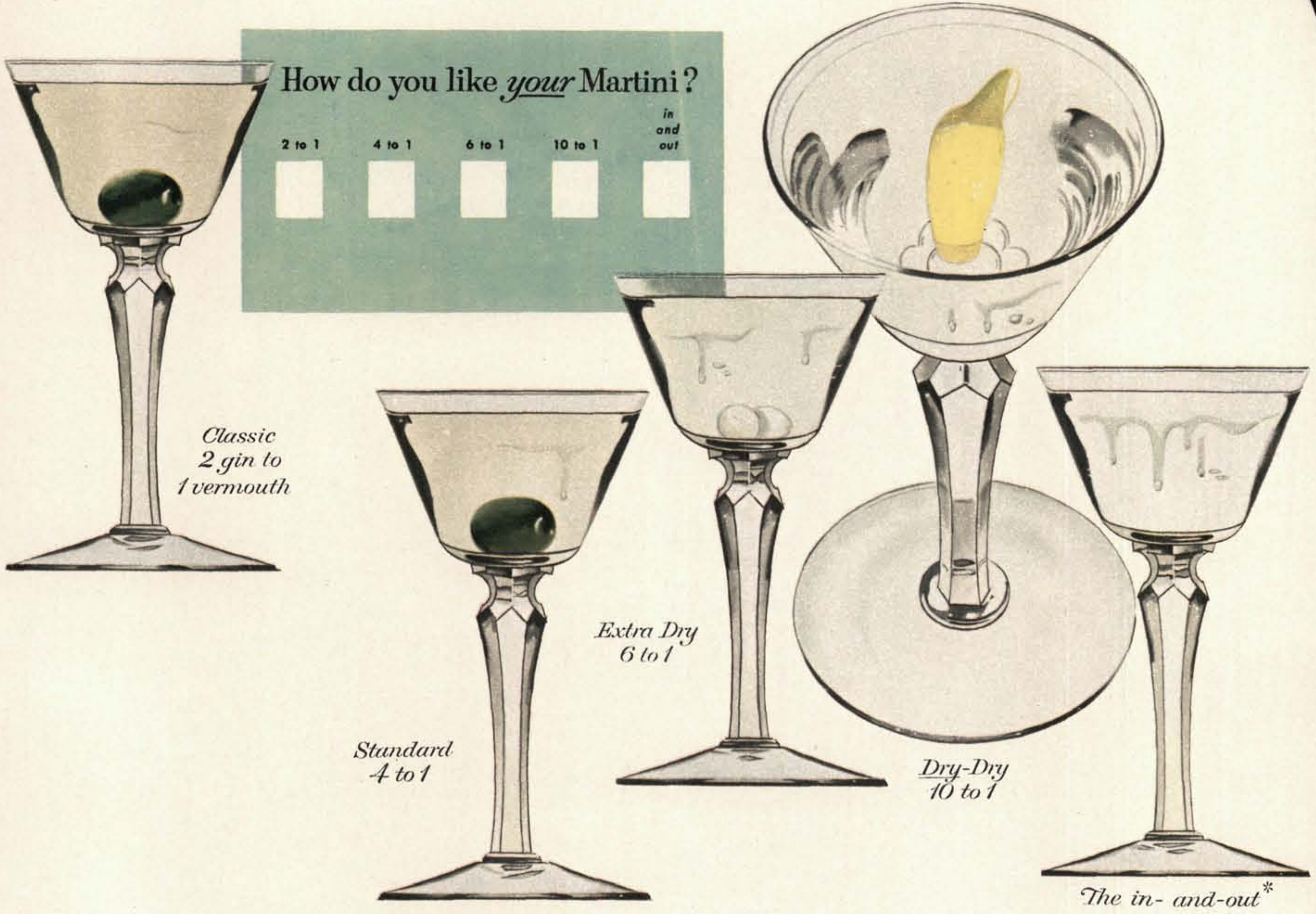
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The in- and-out*

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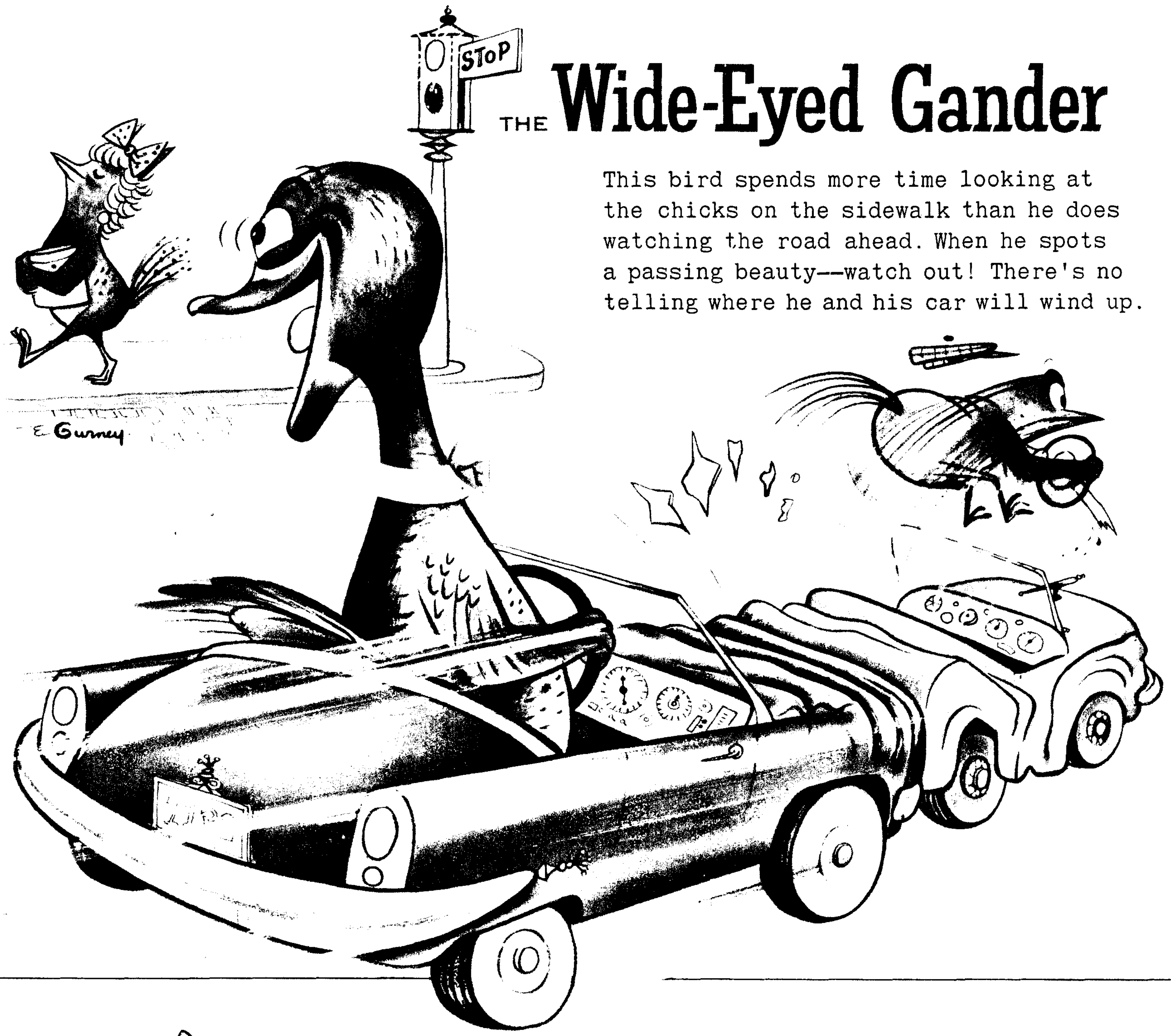

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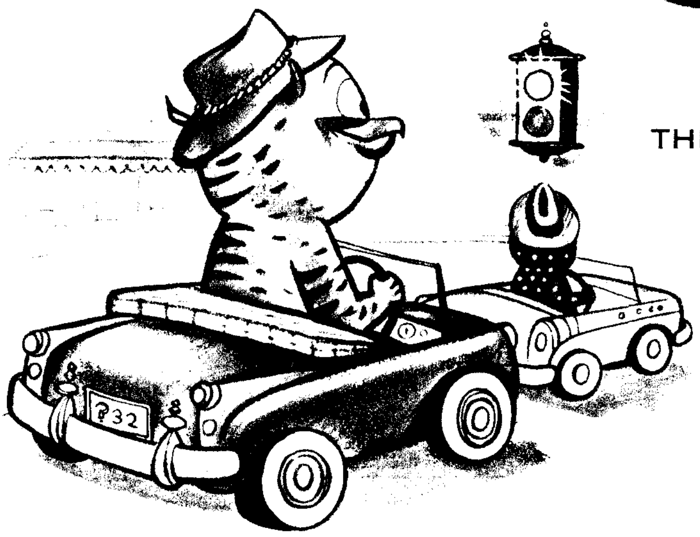

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Picture OF THE MONTH IN CINEMASCOPE

Hollywood's ever-increasing and ever-welcome custom of filming explosive stories right where they explode is especially bountiful in the case of "Bhowani Junction," filmed by M-G-M in Eastman Color and CinemaScope in Pakistan.

"Bhowani Junction," you'll doubtless recall, is the railway town where John Masters set the seething scene of his best-selling Book of the Month. There, today's India clashes with age-old taboos. And there, M-G-M has starred Ava Gardner in her most ravishing and demanding role to date – that of the golden-skinned "chee-chee," the Eurasian half-caste whose tangled love-life mirrors the many conflicts surging across this exotic land.

Stewart Granger plays one of the three vastly different – and violently differing – men into whose arms the chee-chee is hurled in the torrid course of her search for the one love strong enough to blot out her past and bring her happiness for the future.

Across teeming market-places, temples sacred and profaned, across breathtakingly vivid vistas, the romantic suspense mounts from moment to moment and from man to man. Will the chee-chee charmer's quest end with the proud British officer? Powerfully played by Granger, he is a man of some scruples and many contradictory desires – a riddle of a man caught by his own passions in the middle of a mystery. Does his kind of man drive her kind of woman toward infidelity? Will she stumble on a purer love in the hovel of the native firebrand? Will she find her mate and herself in the disturbed adoration of the handsome Eurasian adventurer who is as much bronze flesh and hot blood as she herself?

Here are truly new heights of adventure and new heats of romance that hold you spellbound at "Bhowani Junction," where strangers kiss and lovers sometimes kill, where midnight terrorists lurk and violence overtakes a woman's runaway emotions.

Our thanks to producer Pandro S. Berman, director George Cukor, writers Sonya Levien and Ivan Moffat—and to the abiding, brooding beauty of India herself. They've all made very sure that M-G-M's "Bhowani Junction" is off the beaten track – in a very special, very rewarding class by itself!

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents "BHOWANI JUNCTION" in CinemaScope and Color starring AVA GARDNER and STEWART GRANGER with Bill Travers, Abraham Sofaer. Screen Play by Sonya Levien and Ivan Moffat. Based on the Novel by John Masters. Photographed in Eastman Color. Directed by George Cukor. Produced by Pandro S. Berman. An M-G-M Picture.

Collier's

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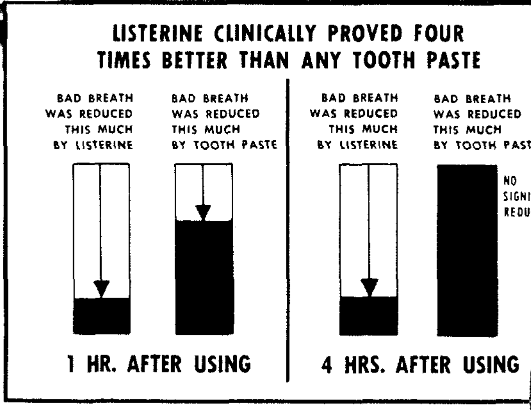

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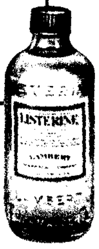

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Appointment with O'HARA

ALTHOUGH the photograph at the top of these chronicles does not give you the full picture, you will not be surprised to be told that that sensitive face belongs to a poet. I was class poet of my prep-school class, and the fact that the school itself has ceased to exist is one of those coincidences that delight the frivolous but have no real significance. It just happened that I was class poet, and that the school folded.

No one, not even I, could recite today those wise words of 1924, and among the vicissitudes that I have endured was a rapid shifting from the field of poetry to prose. It is the poetic notion that man does not live by bread alone, but it is at least equally true that he does not live without it. Archibald MacLeish is on the Harvard payroll and Ogden Nash is on a TV quiz program. Johnny Mercer, of course, is up in the highest brackets, but MacLeish got to Harvard by way of Yale; Nash got to TV by way of Harvard, and Mercer is an alumnus of Paul Whiteman. I missed out on such higher education and if Poetry has missed me—well, we shall see.

I am what might be called an iambic pentamateur, since no editor in his right mind would buy any verse of mine, which does not keep me from an occasional try at it. And because it is Spring, Spring, Spring, and I try to be fairly topical, I would like to report on some of my recent poetical activity. My trouble, or one of my troubles, is that I seldom finish a poem. Yes, trouble.

For example, I submit the first two lines of a poem which I have called The Mountain Climber's Girl Friend's Lament.

They go like this:

It's steep, Stupid, so stop it!
Stop it, Stupid, it's steep!

If Nicholas Vachel Lindsay were still alive he could do wonders with a start like that.

Next I submit the beginnings of a blockbuster, a 16-tonner:

Thirty days at hard la-bor
For as much as mentioning
one Ga-bor.

And, a bit of minstrelsy inspired by the news that surgery is being demonstrated on closed-circuit video:

Doc, before you make that
incision
Make me *up for television.*

That one, by the way, has great possibilities. Develop the idea that what used to be known as men in white now have to be men in blue because a surgical gown doesn't photograph well, and neither does blood. The day is coming, you know, when the doctors may have to dye a patient, which will be one of the greatest events since Harvey. It will at least provide a switch on that old gag: "The operation was a success and the patient was dyed."

I didn't mean to get so clinical, but I get carried away with my own poetry, and of course that's what editors have been suggesting all along.

★ ★ ★

THE ONE MAN who is most responsible for the success of the enormously successful My Fair Lady is Moss Hart. He is also, incidentally, the one person who has been largely overlooked while press and public have been handing out flowers and candy.

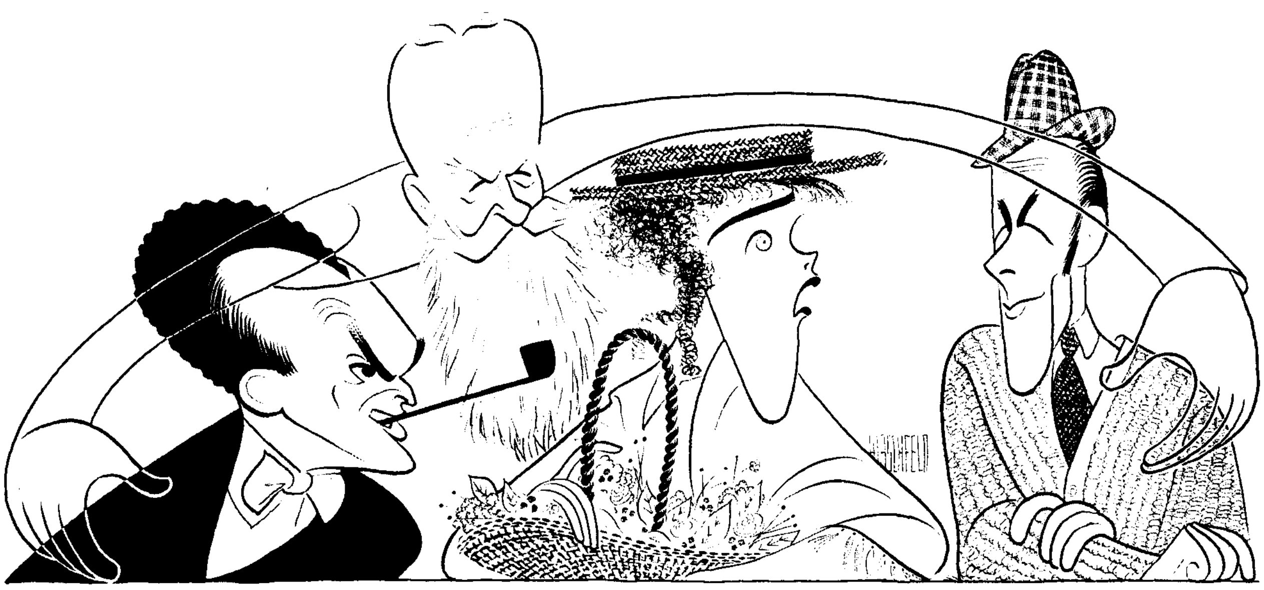
George S. Kaufman, who has made many very sour and very funny remarks, once said that there weren't 10 people in or out of show business who could tell with any certainty how much a director contributes to a play. The author, the director, and in a musical, the writer of the lyrics all contribute, and so does the actor, says Kaufman (and I telephoned him a minute ago to check on his comment). It is almost impossible to say where a director has employed his craftsmanship.

When George Kaufman talks about the theater, you listen because nobody knows more about the theater. But in this case, in the case of Hart's direction of My Fair Lady, he is more than willing to make an exception to his observation.

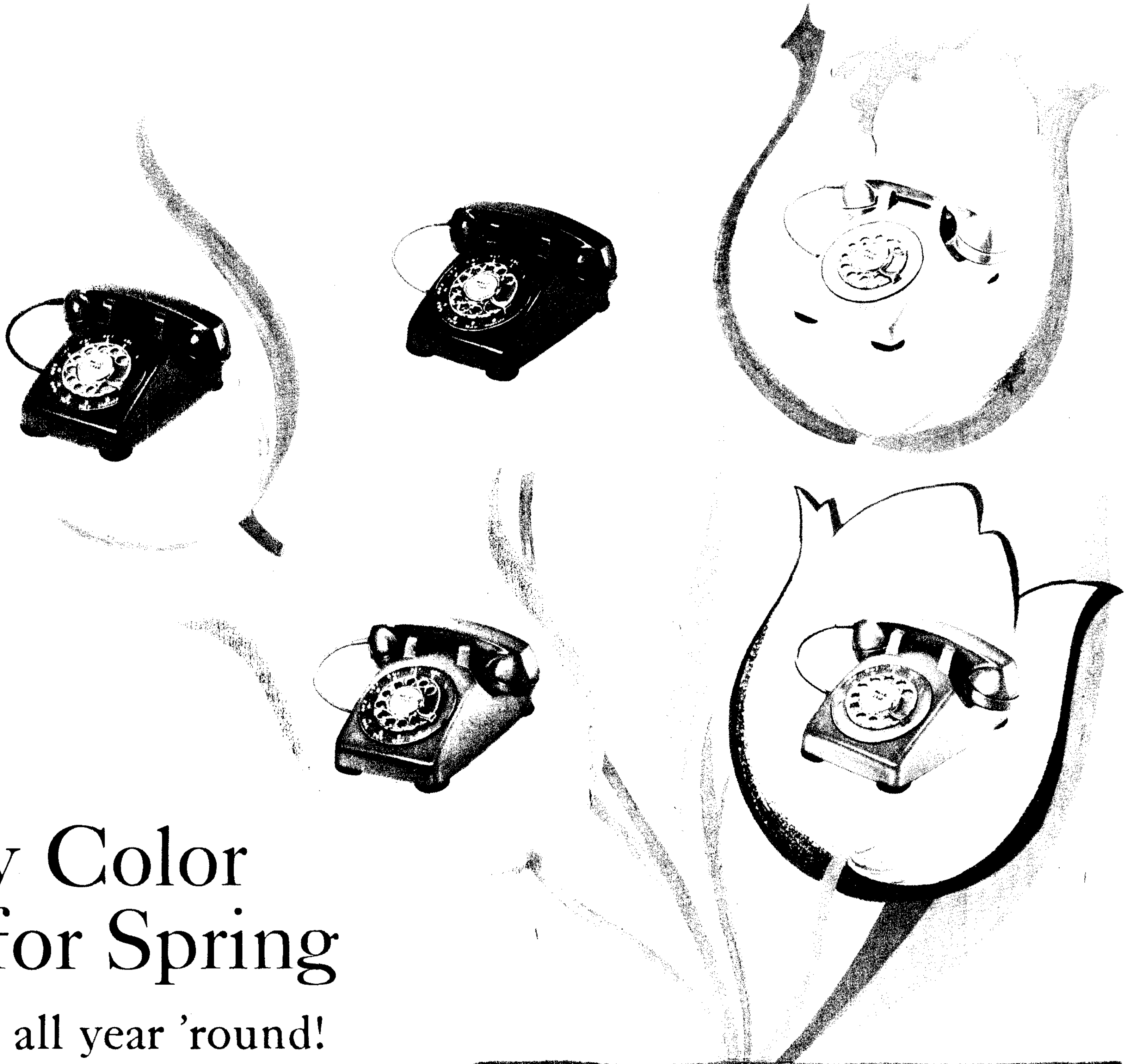
Most people who go to the theater have no awareness of the existence of a director, and that's as it should be. The mannered directors in the movies or the theater are too much concerned with making their own presence felt, and they tinker with the script and stylize the speech and posturings of the actors. Ideally, a director, stage or screen, is as unobtrusive as a perfect musical score for a movie. If you start humming a theme while watching a picture, the musical director has overreached. If you, a member of the audience, are unable to recall where there has been and where there has not been music on the sound track of a satisfactory movie, the musical director has done his job well. In My Fair Lady the job done by Moss Hart is so supremely successful that ironically he has been deprived of his share of the bouquets. The reason I noticed his work is that I am an author, and extremely sensitive to the things a director and an actor can do to a script, for good or evil. Most directors are frustrated authors anyway, but Moss Hart's success as a playwright removes him from that category. As one of the most successful of modern playwrights he had the proper respect for George Bernard Shaw's creation Pygmalion, on which, of course, My Fair Lady is based. It is a musical version of Pygmalion, and that's what it is, if I may seem unnecessarily repetitious.

Now when you go to see My

AL HIRSCHFELD



Moss Hart, Julie Andrews, Rex Harrison make an enormous success of My Fair Lady, the musical based on GBS's Pygmalion



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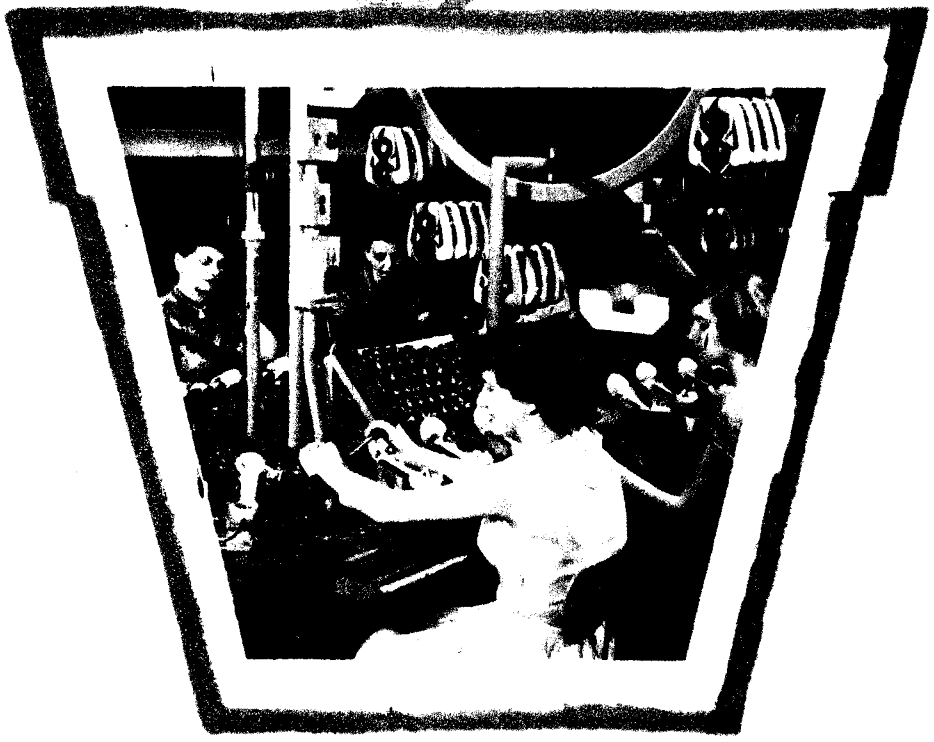

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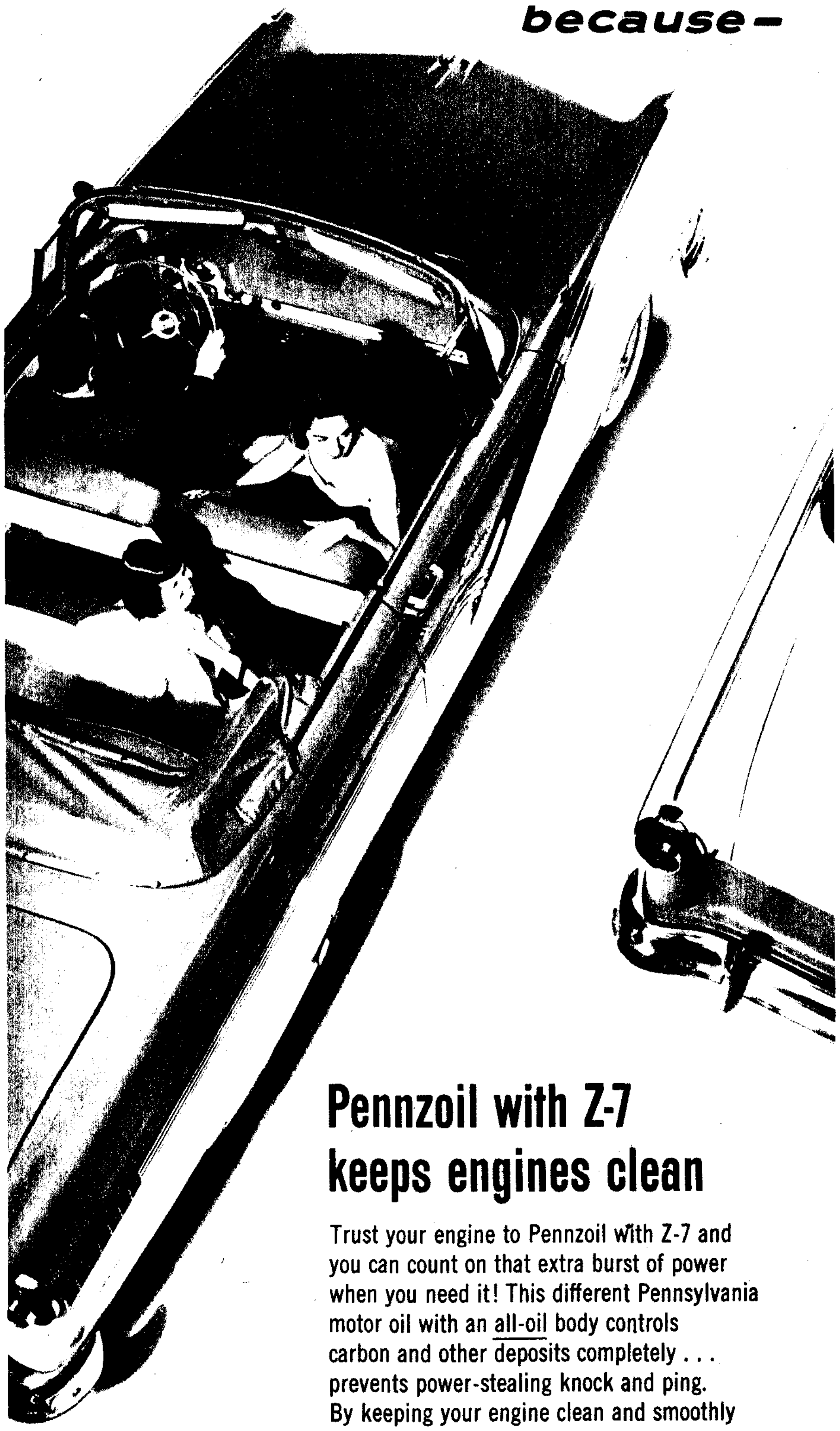

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Appointment with

O'HARA continued

Fair Lady you will be excited and delighted with the visible and audible metamorphosis of Eliza Doolittle from Cockney worm to Mayfair butterfly. For that excitement and delight you will rightly applaud Miss Julia Andrews. But let me tell you that if Moss Hart had goofed, there is no actress in the world who could make My Fair Lady the hit it is (and will continue to be for at least two years). A lot has been said and written about what a fat part Eliza Doolittle is. It sure is. But there is no actress who could handle it undirected, and there are thousands of actresses who could have ruined the show under bad direction. (And there are plenty of bad directors, not all of them working for television.) The step-by-step, almost word-by-word recreation of the slum kid is not done off stage: it happens where you can hear it and see it, and if Hart and Miss Andrews can't make you believe it and root for it and cheer for it when it has been accomplished—you have no show.

It is for that reason that I am so emphatic about the Julie Andrews performance. Rex Harrison has a native charm and, I am told, a natural irascibility that would fit many other characters in dramatic literature, and there are other actors who could play the part and other directors who could have directed him in it. But at this moment it seems to me that the combined effort of Julie Andrews and Moss Hart was uniquely indispensable to the show, which I cannot help calling Mayfair Lady.

Moss Hart will be fifty-two in October. He had his first hit when he was just turning twenty-six, a Hollywood comedy called Once in a Lifetime. His collaborator on that was the afore-mentioned Kaufman, who was already more of a Broadway establishment than Vincent Sardi's restaurant. I can remember hearing someone in the Algonquin crowd saying, while that play was in rehearsal: "George (Kaufman) says this new boy has so much talent it frightens him." He was thirty-two when he got his Pulitzer prize for You Can't Take It with You, also with Kaufman. I confess that I sometimes have suspected that Moss Hart was striving for the wrong applause: from his own small group of friends and that dreary band of passport carriers known as the Elsa Maxwell set. But something now tells me this boy really has talent, and it doesn't frighten me a bit.

* * *

YOU HAVE SEEN those television commercials of the girl who gets to the top of a ladder and drops two portable radio sets, one of which smashes to bits, while the other isn't hurt at all (except, possibly, for a jarred tube, but that can easily be fixed). The purpose of the advertisement is, of course, to keep you from worrying about the frangibility of a certain make of radio, but I am always more concerned with the human aspects than with the plastic, and I have been wondering about the other girls who tried out for the job of radio-dropper.

Do you think there was a girl named Emily, who had a pretty face (but not so pretty as to take your attention away from The Product); who was good at climbing ladders and looked well at the top of one? The model agency sent Emily over to try out for the job, and she got up there all right, but then when it came time to drop them, she always held one and let the other go? You know; imperfect co-ordination. *Sorry, Emily, but we'll call you, don't you call us.*

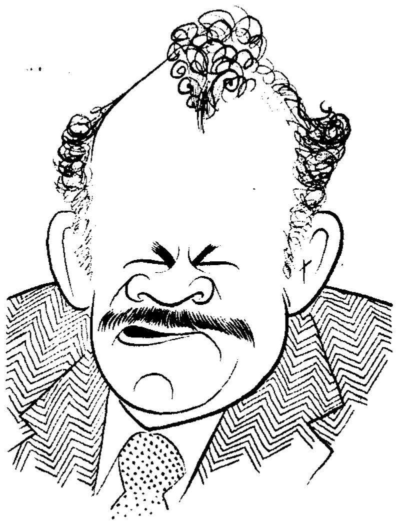
Then was there a girl named Pauline? Pauline, who had an unsuspected violent streak which made her throw, not drop, the radio sets, so that they wouldn't land anywhere near where they were supposed to? *Sorry, Pauline. But we'll keep you in mind.*

And was there the saddest case of all—Jane? Jane, another one who climbed a beautiful ladder and wore clothes like an *haute couture* model. And they got Jane up there and told her to drop the radio sets. But Jane was even worse off than Emily. They explained to Jane what they wanted, but she held onto both sets, and landed on the glass floor with a sickening thud. *Dr. Medic, wanted in surgery!*

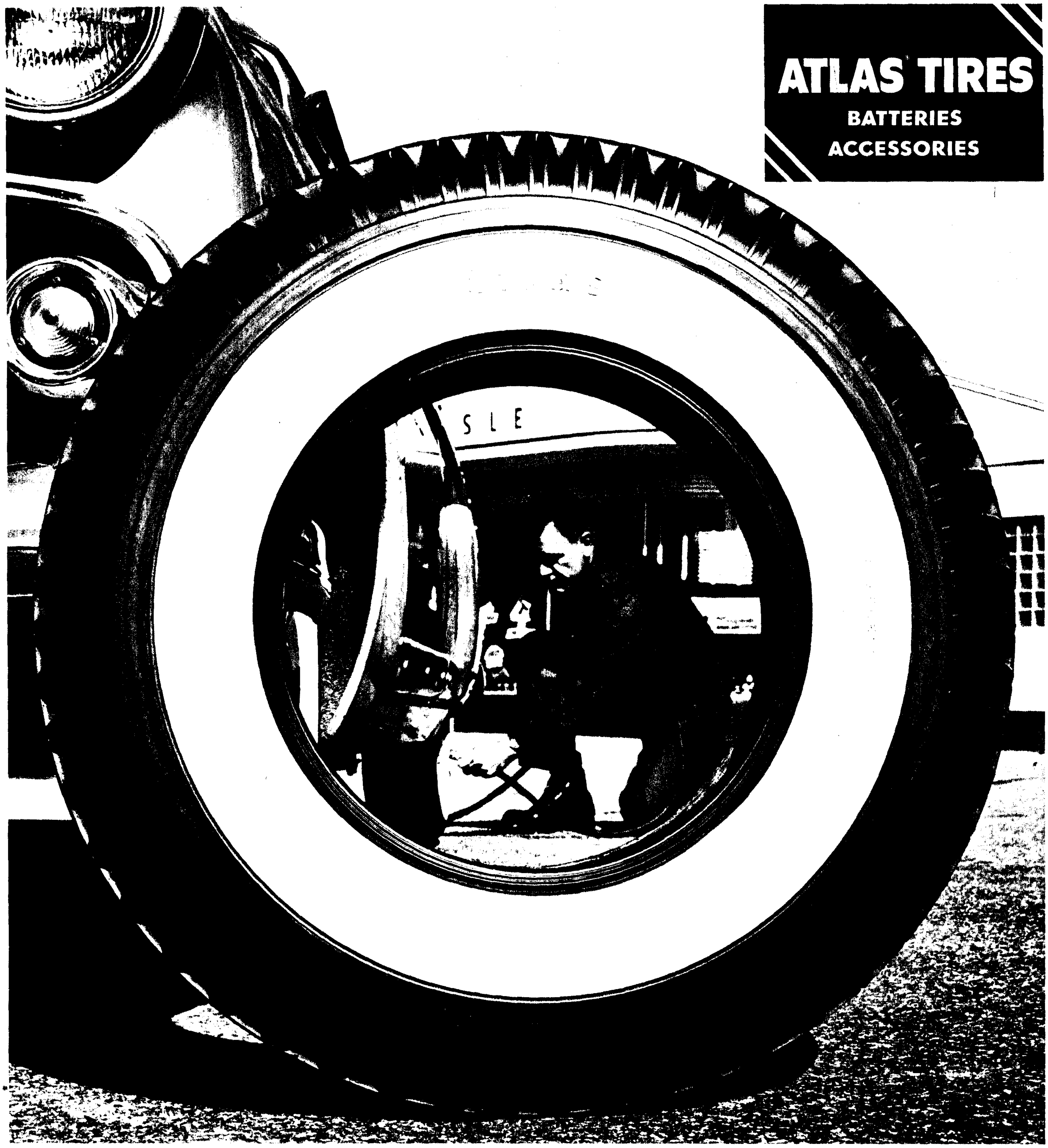
* * *

FOR THE NEXT few months we are going to have not enough *bavardage* and too much battology, don't you agree?

You *would* if John Steinbeck had given *you* the Dictionary of Early English, by Joseph T. Shipley. John finally came out and admitted that he wants me to brush up on my Chaucerian, and that's how I found out that battology means endlessly and uselessly repeating the same thing; and that *bavardage* means gay, jolly talk. Between now and November we'll have plenty of opportunity to brush up on the pathology of battology. I don't see how we can avoid it.



John Steinbeck came out and admitted he wants me to brush up on Chaucerian



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ANTHONY SARIS

LENI

By ELIZABETH STARR HILL

I WENT next door to dinner about a week after the Porters moved in. It's a shabby old house, the one next door, but that night all the windows were brightly lighted.

I'm a widow. My only daughter married last year, and after she left home perhaps I fell into the habit of being lonely, a little bored with life. Anyway, I wasn't too excited about meeting Charles Porter's new wife, whom he had met and married in Greece. Of course it was neighborly of him to ask me over, and it would be interesting to see what sort of girl would take on a young widower and—sight unseen—five rambunctious small children. Yet, as I walked up the path, I felt tired and not particularly expectant.

Just before I reached the front door, it flew open. A woman's voice cried, "Come!" Then there was a short but apparently pungent stream of words in a foreign tongue, winding up in English with, "So keep back when I'm open the door, or everybody get spank." A small child was snatched out of the doorway, I stepped inside, and a short dark young woman stood beaming up at me.

She wore a shapeless black dress and no make-up, and her hair was raggedly cut. She had the sort of face that creates a sense of fun before even a word is spoken: a thin and sallow face with sparkling black eyes. "I know what you call," she said earnestly, after Charles and the older children had greeted me, "and Leni I am call."

When I hesitated, puzzled, Charles grinned, and translated, "My wife's name is Leni."

She burst into laughter. "Oh, I'm speak English tarrible." She shooed us into the living room, chattering happily. "In Greek schools is teach English, but I never go." She told me that her father was a fisherman; the plant Charles's company had built was near her home, and they had met in a field. She laughed heartily. "A hosband, five children, and all I'm do is walk in a field. Pretty good, honh?"

We sat on rush-bottomed chairs, and drank a strong white wine that Leni called *retsina,* and ate lamb simmered with tomatoes and garlic. And all through the meal we laughed, and the children talked and giggled except when Leni shushed them for being too noisy, and she taught us to say *yia sou,* which means "to your health." When I left that night, I felt far less tired than when I had arrived.

I saw a great deal of Leni in the next few weeks, and I grew fond of her in a very special way. When we are lonely, I suppose we all hope unconsciously for something unusual to happen to us, something that will make life seem a little new again. Leni meant that, to me.

She was an utterly natural person. She cuffed the children and bawled them out, eyes snapping, if they were naughty. She hugged them tenderly if they were hurt. She roared with laughter at the things they said.

Then came the Mothers' Afternoon at the school, and everything changed.

LENI CAME OVER on Wednesday morning, with the three youngest children. Evan and Paul, the twin boys, were at school. She beamed at me in her usual way. "Today, Mothers' Afternoon. I see the school!" she said. She reached out her hand and clasped mine warmly. "You come?"

"Why, no, Leni, I wasn't planning to. It's just if you have someone in the school."

She smiled. "You come. Like grandmother."

Tears rushed suddenly and unexpectedly into my eyes. "All right, Leni. I'll meet you there."

The reception room was already crowded when I got there. I saw Leni by the windows, talking with Miss Barnett, the second-grade teacher. Leni was wearing an odd black mushroom of a hat, and her dark eyes were intent. I smiled to myself, looking at her. She was like no one else in the world.

"Of course, Mrs. Porter," Miss Barnett was saying as I joined them, "with twins we must guard against mutual dependence."

I glanced at Leni, expecting one of her humorous, mock-desperate glances. But she did not look at me at all, and her expression was strange. "I know is a wonderful school," she said stiffly.

"You must see it all," Miss Barnett said.

Leni nodded and turned to me in an odd, blind way. "Take me through the school," she said abruptly. And, as soon as I hung up my coat, we started through the empty corridors.

She grew more and more quiet. "You go to this school?" she asked me at one point.

"No, I grew up in the city."

"But a school like this one?"

"Yes."

"And the other mothers? They all go to schools like this one?"

There was something in her pale, determined face that bothered me. "More or less," I said.

We went through the rest of the classrooms in silence. When we got back to the reception room, Leni said, "I must go home. My children are being sat, very expensive." There was a mirror near the door, and she paused and looked into it. The other women were all around her, talking, their lipsticked mouths curved with laughter. She stared into the glass for a moment. Then she walked out.

THE NEXT TIME I had dinner with the Porters, we ate French fried potatoes and an overdone steak. There was no mention of Greek words or Greek ways, as there always had been before, and Leni did not laugh and joke with the children. In fact, she spoke very little, and her dark eyes were wary.

I kissed her as I was leaving, and said, "Leni, everyone loves you as you are, just as you are." She smiled politely, her eyes expressionless.

I went home and cried, and called myself a fool for letting a neighbor's troubles mean so much to me. And the next time I saw her it was even worse, with her eyes warier and her voice more subdued. Finally one day I realized that although I still loved Leni, I had lost her. A strained American woman with an accent lived next door; and her husband had a puzzled face, and her children laughed no more than other children.

When Charles asked me to drop in on Saturday and wish Leni a happy birthday, I almost didn't want to go. But of course I did, with a pretty tablecloth for a present.

As she got the ribbon off, and thanked me, I realized the room was surprisingly quiet. I glanced around and saw the children—Evan, Paul, Mason, Elise and little Hildy—standing in a ragged row as though waiting for something.

"Leni," Charles said, "here's another present."

Evan looked down the line of his brothers and sisters. Then, taking a big breath, he began to sing, and the others joined him. The high childish voices wandered sweetly and reedily over the notes, and the five young faces were frowning in concentration. After an instant, I realized why. The song was in a foreign language.

I looked at Leni. Her eyes filled with a rush of tears. After the last notes, the children looked at her proudly. "That's a Greek song," Evan said.

"Miss Barnett taught it to us, and Evan and me taught it to the others," Paul said.

Leni nodded. Tears ran silently down her face.

"Miss Barnett told us we had a cultural advantage because we have a mama who knows modern Greece," Evan said. "We should tell the rest of the class what we learn from you, she said."

Leni looked at him. "Miss Barnett? Miss Barnett from the school said that?"

"Yes," Evan said. Paul nodded vigorously.

Leni wiped the back of her hand quickly across her eyes, and sniffled. "Me?" She started to smile. "Me, I am a cultural advantage!"

Suddenly she rolled her eyes, and burst into a loud laugh. The kids laughed too. She knelt down swiftly, and hugged them hard, all together. *"Efcharistó! Efcharistó,* my children," she said. "That mean 'thank you,' in Greek!" THE END

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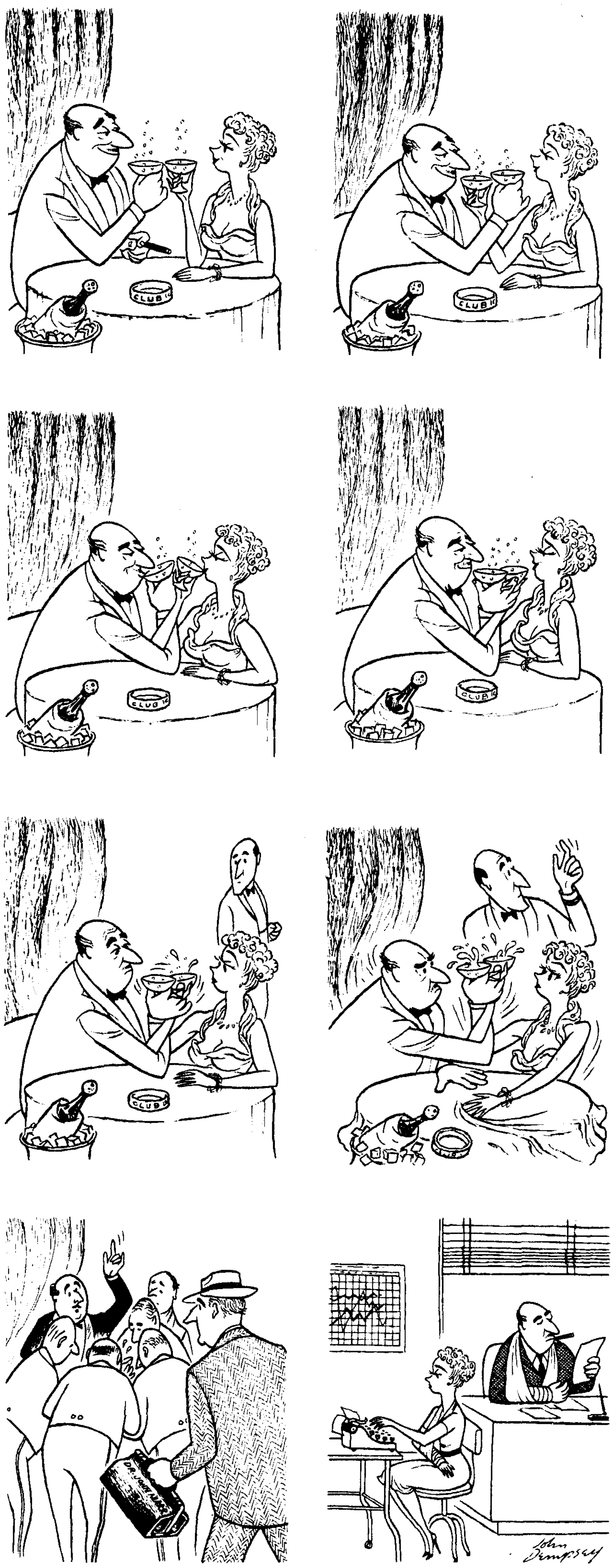
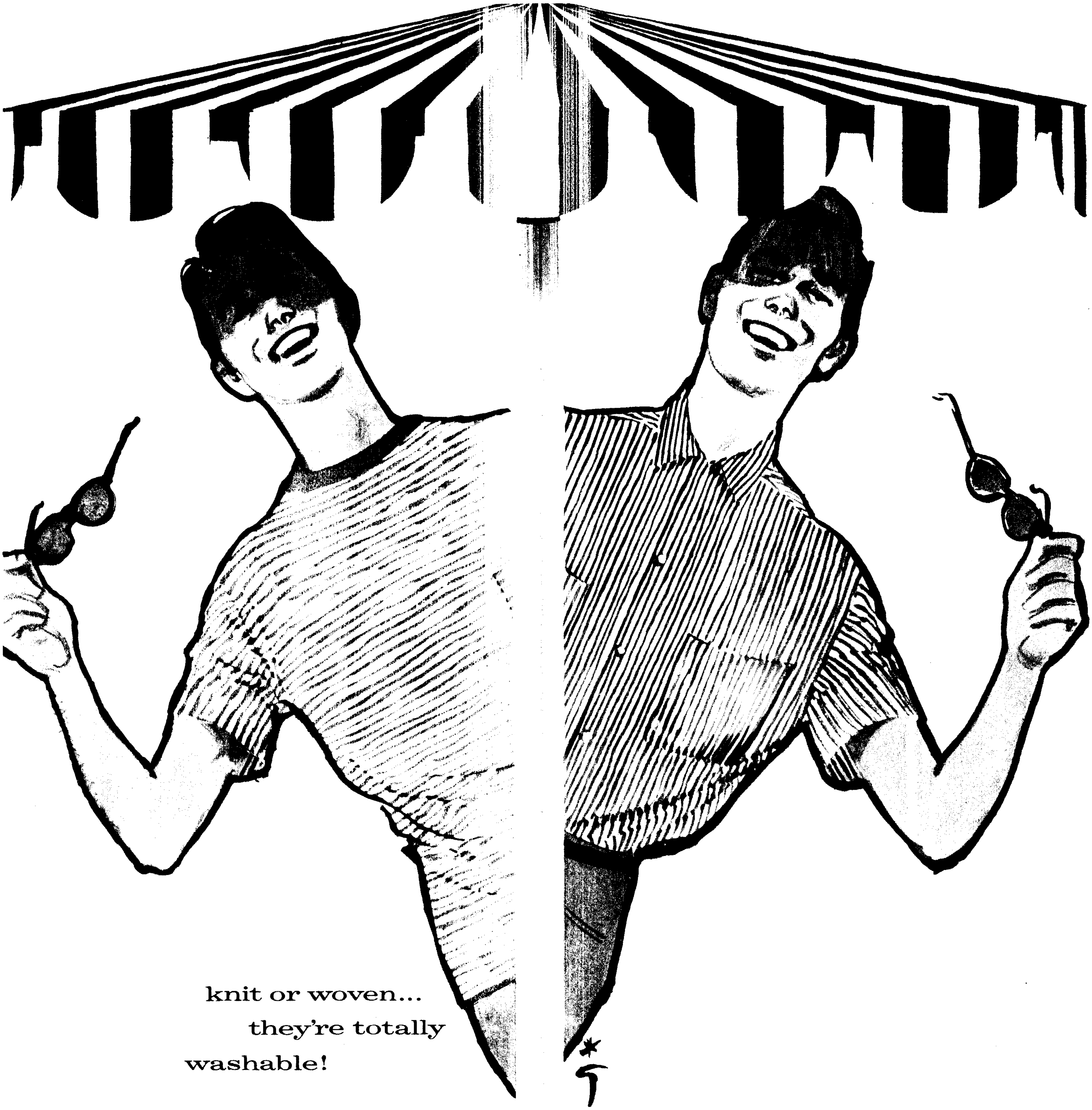
Interlocked Interlude

By JOHN DEMPSEY

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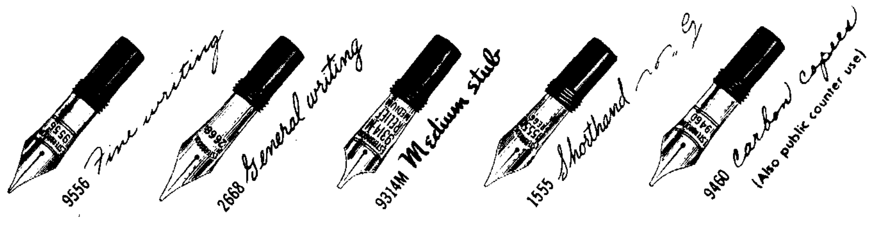

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LETTERS

The Hunters

EDITOR: The Hunters, by James Salter (Mar. 16th and 30th) is the most accurate war story to come out of Korea, so accurate that with the exception of Cleve Saville, I can name the real names of the people described. I was a fighter pilot with the 4th Fighter Interceptor Group during the period depicted in the story. Pell was finally credited officially with nine MIGs destroyed although he actually shot down 11 MIGs. One of the two unconfirmed was not witnessed. The other he gave credit to his wingman, who was shot down north of the Yalu River. It was this fact that was the turning point for Pell. The AF had the choice of court-martialing him and ruining a national hero, or just keeping their mouths shut and sending him home. They sent him home—one of the most disliked persons I've ever met. He would leave the flight as an element leader on some pretext, and with his wingman go across the Yalu to the MIG base and catch them by surprise. Though he was and is a controversial figure, he "shot down airplanes" which is what we were there for. . . .
NAME WITHHELD, Denver, Colo.

. . . The Hunters is not just the best thing of its type I have ever read. It's as good as will ever be written. It is as genuine as a salty oxygen mask. . . .
HARLEY E. BARNHART, Major, USAF,
Montgomery, Ala.

Vacations

EDITOR: Last year I took one of your 20 New Budget Vacations—to Ocracoke Island (bring your own linen). It was delightfully different as all the suggestions seemed to be. Now it's getaway time again, and I'm looking for another escapist hatch. Where do I go? How? When? . . .
CHRISTOPHER GIBSON, Dubuque, Ia.

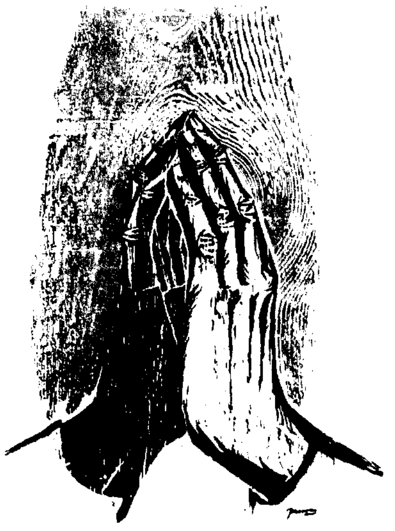
Twenty new, quite different vacation suggestions will be described in the June 8th issue of Collier's.

General Davis

EDITOR: Peter Kalischer's article on Brigadier General Ben O. Davis, Jr., (Apr. 13th) warmed my heart. I was the first chaplain to serve with the 332d Fighter Group, and I had the pleasure to observe General Davis closely as a soldier and a gentleman. He was admired by his subordinates and respected by his fellow officers. It is my humble opinion that Americans everywhere are proud of General Davis because he has demonstrated to the world just how one can qualify, despite the tremendous pressure from all sides. He also demonstrates the fact that if opportunities are available, results will follow. . . .
CHARLES C. WALKER, Little Rock, Ark.

Hands in Prayer

EDITOR: The woodcut by Antonio Frasconi which you used as an illustration for "Man Owes His Freedom to God" (Mar. 30th) is one of the most moving things I have ever seen. . . .
MARIE ROTONDI, Melrose, Mass.



Taxes . .

EDITOR: Collier's deserves a lot of credit for printing the article "Do Income-Tax Exemptions Make Sense?" by Stanley Surrey (Mar. 30th). It is a sure sign of progress when the press is free to inform the masses on such a sensitive subject. Can you go a step further and inform us what each income group actually remits to the collector? . . . JAMES A. CRAIG, Corning, Cal.

Dr. Surrey provides these figures: The $5,000 to $10,000 group pays 6.9 billion dollars; $10,000 to $25,000 pays 4.8 billion; $25,000 to $50,000—3 billion; $50,000 to $100,000—2.5 billion; $100,000 to $250,000—1.7 billion; $250,000 to $500,000—620 million; $500,000 to $1,000,000—359 million. Over $1,000,000—422 million.

. . . You stated "retired persons over 65, in addition to $1,200 of exemptions, need not pay a tax on a second $1,200 of their income." The Internal Revenue Service says this is not correct. . . .
JOHN L. STEWART, Huntington, W.Va.

It's correct, according to Section 37 of the Internal Revenue Code.

. . . The bulk of my meager income comes from royalties from inventions;

The Cover

Gene Cook

You will look long before finding a teen-ager who better illustrates the wholesomeness of the modern adolescent (see the article on Youth, page 27) than our cover girl, Barbara Wallace, of Fort Wayne, Indiana. Barbara is so popular that associate editor Gene Cook, who was taking pictures of her family a few months ago for another story, very nearly didn't catch the girl at all. He had to get in line behind a hay ride, a dance, cheerleader practice and a seemingly endless series of phone calls • In color. The picture of outfielder Duke Snider (upper r.) is by Hugh Broderick

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the article states that these are taxed as capital gains. The accountant who does my tax work was unable to find any such ruling, nor could our local tax office . . . **Bert Wilson**, Irving, Tex.

They are classified as capital gains if substantially all rights are assigned to the manufacturer in exchange for royalties or a lump sum payment.

. . . Mr. Surrey appears to take a dim view of dividend tax credits. But he ignores the fact that the corporation has paid 52 per cent federal income tax on the same earnings before any of those earnings are paid to the owners as dividends. He ignores the highly favored income-tax treatment of co-operatives. He also ignores the element of inflation and diminished buying power of the proceeds of capital gains. I admit there are strange things in our federal income-tax law, and I wonder how much stranger they would be if Mr. Surrey's services as tax legislative counsel to the U.S. Treasury Department had not terminated in 1947. . . .
Lewis Carver, McAllen, Tex.

Relief Maps

Editor: By latest count, there are 86 cartographers and draftsmen here who are extremely unhappy with Collier's. There is one sales manager—me—who has wasted at least eight man-hours listening to their complaints. Up until your March 2d issue hit the stands, it was relatively safe for me to walk into my office, but then our people read the article, A New Map for America, by Bill Fay, and my work has been continually interrupted ever since. For the past five years, our people have been producing the Jeppesen Natural Color Relief Maps, which were nationally recognized by the 17th International Geographical Congress as the most forward step in American cartography in the past 50 years. So when Mr. Fay refers to the Rand McNally map as "the first flat-surface map of the United States with true and accurate third-dimensional effect," you can see why our people went up in a quick spurt of fire. Admittedly, there is a marked difference between our technique and that which Mr. Fay claims as a "first." Believing that the average layman has never been able to understand a map anyway, we felt that our maps should show the earth surface as it *actually* is, so that vegetated areas show green, desert areas show in hues of brown, etc. Our map, therefore, becomes a picture of the land as it actually is. Rand's map, on the other hand, utilizes colors as an elevation symbol and in that one respect, it does not, contrary to what Mr. Fay says, "bring to mountains, valleys and other landforms a feeling of reality—the over-all result a vivid and authoritative portrayal of the anatomy of our country." We hold a great deal of respect for Rand McNally, but our quarrel is that the article represented this technique as being originated by them, while in fact it was being done by Jeppesen & Company six years before Rand put this map out . . .
Harald H. Prommel, Manager, Contract Map Sales, Jeppesen & Company, Denver, Colo.

Rand McNally & Company states that its "merged relief" map is the first of its kind, the first to do away with contour lines and still designate accurately by means of a universally accepted color scheme the relative altitudes of the terrain in the map. Other third-dimensional-effect maps, such as Jeppesen's, use color to show the types of terrain, like the mountains and desert in the Jeppesen map above at left.

No Luck

Editor: Please convey for me one loud snort to the producers of the Lindbergh picture (Lucky to Be Lindy, Mar. 30th). I kidded myself into thinking that at long last we would get some unadulterated factual accuracy out of Hollywood. No such luck. Why the Spirit of St. Louis needs sex appeal will be hard to understand outside of the movie capital. **Horace McCracken**, Three Rivers, Quebec

. . . The movie will doubtless sketch the flier as the very essence of American manhood, of eternal vintage. His memory will be invoked to direct the soul of youth toward glowing goals of spiritual achievement. Once more, a chromium-plated product will be sold to us as proof of the innate greatness and idealism of this land of ours, founded on the noble principles of the founding fathers who deified truth and honored selflessness. The founding fathers, of course, really did. They have been dead a long time. What this country needs is another Mark Twain to mercilessly rip the respectable masks from these "heroes." . . .
Patrick Magee, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

. . . " 'Who's Lindbergh?' That's what my ten-year-old boy asked me . . ." Have that child checked, Mr. Jimmy Stewart. . . .
Ludmilla Long, Baton Rouge, La.

Remedies

Editor: Mr. Albert Amador, Jr., missed a point in his letter (Letters, Mar. 30th) when he asked, "What if I believe a slice of bacon is good for a sore throat and you believe a black cat

Just what paste wax needed - a built-in cleaner!

J-Wax
Once around with J-WAX cleans and

brings bad luck . . ." Slices of bacon or salt pork applied to the throat and chest and kept there for a while like a plaster *will* relieve congestion of a bad cold. Some people use bags of hot raw onions. That stings, and works, like a mustard plaster.

These are old-fashioned New England remedies; doctors should not sneer at them.

Don't laugh at sliced bacon or raw onions. They have no relation to black cats in New England or New Mexico . . . T. G. S., Waterbury, Conn.

Yankee Doodling

EDITOR: John O'Hara's statement in your April 13th issue "Baltimore is too far north for an impulsive would-be assassin from the Deep South" is libelous. That's the trouble (there are many others) with Yankees. They have no conception of what the South is. Why doesn't O'Hara list some areas which abound in would-be assassins?

W. C. GUY, Aiken, S.C.

P.S. I am not mad.

Photo Finish

EDITOR: On page 64 of your March 30th issue, you used our photo-finish picture of the Widener taken at Hialeah this year.

We were delighted to see our picture in such an important magazine, but we do protest the credit line which was given to International. . . .

EDWIN J. SIMPSON, President,
Jones Precision Photo Finish, Inc.,
Elmont, N.Y.

The Cardinal

EDITOR: Would it be in any way possible for you to show us the face of the holy man who wrote so calmly but so movingly of the agony of Cardinal Mindszenty in your April 13th issue?

L. C. SETH, Tyler, Tex.

WIDE WORLD

The Reverend Dr. Joseph Vecsey at his desk in Hospiz Ludwigsheim, the Catholic tourists home in Munich

. . . A fine account of the actions and sufferings of a great churchman. You are to be congratulated for publishing it. MOST REV. JOSEPH M. MARLING, Kansas City, Mo.

. . . By the publication of such material you are rendering a service not only to the honor of a great churchman but to the cause of freedom as well.

MOST REV. LEO A. PURSLEY, D.D.,
Fort Wayne, Ind.

San Francisco

EDITOR: The most outlandish reference in Bob O'Brien's absurd article on the destruction of the world's most beautiful city (San Francisco—April 18, 1906, issue of Mar. 30th) is his half-reeling, half-slewfooted exodus from Chinatown, "set to the crashing of temple gongs and moon fiddle," with each mentioned participant heavy-laden with appropriately symbolic props to implement the over-all cliché. One feels that had the quake occurred in New Orleans, Mr. O'Brien would describe hordes of gout-ridden, booted old colonels scurrying up Canal Street bearing three-tiered trays of mint juleps, sporting trophies and cans of long-grain tobacco; legions of old mammies wearing aprons and head scarves, scaling ornate fences, struggling to balance great crocks of buckwheat batter under one arm and bouquets of magnolia blossoms under the other. Mockingbirds would rise lazily through the smoke looking for a place to lay an egg. . . .

BILL DRAKE, San Francisco, Cal.

. . . Did you happen to notice the following passage by O'Brien: "The U.S. Weather Bureau forecaster . . . was fast asleep too. Neatly arranged on his bedside table were his watch, a pencil, a clean pad of paper and a small electric torch. Every night for the past 40 years, he had placed them that way . . ." This would indicate that he had been doing so since 1866. I doubt that electric torches were invented that early. . . .

R. G. HENDERSON, Baltimore, Md.

. . . I am one of the survivors. I am seventy-five years old but will never forget what I went through. I got away from the worst part of the city in my nightgown. Two nights and two days I was afraid to sit down . . . I fell asleep on the sidewalk. When I woke up, I was covered with ashes from the fire. . . .

MRS. NORA NUNES,
New Bedford, Mass.

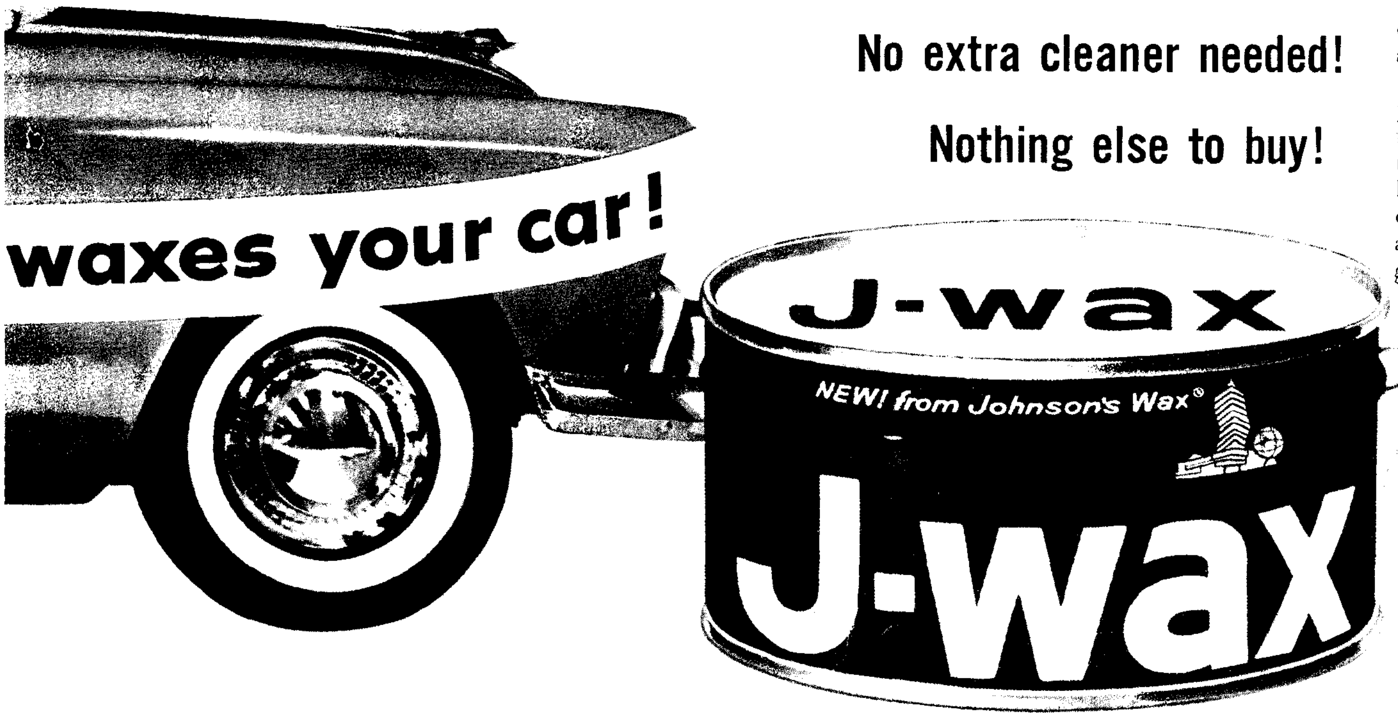
. . . I got a 1906 review of Collier's from my garage where I had pasted it on the wall. The following are a few of your great events of 1906: The Discharge of the Negro Soldiers in Texas, Haakon VII Crowned King of Norway, Alice and Nick Longworth Wed, Russia's Ill-fated Duma, Eruption of Vesuvius, Peary's Ship in the Arctic, Count Zeppelin's Airship over Lake Constance. THEO. NENNINGER,
New Brunswick, N.J.

. . . A little too romantic a story in spots. For instance, that business of reading newspapers in San Jose by the light of the fire. You couldn't do that even as close as Golden Gate Park. Redwoods crashing down? My family drove south from Eureka a year later through the heart of the redwood belt. No one mentioned any tree falling. Twelve hundred chimneys down in San Rafael? There weren't 1,200 chimneys in San Rafael then . . .

VICTOR ENDERSBY, Lafayette, Cal.

Johnson's J-Wax
-new Paste Wax Discovery does
the cleaning work for you!

Start right in waxing!
No extra cleaner needed!
Nothing else to buy!



Here's what you've been waiting for—paste wax with a cleaner built right in! J-Wax saves you hours of pre-cleaning. J-Wax takes the dirt off for you—replaces grime with a crystal-clear coating of wax. Even dirt you can't wash off loosens instantly and disappears as you rub on this new self-cleaning paste wax.

Then watch the high brilliant luster that comes as you buff. J-Wax sets smooth and hard—bonds itself into a long-lasting wax-tight seal. Gives your car the tough wax protection it needs for any weather. And look! The colors are far brighter, truer—even the chrome glistens. Get your car ready now for the months ahead—with J-Wax. It's the easiest, fastest way to genuine wax protection—*paste wax protection!*

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Should your child go into the Mineral Industry?

Prospecting is one area of the mineral industry which holds great fascination for many young men. The search for nature's hidden resources often brings a geologist or geophysical engineer unusual opportunity for travel, adventure and rugged outdoor living.

by JOHN W VANDERWILT

President, Colorado School of Mines
(As told to DONALD ROBINSON)

I'VE HEARD it said that the day of the pioneer is gone. That we Americans have turned soft. That, somewhere down the line, we've lost our old-time taste for exploration and adventure.

"There just aren't any more Davy Crocketts or Dan'l Boones left," people tell me. It isn't so, though.

At this very moment, Americans are making their way into some of the wildest, most remote corners of the world, and doing it with the same disregard for danger and discomfort that our pioneer-ancestors showed.

I know of Americans who are daring the backwaters of the Amazon; others who are scaling the Andes, cutting through the jungles of Africa, crossing the barren deserts of Asia, battling the snake-infested swamps of our own southland. And, without fear of contradiction, I can say they're relishing every minute of it.

"Never had it so bad, and never enjoyed anything so much," one of them wrote home.

These young men—as well as their colleagues in more settled mines, mills and laboratories—are trail blazing along a never-ending frontier: the mineral industry. Regardless of difficulties, they are searching out the precious minerals in the earth, extracting them and then converting them into their most useful, valuable forms.

It is a vital job they are all doing.

Our national economy is rooted, in large part, in mineral production. Take coal. Without it, much of America's industry would grind to an immediate halt. Without oil, no plane would fly, no automobile would run. Without copper, every electric generating station would shut down. Without uranium, our national defenses would be crippled. And the same sort of thing can be said of dozens of other minerals.

Recently a friend of mine remarked to me, "Our entire civilization would crumble if it weren't for minerals and the scientists and engineers who make them available to us." He was not exaggerating the situation one whit.

There are several different categories of scientists and engineers in the industry. In brief, this is what they do.

The geologist deals with the structure of the earth. In particular, he specializes in the properties, occurrence and uses of minerals and rocks.

The geological engineer covers much the same area, but he pays more attention to the practical applications of the science and less to basic research.

Next is the geophysical engineer. He seeks hidden indications of mineral wealth by means of seismic, magnetic and other new, almost magical methods.

The mining engineer is responsible for bringing the raw materials up out of the earth.

Now comes the metallurgical engineer and he has a vast scope, too. He not only works on the extraction of metals from their ores, but on the adaptation of these metals to man's purposes. He is constantly evolving new and better alloys or new uses for old alloys.

The petroleum engineer concentrates on obtaining oil and gas out of the earth.

The petroleum refining engineer takes up where the petroleum engineer leaves off. His job is to develop and improve the many thousands of products, such as gasoline, lubricants and asphalt, that can be made out of petroleum; or that utilize petroleum, such as nylon.

Last is the ceramic engineer. He focuses on nonmetallic minerals and the products that can be fabricated from them, such as brick, glass, enamels, electric insulators and high temperature products.

The industry in which all these professions are engaged is enormous. In the U. S. alone, the value of mineral production was, at last count, over $13,000,000,000 a year. Today, more than one-tenth of all gainfully employed Americans make their living out of minerals.

For scientists and engineers, the horizons of this industry are especially wide. They can be based here or abroad. They can go out in the field and prospect for new mineral deposits or they can work in already proven mines. They can accept posts in manufacturing plants, research laboratories and government offices. Or, if they prefer, in college classrooms.

Openings for trained men are many. I say this from personal observation.

"Did you have a tough time finding a job?" I asked one of our graduates recently.

"Gosh, no," he replied. "The toughest problem I had was choosing which job I liked best."

The fact is that there is a decided scarcity of young scientists and engineers in minerals. Throughout the entire United States, the total number of graduates in this field, last year, was under 1,500. Most students at top-flight schools are offered between three and four jobs each, upon graduation.

Naturally, you want to know what the financial outlook is for mineral men. Here is the picture.

Graduate engineers can expect a starting salary in industry of $365 to $425 a month. Inside of five years, those with average ability should be drawing $7,500 a year. Ten years after graduation their earnings should be $10,000. Only the sky is the limit for very good men. Many engineers go into top management and earn exceptionally high pay. I know several who are making $50,000 to $100,000 a year.

Teachers usually begin with about $3,600 a year and top men go up to $10,000 a year. Moreover, a school year is usually nine months and some faculty men regularly double their year's income by acting as industrial consultants during their vacations.

Always, for anybody in the mineral industry who tries, there is the possibility of striking it truly rich. A few years ago, a penniless young geologist I know went prospecting for uranium. He spotted a deposit. A big one. Today it is reported that he personally is worth several million dollars.

This past year two of our own students at the Colorado School of Mines went prospecting for uranium in their spare time after class. They made a sizable strike within twenty-five miles of the campus.

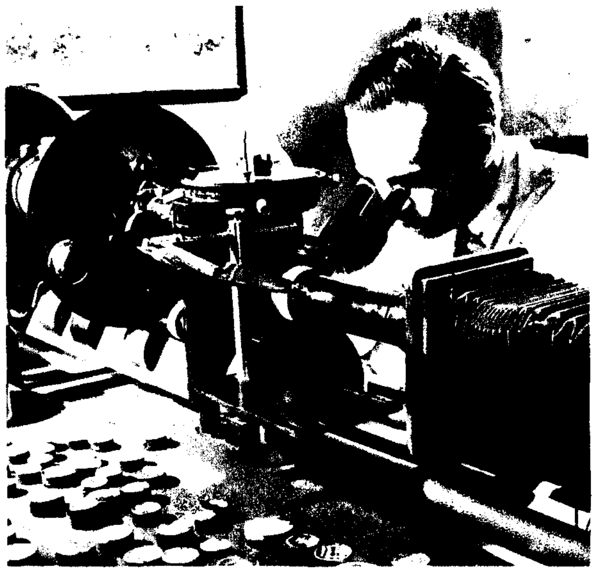
There are also rewards in minerals beyond money. It is an exciting, adventure-filled life. The work presents a ceaseless challenge. Best of all, you feel that you are helping to create new wealth, new industries, new jobs for your fellow men.

I know that sensation at firsthand. Back in 1928, I was associated with a group of U. S. Geological Survey men sent to prospect for potash deposits. The United States was then dependent upon foreign producers for most of its potash for fertilizer and other industrial uses.

We began drilling east of Carlsbad, New Mexico. Down we went 500 feet. All we found was rock of no value. Down we went to 1,000 feet. Still only worthless rock. Deeper we drilled to 1,500, 1,800, 2,000 feet below the surface of the earth.

Up came more samples of ore. This time the samples were spotted with sylvite and bitter-tasting potash chloride. We'd hit a fine deposit.

In large part, the American potash industry—producing about two million tons a year—has grown out of that one strike. It is a source of genuine satisfaction to me.



In manufacturing plants, government offices and research laboratories, highly trained scientists and engineers constantly seek new ways to utilize minerals or to improve them. Here, a metallurgist studies alloy steel samples with the aid of a metallurgical microscope.

Rewarding as the mineral industry is, you mustn't think that it is all "peaches and cream." The hours are long and the conditions can be rugged. Young mineral men may find themselves working in a dilapidated lean-to deep in the Canadian bush, or on an exposed drilling platform away out in the Gulf of Mexico, or in a cramped Quonset hut off on the burning sands of the Arabian Peninsula. Even in this country, they may have to make their home in a pup tent on some jagged wasteland 100 miles from civilization. For months on end they will have no medical facilities, no recreational outlets, no comforts of any sort. Long separations from wives and families can be the rule, not the exception.

Certainly, I would not recommend the mineral industry for a girl unless she were prepared to overcome herculean obstacles. Some women have done well in geology, and a few at the research side of mineralogy, but they are still the exceptions.

Is there any way, people sometimes ask me, to tell whether a boy is well-suited for a career as a scientist or engineer in the mineral industry?

I think there is. Answer these questions honestly and you should have a fair idea of a boy's prospects.

1. Is the boy curious about scientific matters? Does he wonder about the make-up of the earth, for instance, or the broad principles underlying atomic energy? He should. 2. Is he good at mathematics, chemistry and physics? He'll need to know them through and through. 3. Is he adept with his hands? 4. Has he an analytical, broad-visioned mind? This is a field that requires clear and creative thinking. 5. Can he make up his mind quickly? He'll have to. Men's lives may depend on it.

Just recently, a young mining engineer was walking through a passageway down in a coal mine when his nose picked up a trace of gas. He didn't stop to talk. Instantly, he ordered the mine cleared. If he hadn't, eighty-odd men would have probably been fatally gassed.

6. Is the boy in good health and does he have a robust constitution? Both are vital. 7. Does he have a sense of adventure and does he enjoy outdoor life? If he doesn't, he's going to be a fish out of water. And 8. Does he get along well with people? In this industry, a man has to be a team player.

Now we reach the question of how a boy obtains his training for the mineral industry. It's not easy. I must tell you that.

High grades—a boy should be at least in the upper half, preferably the upper third of his high school class—are essential for entrance to a good college. Furthermore, an extensive grounding in mathematics, chemistry and physics is imperative.

What college should a boy go to?

The boy thinking of geology solely as a pure (rather than as an applied) science can go to practically any college with a well-rounded scientific course. Not so the boys interested primarily in the engineering aspects of the mineral industry. They would do best to enter a college which offers specific engineering courses in mining, metallurgy, petroleum and the related professions.

The courses vary in length. Some of them run four years, others five. All of them are difficult. At least, they require serious and persistent work. Which is as it should be. Only a fully-prepared man can get ahead in the mineral industry today.

Is it expensive to secure an education?

It's not cheap. Tuition, books, board and other campus expenses should cost the average boy between $1,000 and $1,500 a year. However, this doesn't mean that a boy without that much money is barred. If he wishes, he can try for a scholarship. Most colleges give many. So do a number of industrial companies. And he can work his way through school. I did. I wish I had a dollar now for every furnace I stoked while I was at college.

Of one thing I'm sure. It's worth a struggle to get into this field. For the boy with ability and interest, who is willing to work, the future is unlimited.

HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD HAVE THE CAREER HE WANTS

Many factors will enter into your child's choice of a career: his interests, his ambitions, his abilities, the counsel he receives from teachers, friends and family. But, most of all, it will depend on his opportunities *to get the training he needs to enter the field of his choice.*

Even though his college days are still years away, it's never too soon to start making sure that your child will have the opportunity to continue his education when the time comes.

Your New York Life agent has chosen as his career the business of helping families plan for the future—for education, for retirement, for all the things which life insurance helps make possible. Through training and experience he has become a highly qualified specialist. You'll find him both able and willing to help you.

Booklets available on many careers

This article on the Mineral Industry is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Accounting, Teaching, Architecture, Aeronautical Engineering, Electronic Engineering, Public Service, Farming, Chemistry, Selling, Nursing, Starting a Business of Your Own, Pharmacy, Dentistry, Banking, Printing *and* Home Economics. *Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just drop a postcard to:*

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48 states of mind

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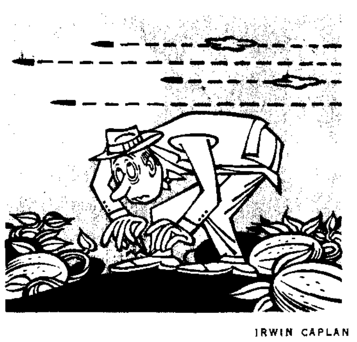
By WALTER DAVENPORT

He was middle-aged, had a dolorous hang-over and didn't go to church that beautiful Sunday morning. But his wife and bright little son did go to church, where the minister predicted a rosy adulthood for the lad. So the first thing the boy said to his suffering sire when he got home was: "Dad, what are *you* going to be when you grow up?" Almost forgot to tell you that this happened in Sacramento, California.

★ ★ ★

This is not likely to happen. Nevertheless, Mr. Rollie Kerby, Los Angeles, California, who runs an antique furniture hospital, would like to hang these words of a Chinese (Nationalist) philosopher in all state legislatures: "If You Would Avoid Suspicion, Do Not Lace Your Shoes in a Melon Patch."


IRWIN CAPLAN

★ ★ ★

Having just inspected the laboratories of a great medicine maker, Mr. August Mendill, of New York City, wishes to report that they're turning out so many new wonder drugs so fast and in such huge quantities that the American Medical Association has been asked to get very busy and dig up a bookful of new diseases.

★ ★ ★

As every reader knows, we do our best to maintain dignity in this department of Collier's. Regardless of our best efforts, we occasionally receive letters like this one from a Salem, Oregon, young man named Eutterlee. It is addressed to us in New York, New York, U.S.A., and wants to know something about our tribal customs. "Also," asks this young man, "what is the favorite native diet?" As you see, we pay no attention to stuff like this.

★ ★ ★

In the Nashville Tennessean, our favorite agony columnist is asked for advice by a young lady of twenty-two who loves a young man of seventeen. Should she marry him? As usual, Mrs. Bruce radiates wisdom: "He's too young. When you are thirty, he'll want to exchange you for two fifteens."

★ ★ ★

Young man named C. Boyler wishes it understood he's getting pretty tired of hearing old folks say that back in the days when they were young, they walked five miles to school every day. "That explains it," says Mr. Boyler, of Casper, Wyoming. "Look at the mess they've made of the world. All worn out before they could vote."

★ ★ ★

Lady dropped in at the office of Dr. L. S. McCandless, Craig, Colorado, veterinarian, to talk about her cat. Cat had given birth to five kittens. Lady didn't need five kittens, so she drowned them. But being a tenderhearted lady, she did it in warm water.

★ ★ ★

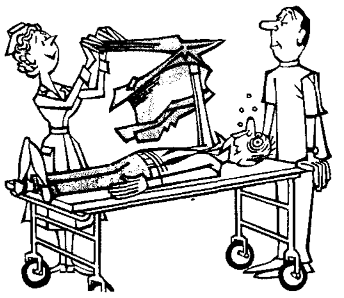
Old 48 just read every word of a dandy editorial in the Stillwater (Oklahoma) News-Press denouncing federal aid to education as Socialism. There was another right next to it. But this one said rural electric co-ops were fine, just fine. Maybe we'd better quit reading editorials; we can become confused just sitting looking out the window.

★ ★ ★

Came the question period at the political speechmaking and a hecklish gentleman in the gallery yelled: "Is it true that a rhinoceros will attack only when confused?" Mr. Robert Emmig was present—long enough, anyway, to hear the slightly deaf orator's reply. "I do not know the gentleman," said he, "but at any rate, I do not wish to indulge in personalities."

★ ★ ★

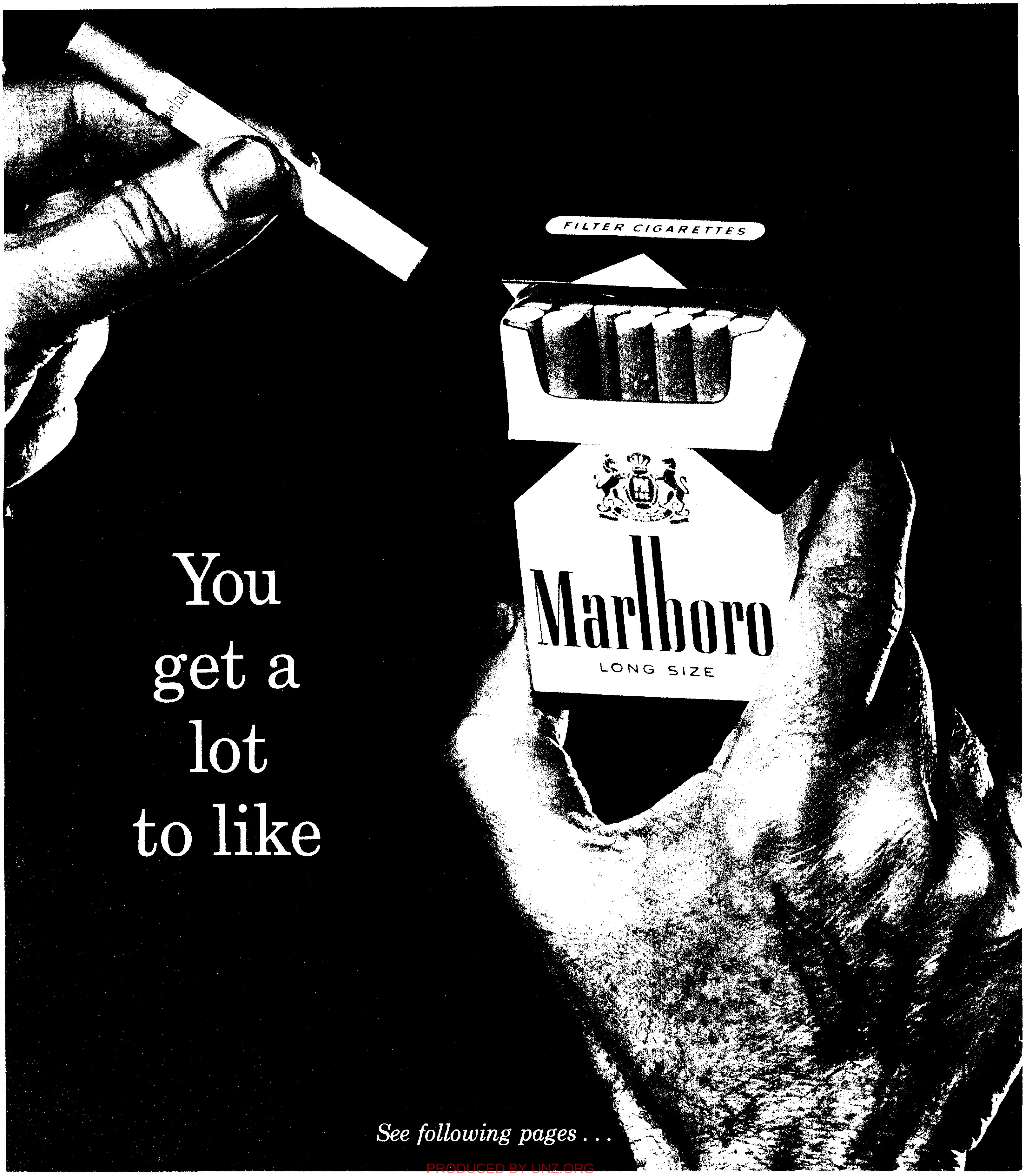
So you're a pedestrian. Your immediate object in life is to cross a heavily trafficked Los Angeles street. Mr. George Irwin notifies you that the law is with you. You merely raise your right hand, palm toward the onrushing cars, and proceed toward the other side of the street. "Yes, that's the law," Mr. Irwin explains. "The raising of your right hand makes it much easier for them to take off your coat when you arrive at the hospital."



★ ★ ★

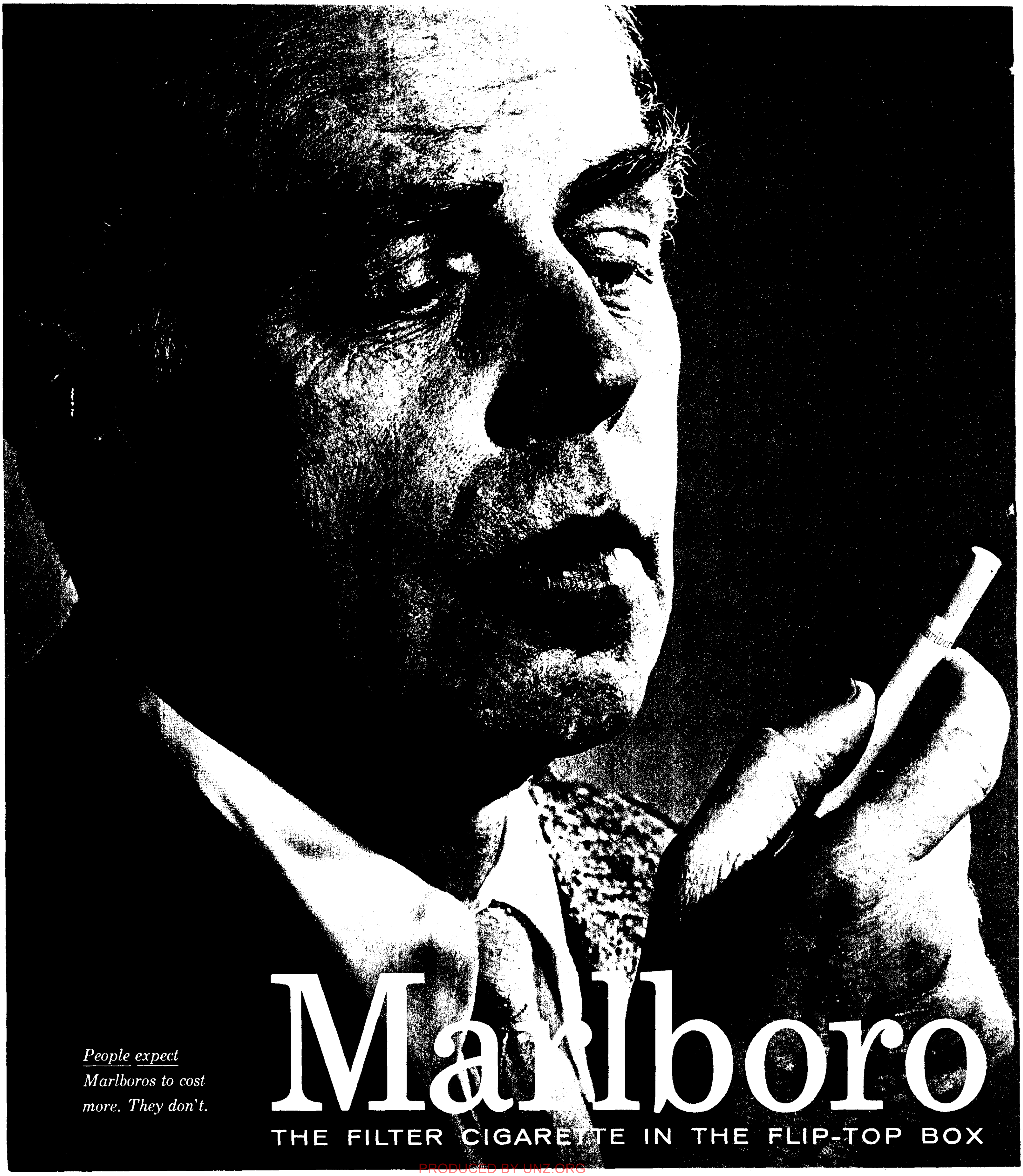
It's all very easy to make flip remarks about our public servants, but public office is not always Edenic. There's Mayor Edgar Anderson, of Ashland, Nebraska, for example, who was interrupted by phone in his bruising labors of making municipal ends meet. A lady citizen demanded he come to her home at once and do something to stop her neighbor's grasshoppers from devouring her garden.

Marlboro


FILTER CIGARETTES
Marlboro
LONG SIZE
You get a lot to like
See following pages . . .

Filter

The filter works good
and draws easy.
The good taste comes through
without huffing and puffing.


People expect
Marlboros to cost
more. They don't.
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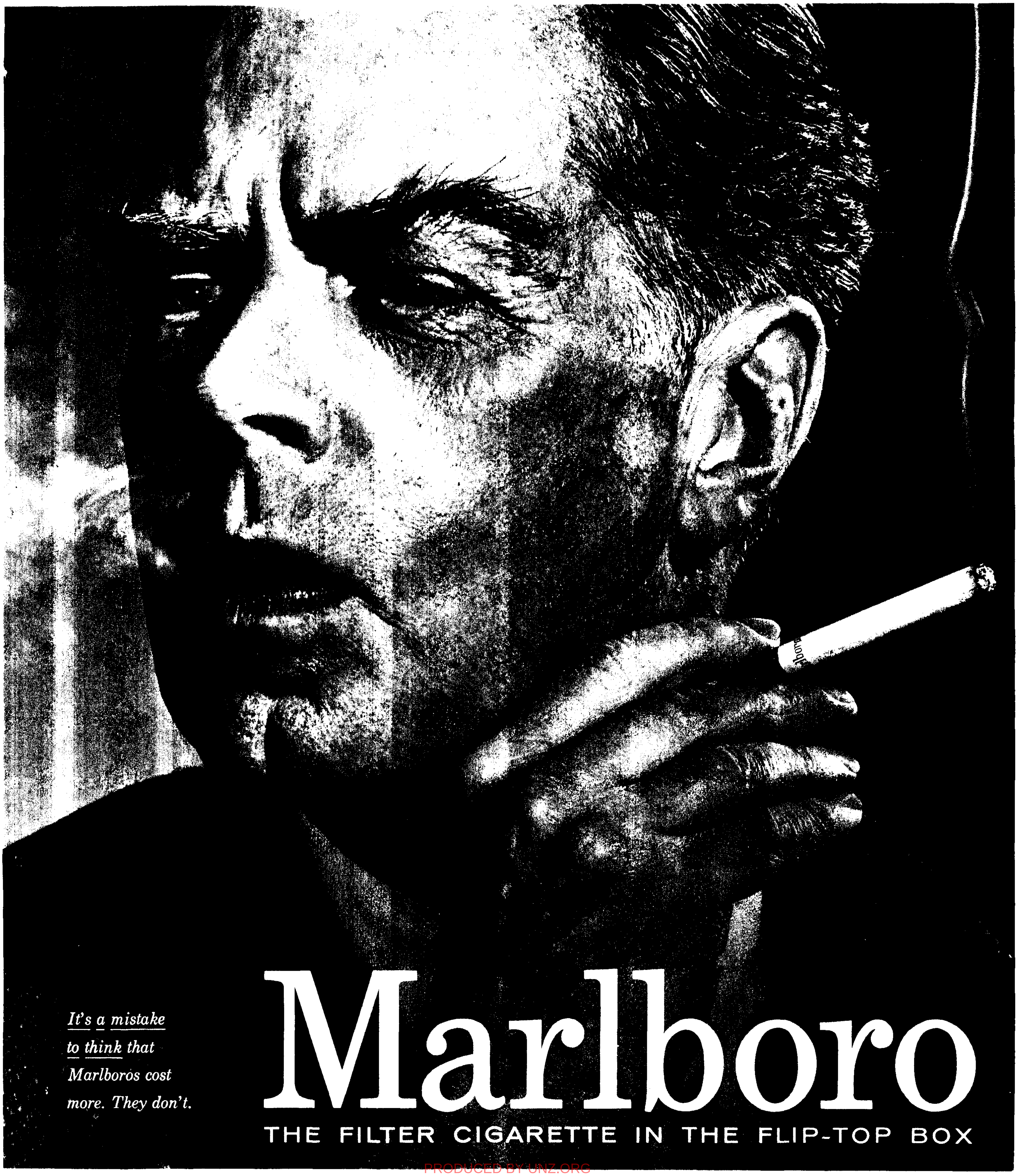
THE FILTER CIGARETTE IN THE FLIP-TOP BOX

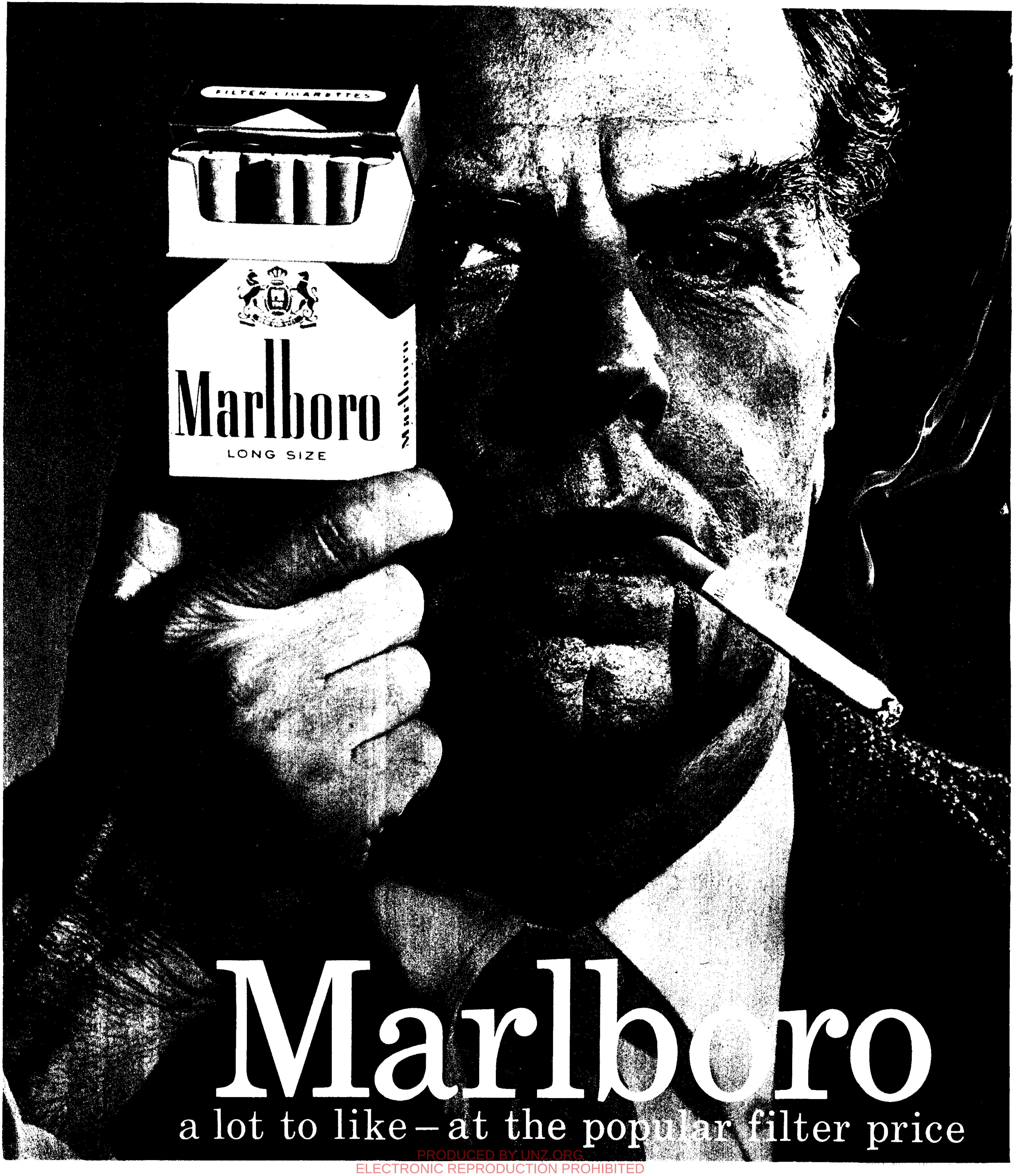
Flavor

Thank a new recipe for the
man-size flavor.
Makes it easy to change
to a filter cigarette.


*It's a mistake
to think that
Marlboro's cost
more. They don't.*
Marlboro
THE FILTER CIGARETTE IN THE FLIP-TOP BOX

Flip-Top Box

Firm to
keep
cigarettes
from
crushing.
Tobacco
can't spill.


FILTER CIGARETTES
Marlboro
LONG SIZE
Marlboro
a lot to like—at the popular filter price

COLLIER'S CREDITS

FRED PLAUT

Pollack mails or burns important letter

ALABAMA-BORN Carroll Kilpatrick has been a Washington newspaperman since 1940—for the last four years editorial writer for The Washington Post and Times-Herald—specializing in economic and business affairs.

Getting his mind off such matters as an editorial writer must cope with, Kilpatrick can usually be found in his Washington flower-and-vegetable garden trying to keep his 80 rosebushes happy. If not there, then in Vermont with his wife and two sons spending as much time as possible on the lakes and streams, keeping *them* happy. "The boys are avid fishermen," he says.

When Kilpatrick, in fact, interviewed Arthur Burns (page 82), the Green Mountain State kept creeping in. "Burns has a farm in Vermont," the author tells us, "and we had trouble sticking to the subject of economics."

★ ★ ★

"I'M A FARM BOY since breath one," says Frank Farmer, "and The Vanishing Cowboy was written because of a deep-seated love of the West, of cattle and horses and of that wonderful breed of men who grow beef for this beef-eating nation. I've taken some spills from breaking out broncs myself, too. I've delivered calves many a winter's night with the thin air creeping inside my sheepskin and biting hard. I've been known to bring half-frozen lambs into the kitchen, fill the sink with hot water and thaw them out. I've chased cattle all over our 200 acres, cussed them fervently and they've kicked me from shoulder to shin. I've also grieved for hours beside a deceased favorite, with my arm around her neck, and my cheek against her once hot and living skin, dripping tears of shame for the times I mistreated her."

Farmer and his wife, Helen, run a dairy in Walnut Grove, Missouri, and when he's not having experiences like the above he works on his novel about the Old West, inspired by the same Texas trip during which he visited the JA Ranch for the piece in this issue.

★ ★ ★

JACK HARRISON POLLACK built a home in Westport, Connecticut, last year and put in a studio which is a writer's dream.

"I spend most of my waking hours hunched over a typewriter," he says, "and I wanted to be comfortable."

In this office (where he wrote Gesell on Teen-Agers, page 27) Pollack is completely independent of the rest of the family below. He has all the expected built-in drawers, cabinets and files; reference works of all kinds; a year's supply of the stuff he needs, like aspirin, paper, carbons, pencils, typewriter ribbons and stamps; a bathroom; a bed; a thermostat to control the furnace; and a little catwalk on the roof where he can—authorlike—pace up and down in the fresh air and grope for the right word.

Pollack isn't fool enough to isolate himself from everything, however, and there is a trap door by which he can go secretly to the garage and the outside world without going through the house. The implications of this gambit by architect Victor Civkin are more than we can go into here.

Also, in this fantastic working chamber is a chute with two openings. One leads to the mailbox downstairs, and the busy writer can send off manuscripts at a swivel of his chair. The other slide ends up in the incinerator, and easily solves the monumental wastepaper problem which plagues authors.

This has caused some folks to make jokes about how Pollack has been mailing the trash and burning the—well, you know. Jack laughs louder than anyone, because he is enjoying a sound career as one of the most successful free-lancers on the job today.

★ ★ ★

YOUNG, BLONDE and good-looking Aline Mosby didn't mind doing a story for Collier's about Rod Steiger (page 102). She reports:

"During nine years of observing the lives of movie stars for the United Press I have given my own personal Oscar for the most honest and interesting interviews to Zsa Zsa Gabor and Humphrey Bogart, and after trailing Rod Steiger around Hollywood for Collier's I have added him to my list. He not only rolled out provocative and lively answers but he kept me entertained with his poetry, among other things."

Aline came from the University of Montana School of Journalism, worked in Seattle, San Francisco and Phoenix before the UP sent her to Hollywood. She writes six columns a week, which are sent to more than 1,200 newspaper and radio clients around the world. She has interviewed Bob Mitchum in jail, and she recently attracted attention by covering a nudist convention, dressed perfectly for the occasion.

"Hollywood," she concludes, "is like a small company town such as Hershey, Pennsylvania, except that here they sell egos instead of candy bars."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

ZINN ARTHUR

Steiger reads some verse to Aline Mosby

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TESTED RECIPE

Never-lump White Sauce

Combine 4 tbsps. Pream, 1 tbsp. flour and ½ tsp. salt in saucepan. Add 1 cup water. Cook and stir until mixture boils and is thickened. Add 1 tbsp. butter. Makes 1 cup *thin* sauce. For *medium* sauce, use 2 tbsps. flour; for *thick* sauce, use 3 tbsps. flour. Proceed as above.

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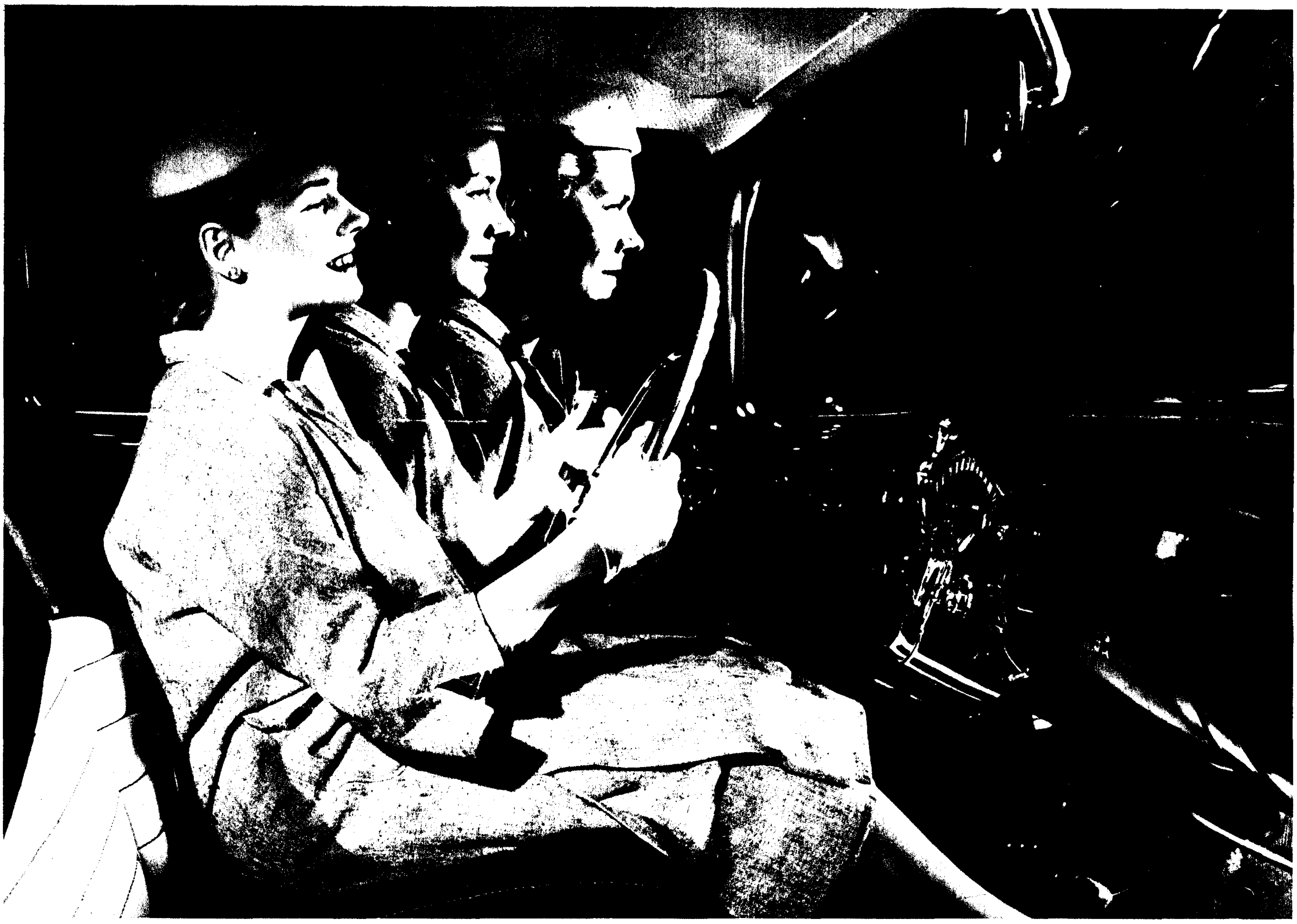

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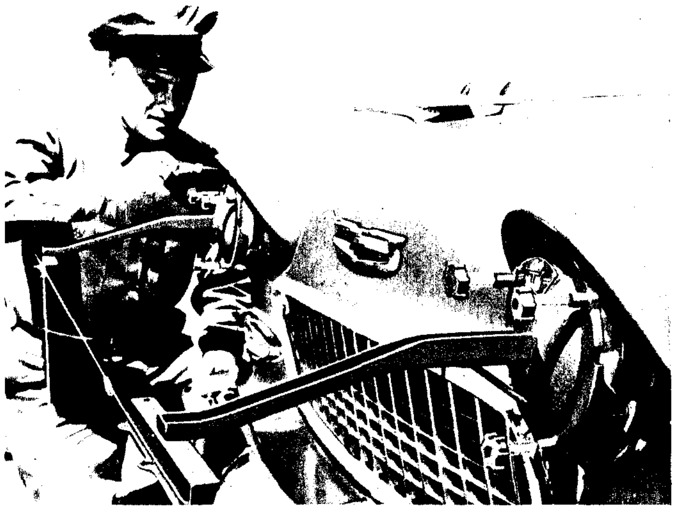
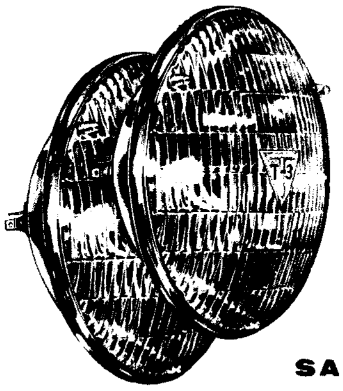


Guide T-3 Safety-Aim Headlamps are installed and aimed in less than ten minutes right in daylight. It costs you very little and gains you a great deal. **Have them put on your car wherever you see these signs . . .**



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Gesell on

People might fret less about delinquency, says America's top expert on child development, if they understood our adolescents better. Here's a thoughtful look at the crucial years BY JACK HARRISON POLLACK

PART 2: *New insight into the years 13 to 16*

Does your thirteen-year-old daughter moodily lock herself in her room? Is your fifteen-year-old son forever arguing? Are you concerned over the activities of neighborhood teen-agers?

Probably no generation in history has been so discussed—and so misunderstood—as the youth of today. With America's "Pearl Harbor babies" now entering adolescence, and every nation on earth trying to win the minds of its youth, it is high time we tried to understand our young people better.

The typical American teen-ager is (to the average adult) a mysterious member of the swing, swoon or soda-fountain set; a silly bobby-soxer or wild, car-borrowing bopster who speaks a strange language and wears fantastic clothing. Some cynical grownups even talk as if adolescence were synonymous with juvenile delinquency.

This superficial, distorted portrait of American youth is based largely on prejudice or misinformation. Now, at last, a major effort has been made to chart systematically the stages of adolescent growth—to learn how teen-agers act, and why. This month, after 12 years of intensive research, Dr. Arnold Gesell, America's foremost authority on child development, and his long-time collaborators, Dr. Frances L. Ilg and Dr. Louise Bates Ames, publish their monumental, eagerly awaited volume, Youth: The Years from Ten to Sixteen (Harper & Brothers). It completes a developmental trilogy which made Gesell a household name to grateful parents after the publication of Infant and Child in the Culture of Today (1943) and The Child from Five to Ten (1946). Some of the findings for ages ten, eleven and twelve were previewed in the May 11th Collier's. This article will summarize the characteristics for the years thirteen, fourteen, fifteen and sixteen.

These findings can be of value, the Gesell researchers believe, in combating the delinquency that does exist among a small minority of young people. Various studies have shown that children who get into trouble with the law usually do so between the ages of thirteen and fifteen.

"These age trends," says Dr. Gesell, "strongly indicate the importance of a developmental approach to the problem of juvenile delinquency . . . We should reach the potentially delinquent child well before his first contact with a law-enforcing agency . . ." Dr. Gesell believes that, ideally, provisions should be made for the periodic diagnosis and supervision of every child's mental and physical health. "This would shift the preventive problem of juvenile delinquency into the wide realm of public health, where it must eventually go if we are to strike at root origins."

Finally, the Gesell authorities offer their usual word of caution: Don't take your adolescent's calendar age too literally when comparing his traits with those on the following pages. Your youngster may pass through the "typical" developmental phases slower or faster than other children, depending on body type, environment and temperament.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY EVE ARNOLD

The teens get off to a moody start, the new Gesell study shows, then year by year swing in pendulum fashion from one extreme of behavior to the other

At this stage, typical boys and girls are usually reflective and withdrawn

Thirteen worries a lot—especially about schoolwork, popularity and money

The typical thirteen-year-old boy or girl, wildly enthusiastic a year ago, now is often reflective and withdrawn. While watching a TV program with the family, he may suddenly rise and slink off to his room. If a younger brother or sister tries to follow, he may lock the door.

Actually, this withdrawal may be a perfectly normal sign of Thirteen's growth. Now independent, he likes and needs to be alone. It isn't a morbid escape from reality. On the contrary, your thirteen-year-old is silently probing more deeply into reality by mulling over ideas, choices, wishes and ambitions in his developing mind.

Thirteen worries a lot—especially about schoolwork, popularity, money, getting things done and the future.

Parents, in turn, are now needlessly worried, thinking that their children are drifting away from them. "These same parents could support growth more fully if they would provide the equipment and the place for Thirteen to withdraw to," advises the new study.

A thirteen-year-old son or daughter isn't so apt to confide in his parents now. Wise adults won't pry into Thirteen's secrets but instead will take their cues from their youngsters. Parental nagging only produces further withdrawal. Criticism of the child for being too slow or easygoing may be justified, the study says, "but Thirteen can't change too much or too fast."

An adolescent of this age is often embarrassed by Mother when with friends, although in a strange or distant city, he will get on very well with her. At home, a thirteen-year-old girl is often sharply critical of Mother, complaining of her clothes, hairdo, jewelry, lipstick or even her handwriting—all, mind you, "for Mother's own good." Yet the thirteen-year-old is loyal, and will not find fault with Mother outside the home. Busy, tired Father is considered "different" and is less likely to be criticized. At this age some girls have their first warm friendships with fathers. But a thirteen-year-old boy may resent a demonstration of paternal affection.

Younger brothers and sisters—between six and eleven—usually irritate the thirteen-year-old, though preschool brothers and sisters are treated affectionately and protectively and older ones are generally admired and respected.

Friends are now chosen more discriminatingly and treated better than family. The thirteen-year-old isn't usually jealous of playmates who are better endowed or who have more possessions. Sometimes Thirteen will matter-of-factly greet a bright friend over the phone: "Hello, brains!" When a friend moves away, Thirteen is usually very unhappy.

Girls often go in threesomes, which may become twosomes when two girls gang up on a third. Boys generally cluster in cliques of four or five, with each member considering all of the others his best friends.

Though tensional outlets are reduced at thirteen, there is still considerable scalp scratching, fingernail biting and hand-to-face gesturing. The child goes to bed with less discussion (around ten o'clock on weekdays) and often lies awake planning what he will do tomorrow or even next summer. Boys often dream about sports; girls are likely to dream of boys and dances.

Allowance or earned money is frequently left on bedside tables, in pants pockets or even in the kitchen. "Someone needs to collect it for them and sit down and go over their budgets with them," says the new Gesell book.

Most thirteen-year-olds are happier in school. Now that the pupil is more responsible, dependable and adaptable, his conduct is clearly related to his attitude toward his teacher. Thirteen likes teachers who "know what they are talking about" and "treat us like people." But teachers who are "insulting," "boring," "too strict," "always criticizing," "keep interrupting," or "crack jokes at another person's expense" are disliked, and this age level will often bitingly mimic these teachers' mannerisms.

Fact-hungry Thirteen can discriminatingly like a subject but not a teacher (or vice versa). Subjects are rated, too. A pupil may enjoy writing lively, imaginative compositions about himself in English but may hate grammar. Boys devour information about atomic energy, coal, plastics, experimental science, metalwork in shop and the solar system. Girls can now often complete an entire garment in their sewing classes.

Though admitting that some boys are "kind of cute," most thirteen-year-old girls find boys their own age either too short or too immature. Boys scoff, "You can have girls!" Though dating little, both sexes enjoy dances and parties. Girls come early to them; boys straggle in. Girls want to dance with boys but often wind up dancing with other girls. At parties, boys usually herd together restlessly.

When not asked to a party, a sensitive youngster may cry. This happens too when a brilliant Thirteen, overplaced in school, competes unfavorably with the mature Fourteens.

Thirteen is an age of continued physical ripening for girls. Although their hollows generally fill out, girls may now look slim around the face, neck and shoulders. The average girl has now achieved 95 per cent of her adult height.

Boys, by thirteen, are starting to grow sharply. Unlike girls, they are now very sensitive about their height. The voice deepens in many boys and cracks in some.

Boys now tend to stare at girls—which often causes the girls to shy away.

This age finds it easy to make ethical decisions. Thirteen's conscience is very firm—especially about big things. Though wanting to tell the truth, the youngster may tell only part of it—to save a friend's feelings, or his own skin. Year Thirteen especially dislikes reporting poor school grades to parents, yet the child can now maturely take the blame when feeling responsible.

Though most thirteen-year-olds believe in God, an increasing number are skeptical. The youngster is often shocked by his own disbelief. Most youngsters now think of God as a spirit, insisting, "He's not a man." Many children of this age attend Sunday school even when not required.

All in all, sullen and secretive Thirteen is a complex year involving an emerging adolescent's body, mind and personality. Too often, home and school aggravate the confusion. But soon the withdrawing child's mood again undergoes a change.

At fourteen a few boys may shave—twice a week

Fourteen is a happy, outgoing, expansive age. The withdrawn ways of Thirteen have now diminished. Abounding with energy and exuberance, this friendly, fun-loving, optimistic adolescent is, as many parents put it, "a changed child now—a different person!"

At fourteen, the art of mastering life is beginning to be learned. Albert Schweitzer, the great humanitarian, once recalled that what was true and good came upon him "like a kind of intoxication" during his fourteenth year. "If all of us could become what we were at fourteen," Schweitzer said, "what a different place the world would be."

Now more family-minded, this genial youngster considers the home a mutual-respect institution having a claim upon his services. The household rings; it is a time of joyous laughter, singing and robust noise.

Parents no longer need fear trespassing on the child's edgy privacy. Straightforward Fourteen doesn't resent parental prying as much. The youngster may even confide in his parents. Social problems, especially, are discussed with Mother. Fourteen gently twits parents. As a birthday present, a son may give his father a recording of It's Later than You Think.

Of course, there are parent-child arguments over such things as homework, allowances, lipstick, what hour the adolescent should come home at night and so on. But after energy has been expended on both sides, a solution is generally worked out. This objective age realizes that parents are usually right. But Fourteen enjoys arguments, treating them almost like a game.

In families with three or more children, parents expect a lot of their fourteen-year-olds—which, in itself, indicates greater maturity.

Year Fourteen gets along far better with younger brothers and sisters than parents realize. Fourteen enjoys caring for them, playing with them, even buying them presents.

When Fourteen gets angry, it is usually a short, explosive outburst. Not one to keep "steam bottled up," he also lets you know when he is "mad," unlike controlled, sulking Thirteen.

Girls of 14 like boys—and boys now reciprocate

Much of Fourteen's trouble stems from being swamped with his numerous undertakings. Bursting with enthusiasm for everything, this calendar-crowding adolescent wants to be everywhere—and all at once, too. The more active his life, the more he enjoys it. To accomplish all he attempts, he often gets little sleep, retiring late and rising early. He may arrive for appointments in the nick of time. Gesell observers advise: "Fourteen needs to be checked and planned with."

A sharp parental eye should also be kept on the expansive fourteen-year-old's budget. Many are spendthrifts and broke at the end of the week. Girls, particularly, spend their allowances on books, records and, most of all, clothes.

Few fourteen-year-olds can budget their clothes purchases wisely. Both sexes are now wardrobe-conscious. Boys splurge on shirts and sport jackets. Girls, now realizing that their tastes may differ sharply from their mothers', would go overboard buying skirts if allowed. "Few girls overdress or accentuate their sex through their dressing as they might have done earlier," observes the new Gesell book. Girls don't primp as much as formerly. And they use lipstick more wisely.

Many Fourteens are beginning to enjoy a neat room, even though they still leave things strewn around. An effective method of getting a fourteen-year-old to tidy his room is the prospect of guests coming: Fourteen is increasingly concerned with what others think of him. Ironically, care of his room generally improves, for that reason, if there is a maid in the house.

Though Fourteen often eats with his elbows on the table, he is approaching the grown-up aesthetic appreciation of food. He is now conscious of food smells. The aroma of Hungarian goulash may repel him but the tang of a charcoal steak over an outdoor fire will often thrill him.

Having strong group loyalties, Fourteen fits into a set ranging from two to seven members. Sensitive fourteen-year-olds may go out of their way to include unpopular or unattractive boys and girls.

Boys report that they have "a whole bunch" of friends, many living in the same neighborhood; they enjoy one another's sense of humor, and there is often a comedian among them whose every word is considered riotous. Girls usually select their friends more carefully, picking girls who are "full of life."

Whenever two or more fourteen-year-old girls meet, a gab fest ensues. When they cannot meet, the telephone brings them together. Girls then gossip and giggle about themselves, their friends, parents, relatives, visitors, teachers, principals, clothes, movie stars, disk jockeys and boys, boys, boys. "This is a peak age for interminable phone communications, gay, serious and hushed," reports the Gesell study.

Boys are more and more interested in sports, especially in testing their athletic prowess. Basketball is the favorite, with baseball and football right behind. This is the age of the athlete. But even a boy who doesn't excel wants to be on some kind of team. Girls have less sporting drive, playing volleyball and field hockey, mostly in school. Individually, they may favor tennis, table tennis or bicycling.

Boys now love to fool around with cars, having a deep urge to get behind the wheel. Many can change tires and keep an auto in good mechanical condition. Some are starting to drive. "More opportunity should be provided for them, with extremely strict supervision and safeguards," recommends the new book.

TV is now watched and radio listened to considerably less, because Fourteen has so much else to do. Many don't even turn on either until finishing their homework. When they do, boys choose sports and girls dramatic programs, but disk jockeys' programs are becoming a favorite of both sexes. Movies with happy endings are preferred. Fourteen will often identify himself with a movie or fictional character and exclaim: "That's me all over!" Phonograph records—both jazz and classical music—are becoming more popular.

Reading is a highly individual matter with the fourteen-year-old. Some read little more than their school assignments. Others eagerly track down every book by a favorite author. Many are selective in their subjects, too. Some will read *"anything* about ancient history" or *"nothing* about politics." Magazine reading is increasing and Fourteen likes to be tipped off to special articles which will interest him. Newspaper reading is spotty.

For boys, fourteen is a physical transition zone. At thirteen, they usually looked like children; at fifteen, they will look more like men. Now, with their bodies becoming more heavily muscled, measured strength is nearly twice that of age ten. Boys at fourteen make their speediest growth in height. Voices are now noticeably deeper and the sudden change to hoarseness is often mistaken for a cold. A minority are starting to shave—twice a week.

The typical fourteen-year-old girl looks more like a young woman than like a child. She has nearly reached her full height and her weight growth has slowed down. Her figure is nearly adult; despite feminine softness, her features are better defined, giving the impression of strength. Girls are now interested in the more complex aspects of reproduction and may even ask how you explain sex to children.

"Fourteen is an age when further sex education is both needed and eagerly received," explains the new Gesell study. "Parents need both to inform and to protect their daughters . . . Without information, many Fourteens do not know how to build up the necessary controls or understand why they need to build them up."

Fourteen-year-old girls are more boy-crazy than vice versa. These girls usually seek out older boys. Many have already given considerable thought to marriage—unlike most boys their own age. Still, boys of fourteen now admit that "girls are more fun than a nuisance." Yet only half of the girls and one third of the boys now date. Some cautious boys trial-balloon their invitations: "If I asked you, would you go?" Relatively few go steady. Double-dating is preferred.

Couples aren't generally invited to fourteen-year-old parties or dances. As one perceptive girl explained, "How do you know they'll still be a couple when it comes time for the party?"

Once they get to a party, fourteen-year-old boys are more fun than formerly. They mix better, not standing on the side lines so much. But they often run away when girls choose them to dance! This bewilders fourteen-year-old girls. Gesell observers explain, "Though he may say he came for the food, he really wants to be on the edge of the group, looking on but not participating fully."

Fourteen's attitude toward religion is undergoing a change. He doesn't pray as much as he did when younger; open-minded Fourteen might even attend two different churches. Though liking the sermons, he enjoys the socializing, too. At this age, the Gesell investigators say "the church would find a strong response and should be eager to find the necessary outlets."

Fourteen usually gets along much better with teachers. Many children now bring their problems—ranging from the right lipstick to a soul struggle over religion—to sympathetic home-room teachers. School noise is loudest at this irrepressible age. Between periods, girls excitedly gossip and show pictures to one another. Boys cuff one another like playful big dogs. Fourteen loves to join after-school clubs: athletic, dramatic, scientific, photography, music and many others.

Fourteen's expansive leadership flowers best when he is in a top school grade. For example, he usually does well in a junior high where, as a ninth-grader, he outranks twelve- and thirteen-year-olds. But when placed in the freshman year of a four-year high school, expansive Fourteen often feels submerged. Aware of this, some educators now advocate ninth-grade additions to regular eighth-grade elementary schools.

The authors of the new study go a step further and suggest consideration of *separate* schools for fourteen-year-olds, an idea which has already been successfully tried in one community. This plan would not only help cut the dropout rate, but "holds real promise as a force against delinquency," concludes the Gesell research team.

Fifteen is complex and sullen . . . and exasperating

Fifteen is a complex, puzzling, exasperating age for many parents and teachers. Instead of joyously bubbling over as at fourteen, the adolescent is now generally quiet, thoughtful and somber. A rebellious, "don't-give-a-damn" attitude is often evident.

The "fifteen-year-old slump"—a term derived from the young people themselves—now occurs; Gesell investigators define it as a "limited period of discouragement based on confused self-criticism." The mixed-up adolescent becomes tired, indifferent and apathetic—and defensively tries to appear hard-boiled.

Under unfavorable conditions, warns the new Gesell study, these subjective qualities "can operate in the direction of evil and abnormality. A fifteen-year-old youth can nurture feelings of grudge, revenge and violence. In this way, various forms of conduct disorder and delinquency are patterned by insidious growth processes."

This age has many tensional outlets. The fifteen-year-old may snap his fingers, twist his ring, sharpen, whittle or carve with his penknife. Even at meals, Fifteen's hands are in perpetual motion.

Many adolescents now secede from the family circle. Arriving home from school, the sullen fifteen-year-old may drag his feet and go directly to his room without greeting anybody. Sometimes perhaps he "needs to be greeted with as much coolness and indifference as he lavishes on others," the Gesell experts say. "This can shock him into self-awareness. His politeness can then appear."

Fifteen doesn't have to lock his door; he can sit in the same room with you and withdraw. He resents questions; if Mother tries to impose even some reasonable restraints, a youth may defiantly dash out the door—and rush to the corner drugstore to join friends. Boys particularly, seeking freedom from their families, want to cut loose and get away—anywhere! This age doesn't help much around the house.

Fathers generally get along better with their fifteen-year-olds than mothers do. This may be partially because Fifteen sees less of the father. When Dad lays down the law—such as no telephone calls between 7:00 and 9:00 P.M. until homework is finished—it is usually obeyed.

Mothers too often criticize their daughters' postures, not realizing that this results from Fifteen's inner apathy and is confined to the home.

Going out and staying out evenings is the thorniest cause of parent-Fifteen conflict. If they could, many at this age level (boys especially) would go out every night. And when Fifteen attends a party or gets an after-movie bite, the time can easily slip to 1:00 or 2:00 A.M. Parents should establish rules, like no dating except Friday or Saturday, and a compromise time limit should be worked out.

Money also makes parent–teen-age tempers rise. Parents are now beginning to feel the cost of rearing a child; allowances are up to eight or ten dollars a month. Boys are usually starting to handle money better, though many girls are still careless about it.

Good schools and good teachers can help enormously at this troubled age. A real challenge, the fifteen-year-old isn't easy to teach. The adolescent now likes to join classmates in panel discussions. Boys show a greater ability to concentrate than girls of the same age, and usually do better in their studies; a girl's social life may now seem more important to her than her scholastic one.

The rebellious boys who are doing poorly in their studies are most likely to drop out of school now. These boys would profit from a half-day, salaried work experience while staying in school. Some fifteen-year-olds who are ready for it might also profit by going away to school. Away from home, Fifteen behaves best.

Yet at home, surprisingly, this sensitive age gets along even better with younger brothers and sisters than at happy Fourteen. Some of this amicability stems from Fifteen's desire to avoid any bickering. But much of it results from a younger brother or sister looking up to him. Now feeling grown-up, Fifteen doesn't want to be treated like a "kid" any more. One fifteen-year-old boy interviewed at the Gesell Institute refused to drink milk for this reason! Older brothers and sisters are often idolized. Fifteen often confides in and even goes to the same parties with them.

The fifteen-year-old is becoming quite mature in other ways, too. For example, his humor is now more discriminating. It is often a sly, ironic wit which is funny to grownups. His happiness is quieter now, too. Not so impulsively angry as before, thoughtful Fifteen usually walks away, ignoring the source of his anger.

TV watching generally reaches an all-time low at fifteen. Movies are chosen selectively from reading reviews. Girls usually like their radios and record players best, having them on continually. Jazz, especially Dixieland, is preferred over classical. Boys now read many technical books. They also explore dictionaries and encyclopedias far more than girls, but they may resist their school's required reading. Magazines are read even more than books.

This age doesn't have Fourteen's broad interests. Some boys continue tinkering with their radio equipment and model railroads and many now play chess and checkers as well as cards. But because a driver's license is imminent, boys drive whenever they can and hang around garages to pick up automobile information. Boys look forward to the late teen-age world of cars and greater independence.

The fifteen-year-old boy still plays and follows basketball, football and baseball. An uncommunicative, apathetic boy at home will come vociferously alive on an athletic field. Girls (as well as boys) now enjoy swimming, tennis, sailing, skiing, ice skating in addition to horseback riding. Many girls take long walks with other girls to talk and exchange confidences. Girls also spend considerable time writing letters—far more than boys.

Girls choose friends whom they admire or who are doing well in school. They don't like to have "shallow," "very cold" or indiscreet girls as friends. Girls often have a "gang" of six to eight who congregate in soda fountains to meet boys. Boys form even larger "gangs," grouping together along sports and other activity lines.

At fifteen, a girl's figure is womanly; a boy's body is so large his head seems smaller in proportion. A longer neck makes his Adam's apple stand out.

Boys and girls now usually meet in favorite eating-social places which accommodate large groups. Nearly all the girls and two thirds of the boys date, but most don't go steady. When they do, it usually doesn't last more than several weeks.

Boys are now thinking more of their future careers. At fifteen, they know more what they *don't* want to be than what they do. Law and medicine are losing the attraction they once had. Now thinking more realistically, many boys want to enter the business world in some way. College-minded Fifteens would like to attend smaller schools—away from home.

Most girls plan to work only until marriage. But they are against too early marriage. Love should be the basis of it, they believe. Looks aren't as important, even though they don't want their husbands to be "obnoxious" or "too gruesome." Boys are even less demanding; they want wives who are "half decent-looking, but no beauty necessarily." However, most fifteen-year-old boys don't want to be tied down for quite a while.

The fifteen-year-old is unsure of his ideas about death and the Deity. His spatial awareness makes it hard for him to put everybody into either heaven or hell. "That would be an awful lot of people," reflected one puzzled girl interviewed at the Gesell Institute. The fifteen-year-old doesn't like to accompany his parents to church services. "Fifteen might attend church more willingly if he were assured that he didn't have to sit with his parents," the new study says.

It isn't that Fifteen wants to disown his family. He would just rather be alone.

Sixteen, full of wholesome self-assurance, thinks the best age is "right now"

The cycle of youth development which joyously began at ten reaches full circle at sweet sixteen. Fifteen's turbulent traits have largely gone, and now the youth tends to be happy, friendly, better-tempered—more definitely revealing the qualities of a maturing mind. Sixteen has acquired what the new Gesell study calls a "*sense* of independence" compared with Fifteen's defiant "*spirit* of independence."

Full of wholesome self-assurance, the sixteen-year-old hates hypocrisy, artificiality or "seeing someone pushed around." Sixteen intensely enjoys life. When asked what he considers the best age, the cheerful answer is: "Right now!"

This bantering age often has a fine sense of humor which is an excellent safety valve. Sample from a high-school newspaper: "Lost, billfold containing $100. Wanted for sentimental reasons. Billfold not worth much but the money was given by a sweetheart."

Outgoing Sixteen doesn't worry needlessly. The girls' biggest concerns are exams and new social situations. The boys' are being able to use the family car, and the draft.

Sixteen's relations with his family have improved considerably. Fewer arguments occur with parents. The hour of returning home from a date isn't the thorny cause of conflict it was once; aware of his increased maturity, Sixteen thinks he can handle many of his own affairs—which is often pretty close to true. Both sons and daughters get along better with mothers—though Sixteen does not relish direct maternal advice, but prefers to approach his mother voluntarily to discuss problems as an adult equal. Though a girl may still shirk household chores, claiming she is too busy, when there is a family party or Mother is away, she will capably pitch in.

Friends are extremely important to the sixteen-year-old, who likes to entertain them at home and prefers their company to that of his family. Girls say that they have "millions" of girl friends, including a best one who "tells me everything and I tell her everything." Boys are more casual about their "bunch" of friends. Less interested than girls in their friends' personalities, boys are drawn together by shared activities such as sports.

Clothes purchases are now under better control for both sexes. Sixteen generally buys clothes alone, except on big items. The clothes allowances of Fourteen and Fifteen have usually been given up. More Sixteens get clothes money as needed. Many boys with jobs are now paying for their own clothes. In their after-school jobs in stores, gas stations and as theater ushers, boys earn up to $20 a week.

TV watching, radio listening and movie attendance continue to fall off, but a new interest in theater (where it is available) is emerging. Sixteen now contrasts the difference between the vitality of a stage performance and the relative lack of it in other entertainment forms. Music is enjoyed mostly through records.

School is "much better than last year," report most sixteen-year-olds. Many are now getting more out of it and some hate the thought of graduating. Relations with teachers are much improved.

A rich range of individual differences is now evident among the Sixteens in school. Pupils planning to attend college are buckling down. Those taking commercial and vocational courses are sharpening themselves, too. The "slow maturers" now present one of the greatest educational challenges. These pupils who aren't doing well need encouragement, recognition of what they have done well and, above all, "time for growth."

The typical sixteen-year-old boy has a firmer physique. He has now grown to 98 per cent of his full height, though a few late maturers may still sprout as much as six inches. Some boys have to shave nightly, but once a week is most common.

Sixteen-year-old girls don't look much different than at fifteen. Many girls now lose some weight. Growth is (and will be) slower and gentler and not so dramatic as before.

Most girls of this age are well informed about sex. Dating was done by all of the sixteen-year-old girls and over two thirds of the boys of that age studied at the Gesell Institute. The immature boys who didn't claimed that they "have nothing against girls." Most girls now kiss their dates good night but criticize friends who pet too promiscuously. Sixteen-year-old girls report that they are influenced by what their parents and "society" think. Some girls specifically ask themselves: "Would Mother approve?"

Few sixteen-year-olds go steady. It's a big age for parties—informal and formal dancing parties, beach parties, punch parties—at school, home, church, the Y and elsewhere. Less mature boys, who feel uncomfortable with girls, may not attend these affairs because they don't want to be called "wet blankets." Yet most of these parties go smoothly. Girls still like to dance more than boys. If any trouble occurs, it is generally because of gate crashers or because some boys get rowdy.

Girls of sixteen enjoy eating. Italian and Chinese foods are now becoming favorites. Boys as well as girls are also beginning to cultivate a taste for coffee. Though this age is renouncing many culinary prejudices, some food may still be refused because of unpleasant associations (tongue or kidney) or because of an unaccustomed taste (mushrooms or eggplant). Both sexes enjoy preparing food for social gatherings. "If you can read, you can cook," insists one girl, "but it has to have a little oomph behind it!"

Though girls are much more marriage-minded, they aren't thinking of it blindly. A small percentage who wear fraternity pins talk about marriage but realistically admit that they don't expect to marry their present boy friends, "and he probably doesn't, either." Two thirds of the sixteen-year-old girls studied by Gesell investigators expect to work until marriage "to have something to fall back on" or "to have something to do if things get dull." Most would like to marry after college or a short work experience. But only one in six expects to combine a career with marriage.

Love as a basis for marriage is taken for granted by sixteen-year-old girls. But good looks are now less important to them. In fact, many believe that if a girl marries a man for his looks, she will be bored and he will be unfaithful.

Boys of this age give little thought to marriage, figuring "it will happen later." But they do think of college, a career and military service. Many have been worrying about the financial side of college. As for a career, boys named a wide range of businesses and professions to which they aspired, including advertising, insurance, law, politics and farming. Many worry that military service will interfere with their careers, but they are resigned to it.

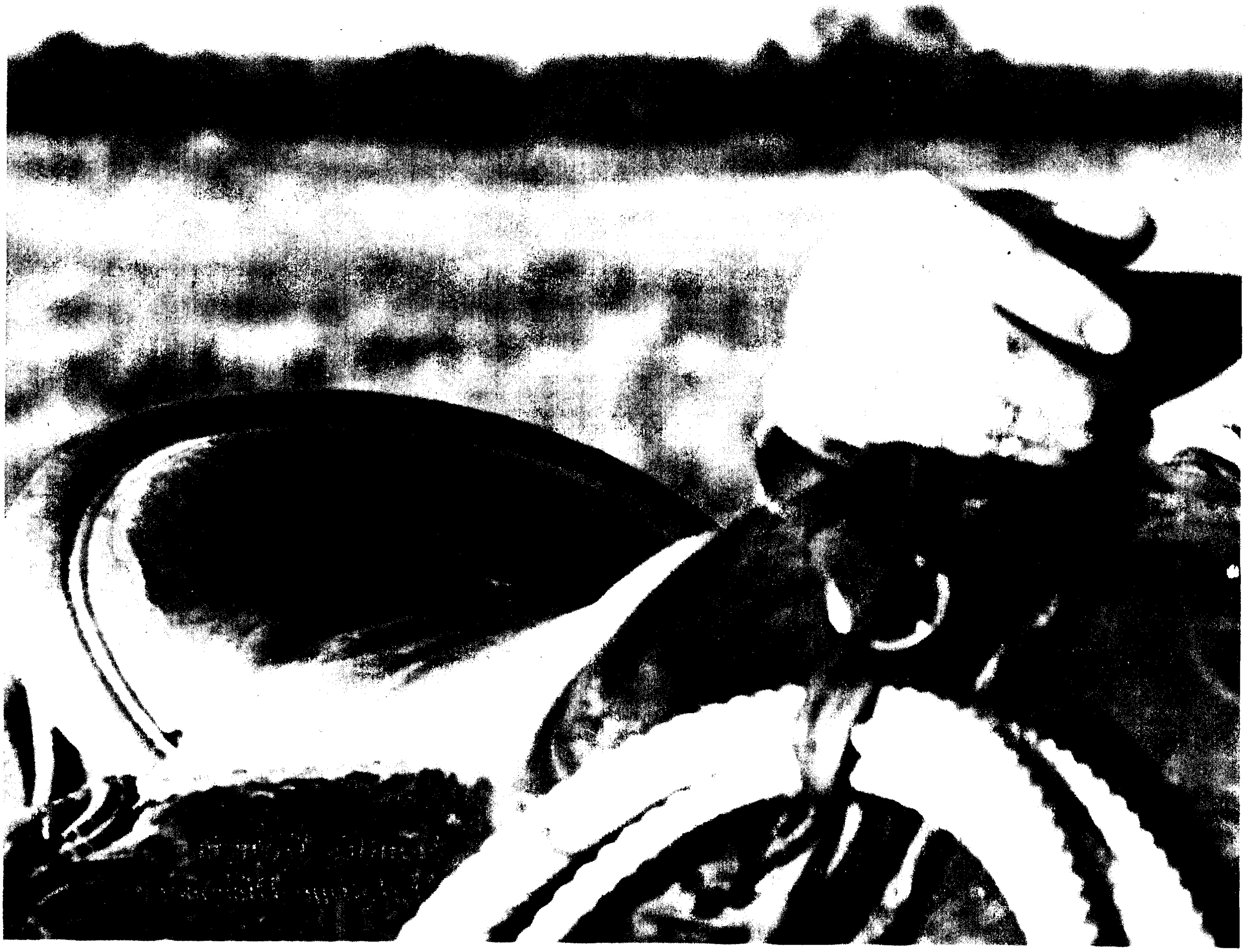
The average adolescent now maturely thinks a lot about God, country and death. Sixteen believes in God more than at any preceding age—not as a man or a spirit, but as some kind of power, force, feeling, "intangible being" or "something eternal." Most sixteen-year-olds go to church, feeling that they are too old for Sunday school.

Here is how Dr. Gesell sums up age sixteen:

"He has in reserve more resistance to totalitarian and mob influence . . . He has grown in a self-possessed sense of independence which will normally protect him from excessive identification with antisocial groups and gangs. His concepts of family and career, his relationships to home, school and community have made astounding progress since the age of eleven and have prepared him for the further advances of the next five years of adolescence." THE END

Sixteens do a lot of dating, but few go steady

The vanishing cowboy



Leathery, saddle-wise cow hands still do their riding, roping and roundups the old way at the big, sprawling JA Ranch in Texas—one of the last great strongholds of the colorful, hard-bitten Old West

By FRANK FARMER

THE CHILL of dusk comes quickly in the Texas Panhandle. Cold, weary, whitely powdered with dust, seven cowboys jogged across the mesquite-shadowed range and dismounted at the Plains Corral, a remote line camp on the JA Ranch.

The cowboys stripped saddles and bridles from their mounts and trudged, one by one, across the wind-swept plain to the bunkhouse.

Coosey, the cook, had hot coffee waiting. Cradling the steaming mugs in their hands, they squatted in a circle, a tired, thoughtful group of men.

Dawn had seen them gathering a large herd of Herefords, driving them into Gyp Canyon, a vast purple void in the face of the plains. As always, the drive into Gyp had impressed them, left them a bit pensive. Unspoken, but plainly in the mind of each, was the knowledge that changing times, changing methods and changing cattle breeds were dooming their kind—that the cow-poke immortalized in Western fiction was nearing the end of the trail.

Fuss, a tall, lean, leather-faced man, finally gave voice to the unspoken thought.

"Reckon these big cow spreads'll be broken up someday soon," he said, almost to himself.

Silence followed his remark. Wes, the young wagon boss, was lost in reverie; he might have been recalling the bucking contests he had won, and musing about rodeos to come. Jay was inscrutable. Brothers, the horse wrangler, just sipped his steaming brew; he was too old to care. The others—Jimmy, Dagger, Brownie—all were subdued.

"Yep," said Fuss at last. "Reckon we'll be sookin' up them cows with a sack of feed 'fore too long. No more ridin' the range."

Fuss was right. Several decades ago, Zane Grey

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOE COVELLO

The vanishing cowboy

Nowadays, cow hands are either young men with sentimental notions about life on the range or old-timers who date back to the heyday of the West. JA's youngest hand is Jimmy (top), who's only 18. By comparison, the two men sprawling in the bunkhouse and discussing spurs (Fuss, l., and Coosey) are veterans. Wes (directly above, with horse) is 21—and one of the finest cowboys on the ranch. Smaller photo (above r.) shows Boy, who's in fifties and has worked for JA most of his life. Right, with saddle, is Dagger—who's planning to go back to college

wrote a book entitled The Vanishing American. It portrayed not the demise, but the changing ways of life of the North American Indian. Today there is another vanishing American: the man so vividly immortalized in many of Zane Grey's novels—the cowboy.

Three quarters of a century ago, one of the most exciting periods of American history rutted a trail from Matagorda to Missoula—from the Gulf Coast of Texas to the foothills of the Bitterroot Range in Montana. Fortunes were won and lost on the ability of the belligerent Longhorn cattle to plod from San Antonio to Dodge City, on the integrity of a cow hand, on the quickness of a pony. Ranches came easy, went easier. A man running fewer than 10,000 cattle was hardly a cowman, and a section of land—a square mile—was a mere back yard.

IN THOSE long-ago days many ranches sprawled over hundreds of thousands of acres. At one time the XIT Ranch, owned and operated by a syndicate backed by English capital, had 140,000 head of cattle and 3,000,000 acres in nine Panhandle counties. But around the turn of the century the XIT was broken up and parcels sold to hundreds of farmers and small ranchers. Where pastures were once gigantic tracts of 50,000 to 100,000 acres, they are now fenced, plowed and irrigated in relatively small fields of 100 to 200 acres. The reason is simple: farming wheat, milo and cotton, especially where irrigation is possible, a man can make $50 to $100 an acre per year more than with cattle.

The fate of the XIT also has befallen—or is befalling—other great cattle empires in Texas. The Mill Iron, the Diamond Tail, the Shoebar, the Turkey Track, all once great cow-spreads, are gone. The Matador Ranch, once second in size only to the fabulous King Ranch, was bought not long ago by a corporation which already has broken up its holdings into farms or small ranches.

True, in north-central Texas the great Waggoner Three-D outfit is still going strong. So are the JB Ranch, the Four 6's and several others. But, as any Texas cowman will tell you, oil—not beef on the hoof—is their principal industry.

Probably only two of the great ranches of old remain primarily interested in producing cattle. The biggest, of course, is the famed King Ranch in southern Texas. But, while the Kleburgs, owners of the King, are among the nation's most able and aggressive cattle breeders (they developed the first truly American breed, the Santa Gertrudis), they operate their 1,000,000 acres on strictly scientific principles. Everything is done, so to speak, by the book.

That leaves the huge JA Ranch. Alone among the surviving giants of yesterday it is keeping alive the traditions of the Old West—or at least more of them than any other major ranch. Other cattlemen may have swapped their cow ponies for helicopters, half-tracks and jeeps, may brand their cattle by holding them in chutes, may use artificial insemination to produce calves, may feed their cattle scientifically, may pen their cows and calves in small fenced-in pastures.

But on the JA, cowboys still herd the ranch's 20,000 head of cattle from horseback, they still brand calves at the end of a 30-foot rope, their broncs still buck when saddled for the roundup—and, if the wrangler doesn't have the *remuda* (the working band of cow ponies) in the right place at the right time, the JA cow-pokes can unleash streams of verbal prose that would delight the ears of an old-time trail driver.

Actually, most of the JA's passive resistance to change can be traced to nature's blessings and a fortunate location. Where other ranches must reseed their pastures regularly to get enough grass for their cattle, the JA animals graze on abundant buffalo grass and blue grama on the Panhandle plains. And where cattle elsewhere have frozen or starved on exposed range during frigid winters, JA's cows for 80 years have survived the cold months in the rugged Palo Duro Canyon, protected from winter's blasts by the canyon walls. With the ranch showing a continuous and reasonable profit, why change tried-and-true methods?

The JA lies deep in the heart of the Panhandle, sprawling over some 250,000 acres athwart Donley, Briscoe, Armstrong and Hall Counties. Its broad pastures sweep southeast from the town of Claude to halt abruptly about 10 miles south of Clarendon. A man can ride his horse 30 miles from the Plains Corral Camp at the northwest corner to the Sandy Camp at the southeast corner and never leave JA land. Gutting the south side of the ranch is the Palo Duro, birthplace of the Prairie Dog Town Fork of the Red River.

Although operated as a single unit, the JA consists of six main camps or divisions. The camps are divided from one another by fences—a circumstance the cowboys view with disgust because of their dislike of having to dismount to open a gate, to say nothing of having to build nine or ten miles of fence per year.

The divisions are named for convenience, and each boasts a one-story white stucco, two-room camp house or bunkhouse, one or more corrals, and several windmills to pump water for the cattle. There is the Woodburn Place, a mere 15,000 acres; Dinner Creek Camp, 28,000 acres; Plains Corral Camp, 20,000 acres; Campbell Creek Camp, 35,000 acres; Sandy Camp, 35,000 acres, and the Graham Place, 35,000 acres. Then there is the ranch farm of about 1,200 acres, where wheat and rye pasture is grown for fattening yearling steers, and Sudan and Johnson grass are baled to feed the cows and horses kept around camp in the winter.

NESTLED IN THE CENTER of this vast domain, under the shadow of the cap rock that is the first step down from the high plains to the canyon, are the headquarters buildings of the JA. Dominating them is a many-gabled, red-roofed stone house with a great veranda sweeping around it. JA cowboys call it the "Big House," and it is the home of the ranch's owner, forty-four-year-old Montgomery H. W. Ritchie.

Who is this rancher who has clung longer than any of his principal contemporaries to the ways of the Old West?

Monte Ritchie is a surprising man. He is one of the shrewdest and most successful cattlemen in the business, equally at home in the saddle and in his ranch office. Yet he also pilots his own plane (a twin-engine Beechcraft), is a member of such exclusive clubs as the Somerset in Boston and the Brook in New York, and has a remarkable collection of modern paintings by such masters as Rouault, Matisse, Renoir, Dufy, Pissarro and Cézanne. He talks with the clipped accents of an Englishman, yet can reel off cowboy lingo like one of his own cow hands. He is as much at ease in a line camp as in a London drawing room.

Monte Ritchie is the stepgrandson of one of the two founders of the JA, John Adair, an Irish financier. Back in 1877, Adair put up the cash necessary to finance operation of the new ranch. His partner, Colonel Charles Goodnight, a pioneer cattleman, put up the know-how. The two men were every bit as diverse in character as the Longhorn cattle that Goodnight herded into the Palo Duro more than 80 years ago are different from the blocky, bred-for-meat Herefords that today—depending on the state of a wildly fluctuating market—usually bring Ritchie a yearly gross well into six figures. Yet from the start, the Adair-Goodnight partnership paid off spectacularly. During the years Goodnight managed the JA, it netted an annual profit of 72 per cent on Adair's investment. The property has more than doubled in value since 1900; today it is worth more than $4,000,000 and turns out annually 4,000,000 pounds of beef in the form of feeder calves.

AFTER ADAIR DIED in 1885, his wife, the former Cornelia Wadsworth (daughter of Civil War General James Wadsworth of New York), assumed the partnership. Two years later she split off from Goodnight and appointed her son by a former marriage, James Ritchie, as manager of the huge enterprise. Monte Ritchie, son of James, was born in England and educated at Cambridge University and in Switzerland. But after the death of his father, young Monte and his brother, Dick, vowed to return to their ancestral acres in Texas. They did so in 1935. Dick died soon afterward, and Monte subsequently bought portions of the JA from his mother and sister.

Not long ago I called on Monte Ritchie at the Big House. He met me at the door, a handsome figure in plaid sport jacket, gray flannels and loafers. About six feet tall, he walks with the springy step of the natural athlete. He wears a heavy, but neatly trimmed mustache and the set of his jaw gives him a determined look. His ruddy complexion testified to his love for the outdoors; when not busy on the range, he's apt to be off shooting grouse in Scotland, skiing in Switzerland or fishing in Canada.

JA owner Monte Ritchie and daughter 'Nenia, 6. Bison head is from animal shot on JA years ago

He led me along a high-ceilinged hallway, lined with some of his own efforts with brush and canvas. As we passed the drawing room, I glimpsed an immense polar-bear rug, a trophy from one of his two arctic expeditions, and a sailfish mounted on the wall. We continued on to Monte's den. It was dominated by a huge fireplace, and the walls were lined with tier after racked tier of books. Settling comfortably in overstuffed chairs, we began to talk. Our conversation drifted from skiing to photography, from fine art to a shotgun Monte had brought back from Europe recently.

Suddenly there was an interruption. A sprightly, tawny-haired girl of six burst into the room. She was 'Nenia Ritchie, named after her great-grandmother. 'Nenia showed her father some of the work she had done in school that day, then grabbed his cowboy hat and jammed it on her head, her eyes shining. But her nurse called quietly from the door that it was bedtime. 'Nenia executed two curtsies, two good nights and flew out the door.

Ritchie's eyes remained on the doorway. His wife had died in 1953, and life in the Big House today obviously centers around little 'Nenia.

"She loves it here," Ritchie said. "She has her own pony, and she rides every day. I have hopes that she'll operate the JA after me."

"With all your other interests, what keeps you here?" I asked. "Is it the money from the cattle?"

"Money?" he echoed, apparently surprised at the thought. "Certainly not! I'd be many times better off with the money from the ranch invested in, let's say, the brokerage business. No, it certainly isn't the money, with the price of cattle as low as it is."

Ritchie pursed his lips and looked across the room at the Cézanne painting. "The land . . . I think it's the land I like—the challenge of the land. It's a constant battle with the elements, the mesquite, the things that threaten the herds . . ."

While Ritchie has clung to the old-time ways longer than most cattlemen, he admits that even he has had to make compromises—and he foresees even more drastic changes in the future. For one thing, he said, someday he may cut down on his far-flung range operations, using only one or two divisions of the JA and leasing others to Midwestern farmers who want to find a cheaper source of feeder calves. At present, these farmers buy their calves from ranches like the JA through a middleman known as a "cow jockey" or speculator, then feed the young cattle on their farm crops and gamble on being able to market the animals at a profit. If the farmers could raise their own calves on a ranch like the JA, Ritchie said, they could eliminate the middleman's profit and reduce their own risk. And if Ritchie does cut down on his feeder-calf raising, he may try fattening his remaining cattle himself for marketing instead of turning them over to the "cow jockey." Many smaller ranches are now raising their cattle from birth to slaughter.

AS A FIRST STEP, Ritchie told me, he has begun an extensive fencing project. "Fenced-in herds are easier to take care of," he said. "They can be kept under closer observation, and their feeding can be more carefully supervised. Then, too, fewer men are needed than on the open range, where strays may wander off and disappear."

That led the conversation around to what Ritchie called "our greatest problem."

"It's the scarcity of skilled cowboys," he said. "They just aren't raised any more. Actually, I guess the problem isn't new; it began many years ago, and the war intensified it. Now the cowboys are either very old, like Fuss, who cowboys because of his love for horses, or very young, like Dagger, who was born on the ranch and has lived here almost all his life."

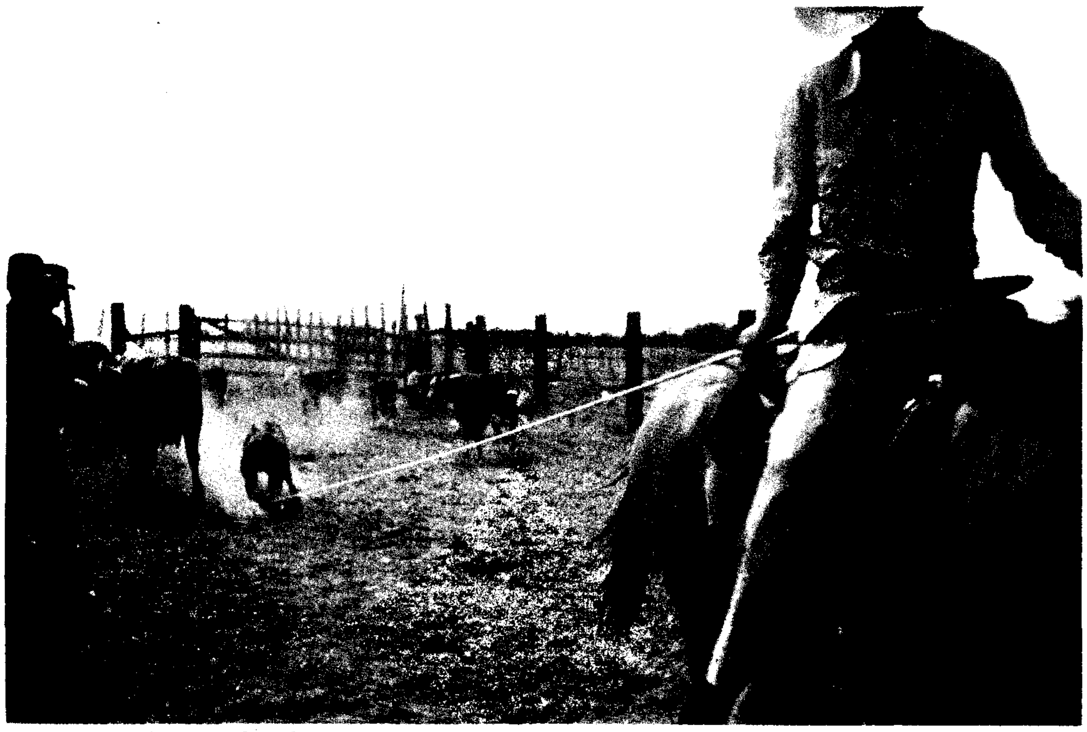
Monte paused a moment, as though hating to speak. "The old-time cowboy is doomed. Times are changing. Certainly he must ride and rope and brand, but he must also be prepared to carry a wrench in his hip pocket and a sack of feed across his saddlehorn."

I asked Monte if I could see some of the JA's crew in action. The roundup was due to start in a couple of days, he said, and he invited me to go along. Late calves were to be branded, fat yearlings shipped, and cows sent down into the brakes of the Palo Duro to another range.

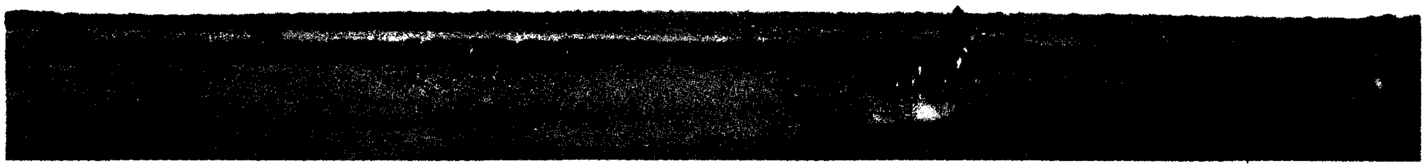
Headquarters for the roundup was the Plains

The vanishing cowboy

In this mechanized era, the JA has one big problem: a scarcity of skilled cowboys. "They just aren't raised any more," says JA owner Monte Ritchie



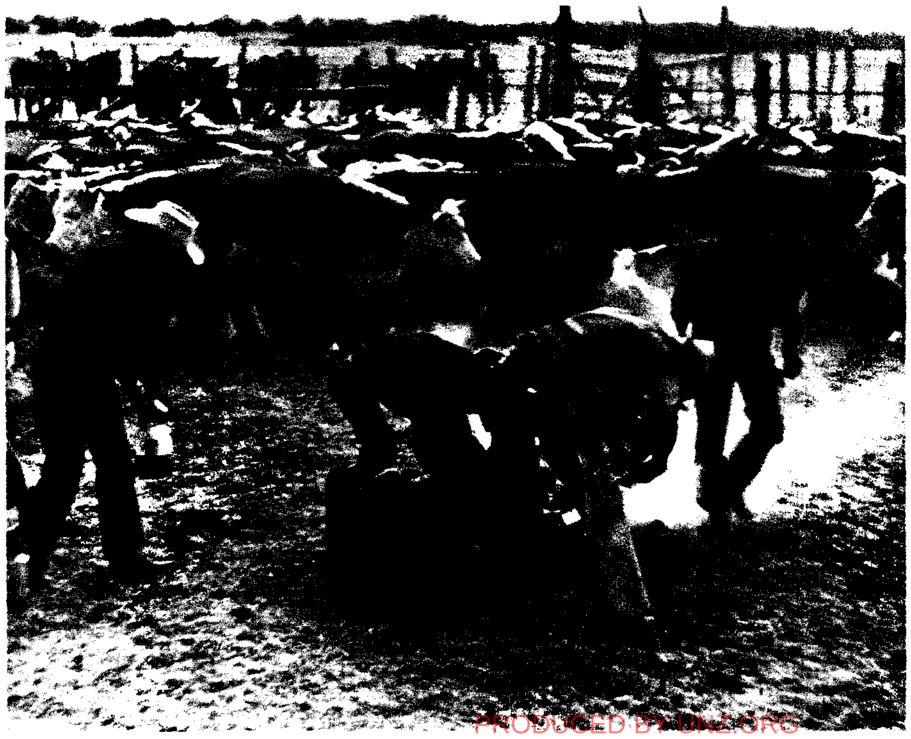
Roping a calf, before branding. Mounted cowboy lassoes the animal; other cow hands then throw and brand it



Driving cattle toward pens for marketing. The 80-year-old JA ships 4,000,000 pounds of beef a year. Ranch is worth $4,000,000

By clipping some hair from her tail, cow hand

Branding calves. Veteran cowpunchers work so fast they can brand up to 80 creatures an hour



Corral Camp, at the northwest corner of the ranch. Cowboys from most of the other line camps drifted in all during the day before the roundup was to begin. There was droll, intrepid Ritter, with the bow to his legs, from Sandy Camp; quiet, cordial Bud, with the crow's-feet around his eyes, from the Campbell Creek Camp; Al, from the Woodburn Place, and Boy, from the Graham Place. Then, of course, there were Fuss, Jimmy, Jay, Dagger, Wes and Brownie.

The men loafed in the drowsy sun around camp, whittling, exchanging salty humor. Dagger worked on a new leather belt, and Brownie labored over a new pair of chaps.

Shortly before sundown, I heard the rhythmic beat of galloping horses out on the plain. Soon they hove in sight, guided by Mr. Brothers, the horse wrangler. Standing in his stirrups, he pushed the *remuda* toward the corral. These were the horses for the roundup—cow ponies specially

Fuss marks the identity of a cow whose calf has been taken away to be sent to market. All the animals raised on the JA ranch are Herefords, a hardy breed known as excellent beef cattle

trained to work quietly among the cattle and cut out the particular cow or calf the rider wanted from the herd.

In the corral, the horses milled wildly. The cowboys moved in and penned them in a corner. Wes, the wagon boss, shook out his rope. It became, in his deft hands, a thing alive. "Name your horses!" he called.

"Give me Crockett," yelled Fuss.

Wes flipped a loop past his ear and it whistled over Crockett's dodging head. Dagger opened the gate of the night pen and Wes led the pony through, then turned him loose.

"More horses," called Wes. He squinted against the red cloud of dirt stirred up by dozens of frantic hoofs. He not only had to know the names of each of the 150 horses in the JA's *remuda,* but had to be able to identify them by the shape of their heads, their ears and their silhouettes against the sky.

"Sleepy!" cried Brownie. Once again the lariat whistled through the air. Within half an hour, Poker Face, Rondo, Wardance, Tomahawk, Monterey, Beat Cat, Ashtola, Snowman and Papoose also had been led from the corral into the night pen.

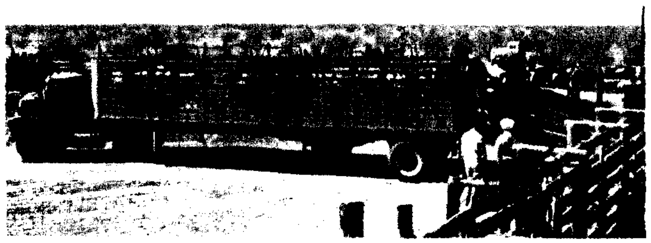
Through the dusk, the men headed for the yellow squares that marked the windows of the bunkhouse. At the door waited Coosey (affectionate slang for Cooky). A flour sack was tied around his middle as an apron. "Chuck," he drawled.

EVEN ON THE JA, the chuck wagon has finally been retired. On the range, Coosey cooks over a propane-gas stove in whatever line camp is being used as headquarters for the roundup—but he's not happy about it. He prefers the old fire of mesquite coals.

"Why, I can't keep from burning the biscuits on this stove," he says. "And I ain't ever got enough burners."

Each of the men grabbed a mug of steaming coffee and settled down on one of the bunks, or on the floor. Frying steak sizzled on the stove. Soon Coosey started heaping up tin plates with big chunks of the meat, along with fried potatoes, pinto beans, peas and rolls. Dessert was stewed apples.

Camp etiquette was observed as the cowboys finished. Each scraped his plate clean and dumped



In one respect, the 20th century has caught up with the JA. Cows don't walk to market; they ride trucks

The vanishing cowboy

"Then the roundup signal came, a cry faint and far away. My horse danced. Each cowboy took up the yell, and the echoing sound rolled down the line. 'Whoo-whaa!'"

it in the washtub. And within minutes, the cowboys hit their bedrolls.

I was awakened by the tinkling of spurs. Wes and Jay were just stalking out, and a quick glance at my watch showed it was 3:00 A.M. I dressed quickly and followed them outside. Overhead blinked a million silver stars. A breeze rustled along the frosty ground, ducked around a corner of the camp and went on, leaving its bite behind. I hurried back into the warmth of the camp.

ONE BY ONE the cowboys assembled for breakfast. They ate with little conversation, dumped their tin plates in the washtub, and trooped outside to the corral. Few words passed, except for the bumming of a cigarette. I was given Papoose to ride, saddled him up and headed out the corral gate with Jimmy.

Through the great pastures known as the South Plains we rode, past hundreds of mesquite trees. Far, far below, the cap rock gentled off into the Lower Plains and, an infinity away, the day began to break and light the world. The pink streamer of the approaching dawn yielded to a pin wheel of raucous reds, purples and yellows.

Ahead and behind me, cowboys rode in groups of twos and threes, their heads and shoulders jogging up and down to the rhythm of the horses. Occasionally a sharp laugh floated across the great silent prairie.

Gradually the east whitened and showed us the land. Mesquite hid the terrain in front of us, but all around, miles away, the cap rock reared, its wrinkled face gray as death. Not a cow, not a calf was visible. But they were there, hidden by the mesquite and the rocks. Slowly we formed a great line across the end of the pasture. I found myself between Fuss and Boy, the old camper with 35 years of JA cowboying behind him.

Then the signal came, a cry faint and far away. Papoose flipped his ears forward and danced with his front feet. Each cowboy took up the yell in turn, and the echoing sound rolled down the line. "Whoo-whaa!" bellowed Fuss. I opened my lungs, sucked in crisp air, and passed on the yell. Boy answered, his voice a crackle. The drive was on.

Papoose had been on many drives before, and knew what to do. He moved forward, back and forth. Now and then I saw Fuss, on my left, moving easily through the mesquite, and then Boy, unhurrying, missing nothing. Jay was not in sight. A jack rabbit eyed my approach from his home beneath a clump of yucca; a covey of topknotted quail scurried in front, finally burst into flight and roared away. Then I saw a cow and calf moving among the mesquite.

The calf, a square-rumped, cherry-red ball of inquisitiveness with bright white face, stood his ground momentarily. Then, with a frightened blat, he bounded stiff-legged to his mother.

Now, other cows and calves hurried through the brush. The cries of the punchers drifted on the crisp air, and I began to distinguish between them. I came to a deep gash in the red earth, with crumbling claybanks glinting dully as the sun peeped over the cap rock and gave us full light. Walking Papoose along the edge, I searched for a way to cross.

Down in the gulch, a cow and calf were sneaking away. Papoose thrust his ears forward and decided the issue: he bolted down the embankment. We hit the flat of the canyon in a great bound. Like an arrow, Papoose shot away and headed off the delinquent pair. No longer was Papoose a meek pony; he was a fiery cow horse. The cow and calf loped up the draw and, with an effort, I pulled Papoose into a jog.

As we came out onto the prairie again, I could see a great line of cows and calves and burly bulls lumbering toward the gathering ground—Hay Lake, a huge natural depression. Already some of the punchers were there, holding the herd, shaping it up. I pushed my little bunch of cattle into the main wedge and looked around.

Like water rushing down ravines in floodtime, red-and-white cattle poured from the surrounding slopes and joined the herd. Against the sun, now a ball of fire, hard-riding men were fleeting shapes. The color of the scene made you catch your breath—the gold of the cured prairie grass, the purple of the sky, the pale green of the mesquite, the cherry-red and white of the cattle. The prairie seethed with movement and sound.

At last, the final stragglers were filtered into the herd. I sat back and rested in my saddle for a bit. For the first time, I noticed that we were near the Plains Corral. Nearby, some men were clustered around 25 or 30 semitrailer trucks and a set of scales. Two of the men were cattle buyers, the rest truck drivers.

AS I INSPECTED the scene, Monte Ritchie rode up astride one of his favorite horses, a sorrel named Pug. He had arrived before dawn, driving from the Big House in a jeep with Pug in a horse trailer behind. Monte rode toward me and waved a gloved hand.

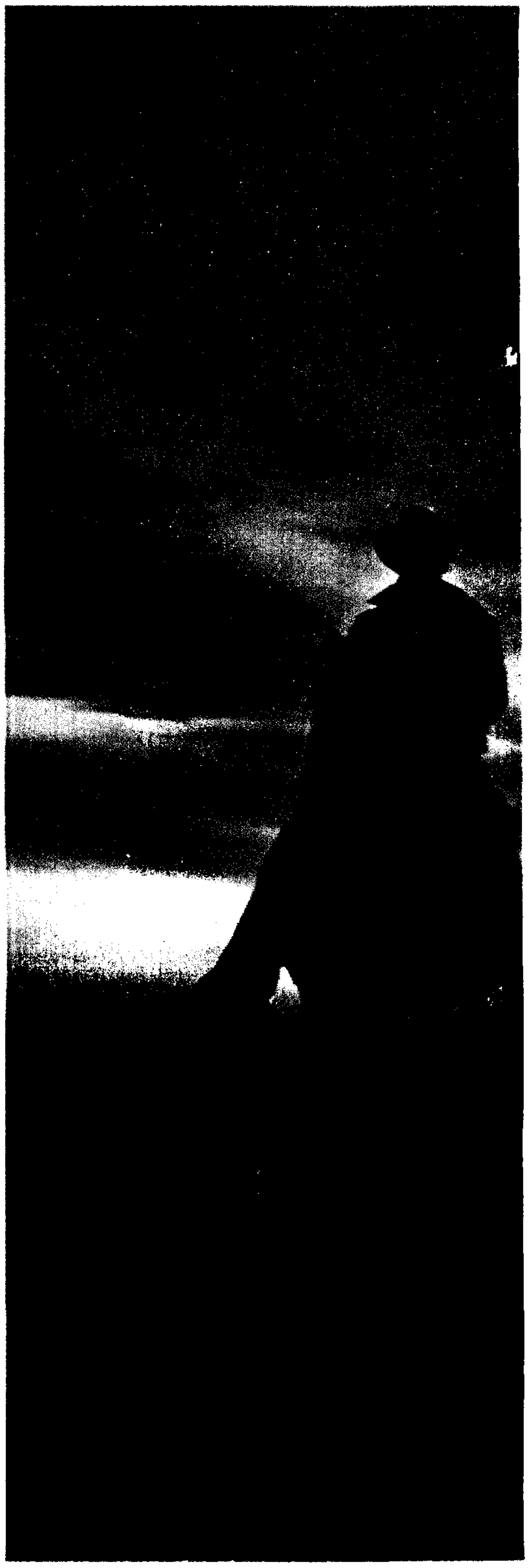
"When we pen the cattle," he said, "please work the back of the herd." He rode on, a striking figure in his fringed chaps and tan riding jacket.

Ritchie took the lead, and the cowboys pointed the herd. I rode in the drag with five others. A tired, bewildered little calf scuffed along and looked up with soft, coral eyes. As though touched by some private bond, Papoose dropped his nose against the calf's woolly rump.

Now the cattle flowed into the corral and the punchers pushed them hard. We closed in, like a net, and then the gates slammed shut. The drive hadn't taken over two hours.

The cowboys tied their horses to the fence and then, in an awkward, rolling motion, walked to the corral. In a short time they had sorted out the calves to be sold and pushed them, 20 at a time, over the scales while Ritchie and the buyers checked weights. When the last of 600 calves had been separated from his mother, the men began loading the trucks. About three o'clock, the cowboys, coated with dust, tired and hungry, turned their

Moving a herd of cattle to new pasture. JA has 250,000 acres, divided into six separate camps



horses loose and went into the camp to eat their first meal since 4:00 A.M.

They slept late the next morning. They didn't roll out until Coosey had the biscuits out of the oven. Branding of the late calves and sorting out of the old cows were planned at the Chuck Box pens.

After making the drive to the Chuck Box, Ritchie and C. H. Long, the ranch foreman, rode through the herd, deciding how fine to draw the line. "Lots of cows in the country," said Ritchie. "Too many. Think we might as well clean up the herd and take some cattle out of production."

In about three hours, the cows and late calves were cut out. Then the old cows were culled out and taken to the Plains Corral, where trucks would take them to market. The rest of the cows, with a complement of bulls—very unhappy bulls, too, if their bellowing, dirt-pawing activities were any indication—were taken to the canyon pasture.

Then the crew prepared for the branding. Jay, the top calf roper, rode Rondo, a clean-limbed sorrel. Ritchie filled a syringe with vaccine for blackleg and hemorrhagic septicemia prevention. Fuss, Dagger, Wes and Jimmy lugged wood for the fire. Al made a disinfectant swab from an old sack, and Boy whetted the castrating and ear-marking knife on his chaps.

Fuss raked the now glowing coals into a bed and laid three branding irons close.

"Rope 'em!" he cried.

JAY SHOOK OUT a loop and edged Rondo into the herd. A fat calf darted out, Jay's hand whirled the lasso around the calf's hind legs and closed the loop. The calf slid along the soft turf and the branding team jumped on him.

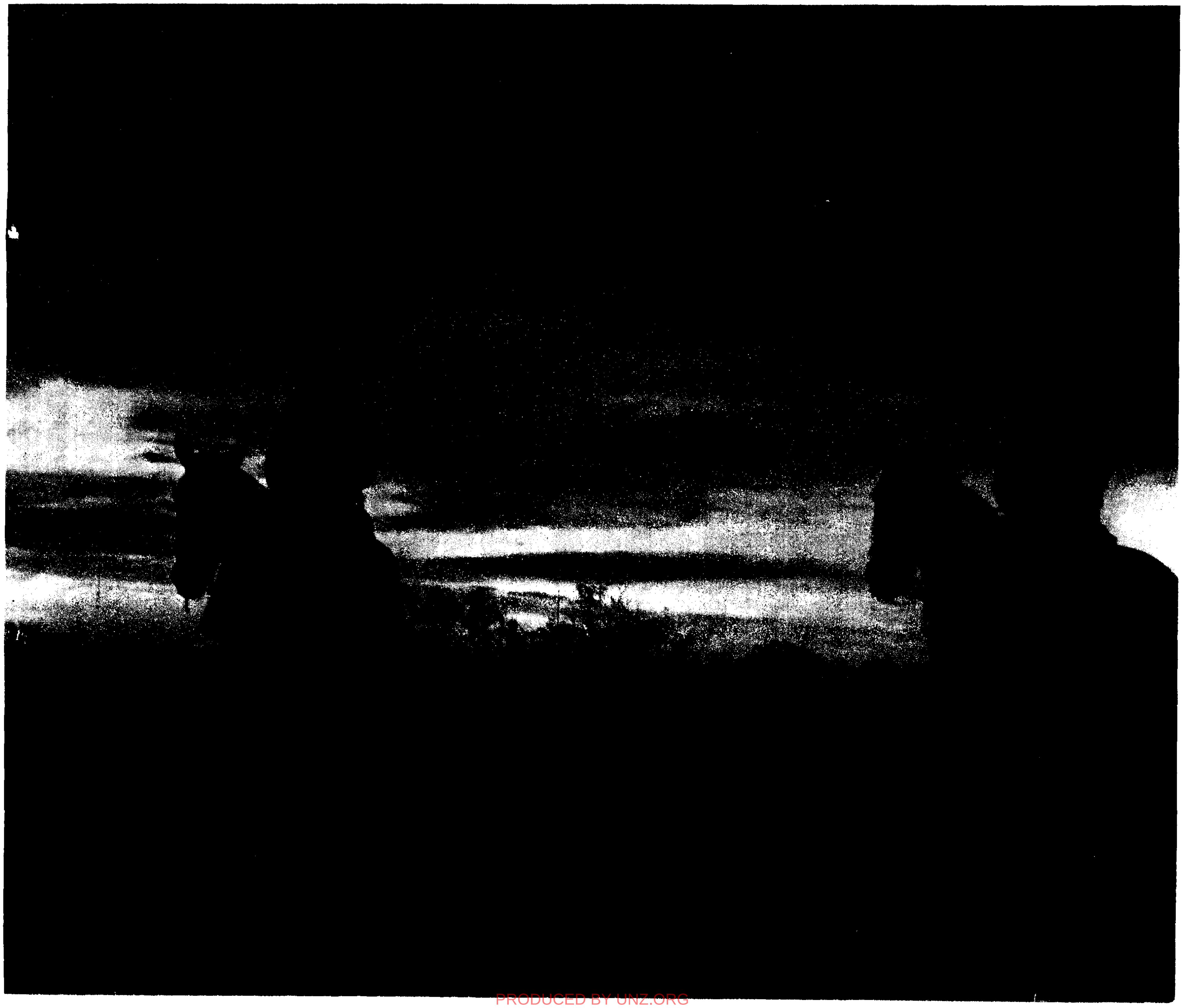
Wes dehorned, Boy slashed the registered earmark into the calf's ears. Ritchie needled the calf and Fuss applied the hot iron. Al made a quick swipe with the disinfectant and the frightened calf was released. He ran for his mother, butted for a teat, found it, and his hurt ceased.

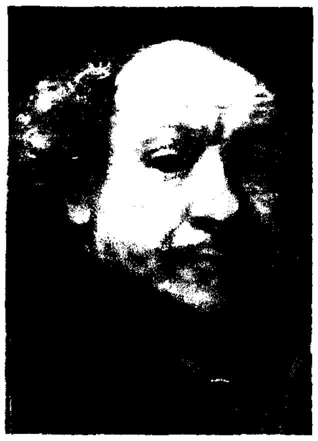
It took about an hour to brand the 70 or 80 calves; then the herd was driven to another pasture and held until each anxious cow found her calf.

The following morning dawned frosty, cameo clear, as the crew of cowboys began driving the cows down into the Palo Duro. Past the magnificent precipice known as Mallard Peak the cattle plodded, through the level flats of Mallard Park, then into Gyp Canyon, a cleft in the face of the Panhandle too lovely to describe accurately. Junipers mottled the land as far as the eye could see. Purples, blues, reds—every color of the rainbow danced and sparkled in the morning sun. Through the unspoiled beauty rode the JA cowboys, monarchs of all they surveyed.

This was the West that had captured the imagination of Colonel Goodnight and his Irish partner, John Adair, those many years ago. It is also the West that Monte Ritchie and his cowboys are keeping alive. The cowboy may be a vanishing breed, but he still rides the range at the JA. THE END

A cattle roundup on the JA starts with the first hint of dawn. Riders take their positions in darkness, then start sweeping the herds before them when the sky grows light

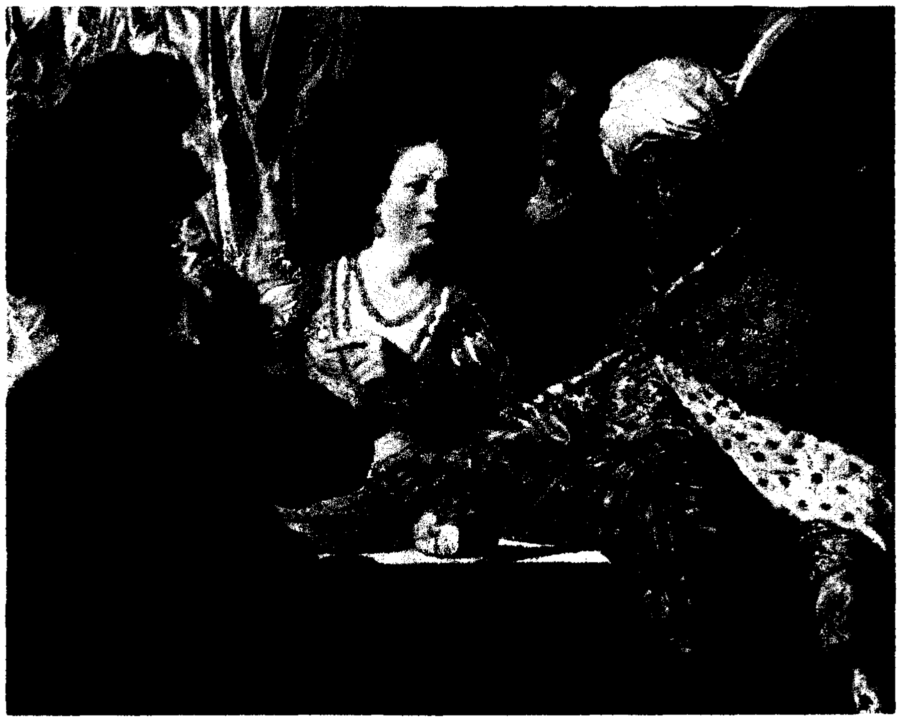



METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

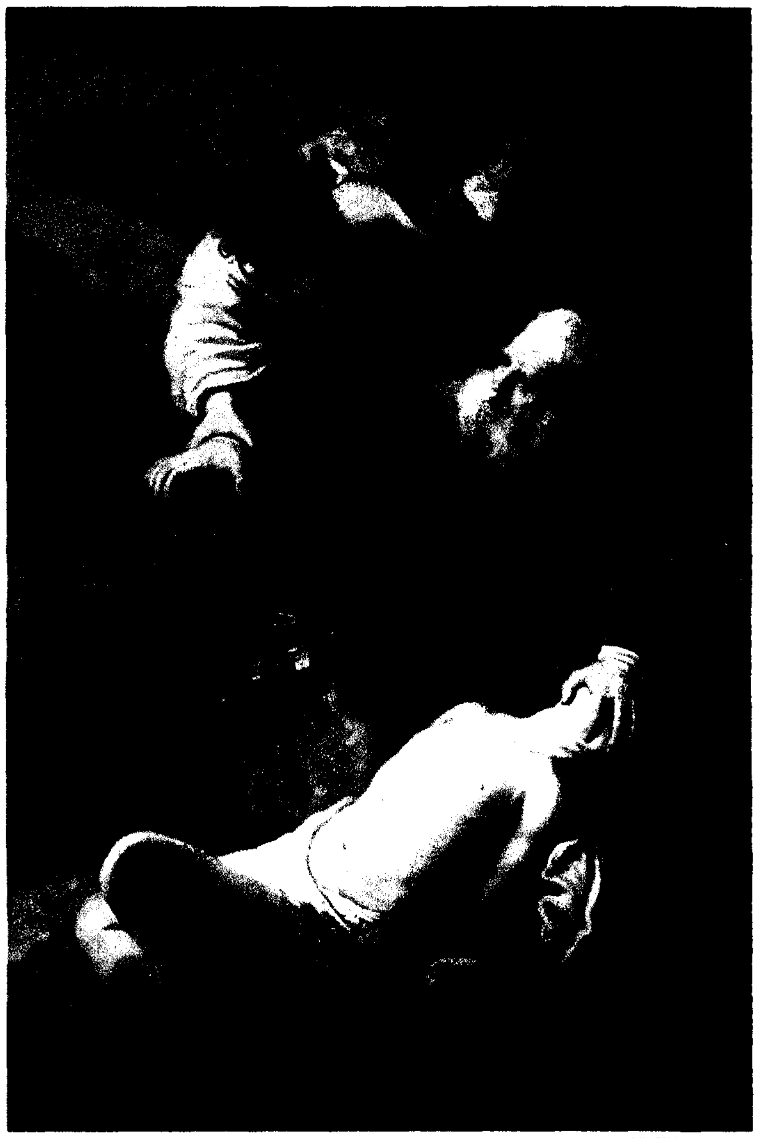
Portrait of the Artist (detail) was done nine years before his death and is regarded as one of the finest of the more than 50 self-portraits painted by Rembrandt

Rembrandt

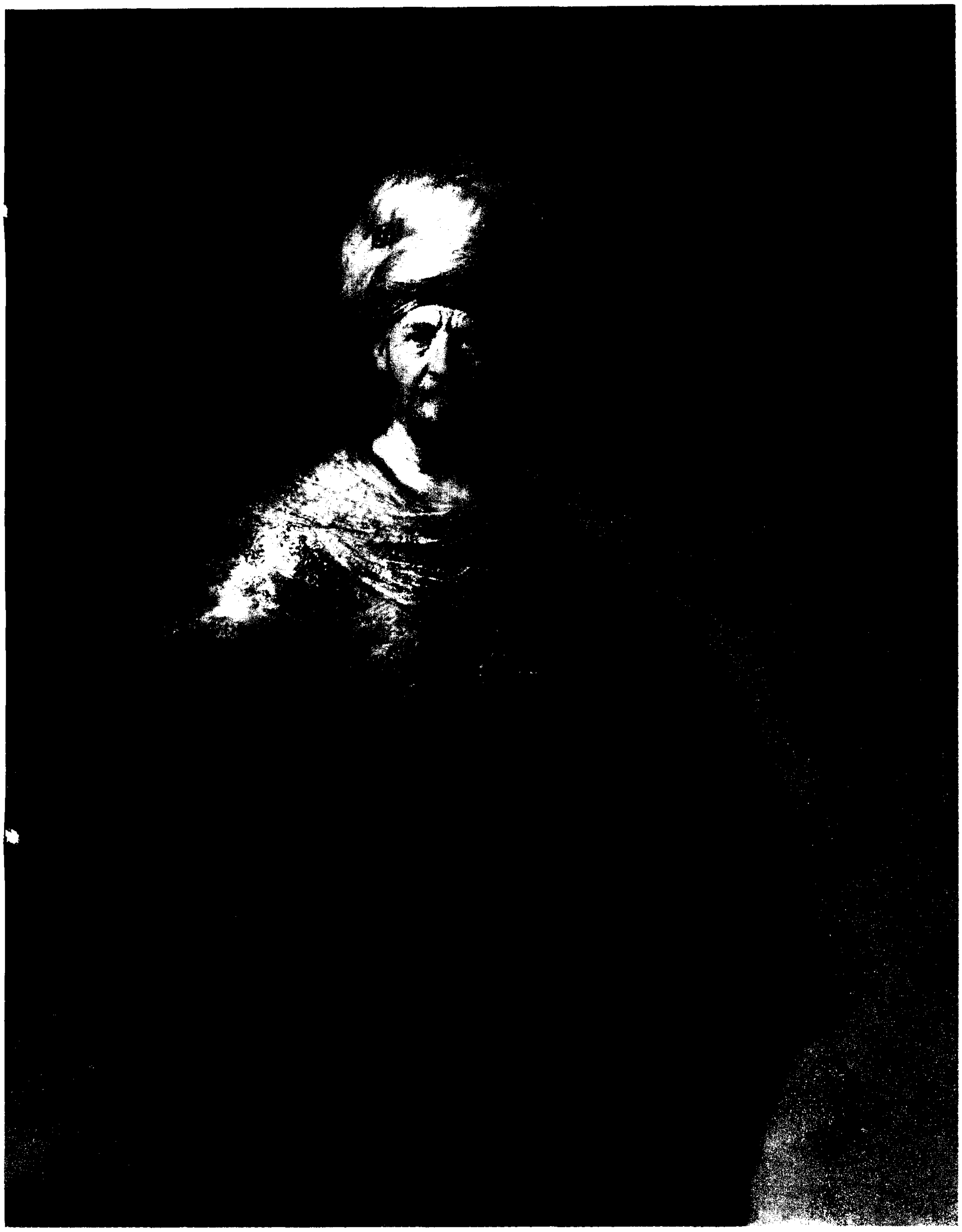
This year is the 350th anniversary of the birth of Rembrandt van Rijn. Beginning May 18th, the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam marks the event with the most comprehensive exhibition of his paintings ever assembled. Included among the 70 canvases gathered from all over the world will be five from the U.S. and six from Russia. During his lifetime (1606-1669), the great Dutch artist painted almost 600 pictures. On these pages is a selection demonstrating the incomparable talent and the versatility of the humble miller's son who won immortality.


NORTH CAROLINA MUSEUM OF ART, RALEIGH

Esther's Feast is first large canvas done by Rembrandt. Triumph of Biblical queen was painted when he was about twenty. Lost for more than two centuries, it was found in private Paris collection 23 years ago

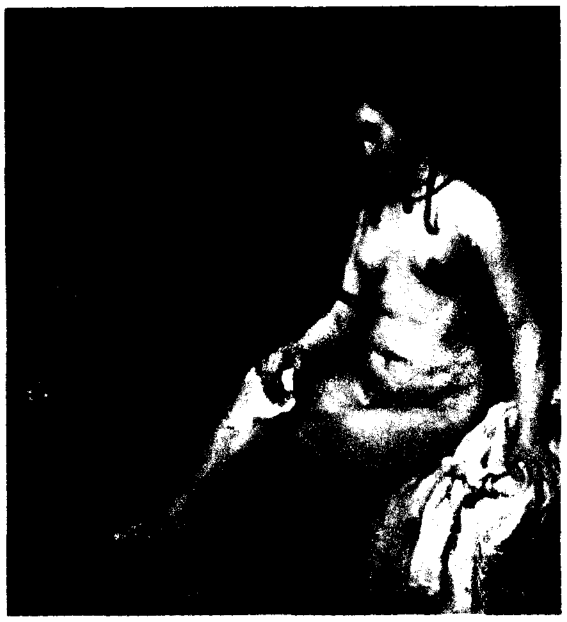

PINAKOTHEK, MUNICH

The Sacrifice of Abraham is one of the last examples of Rembrandt's youthful style. Biblical stories of violence and passion were favorite themes of young artist



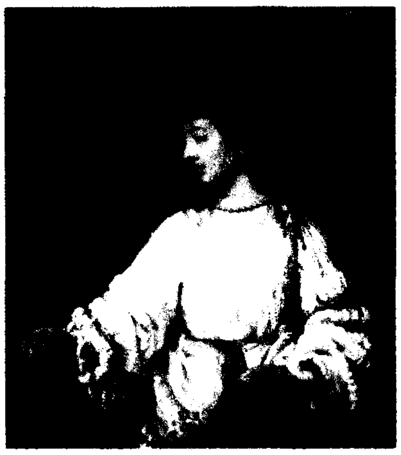
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK CITY

Noble Slav, bearing strong resemblance to portraits of the artist's father, is one of 70 oils selected for exhibit



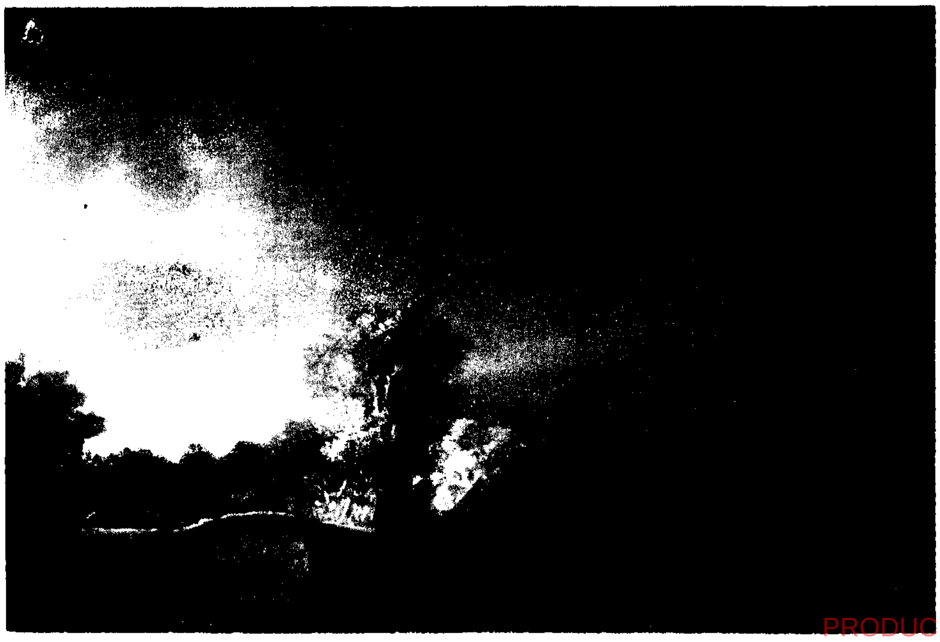
LOUVRE, PARIS

For both Bathsheba (above) and Flora (below), Rembrandt used favorite themes and model, his mistress Hendrickje. Both are included in Dutch show



METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK CITY

RIJKSMUSEUM, AMSTERDAM



The Stone Bridge is a lesser-known Dutch country scene by Rembrandt, of whom one expert said, "He did with three spits and a smear what others spent all their lives trying to do"

By Duke Snider with Roger Kahn

"From the outside, $50,000 a year to play baseball looks great, and when you're a kid, it's your biggest dream . . ." A top player tells why "when you grow up and you're in the major leagues, baseball all of a sudden isn't so great—and sometimes it can be a nightmare"

I play baseball for money- not fun

MY WIFE and I began to hear the question right after our first baseball season together. We'd just gotten back home to California in the fall of 1948 when Beverly's high-school friends started asking what baseball life was *really* like. For a while, Bev made an honest mistake and tried to tell the unglamorized truth.

"It was a kind of rugged summer," she would say. "You see, Duke started with Brooklyn but he got sent out to Montreal and then called back by Brooklyn again. That meant we had to move three times. Once it was in a rush and Duke flew so I had to pack and load the car by myself and . . ."

Usually, the friends would interrupt at about this time and make some smart remark about complainers. It wasn't long before Beverly caught on. Nowadays when anyone asks about baseball life, she just smiles, says it's fine, thanks, and how are the kids? That changes the topic before someone has a chance to tell us what a picnic we've got, and before I have a chance to get steamed.

The truth is that life in the major leagues is far from a picnic. I'm explaining, not complaining, but believe me, even though deep down I know it isn't true, I feel that I'd be just as happy if I never played another baseball game again. I have my reasons. I can tell you a couple pretty quick:

There are youngsters who throw skate keys and marbles at my head when I'm backed up close to the stands at some ball parks.

There are the older fans at other parks who bounce beer cans off my legs during dull moments in the games.

There are the sports writers who know just as much baseball as my four-year-old daughter, but who write expert articles about what's wrong with me every time I go a few games without a hit.

There is the travel that makes me spend half my life in strange towns, a thousand miles away from Beverly and the kids.

You know, it isn't just these things or any of my other reasons by themselves, but when they all come at you at about the same time, when you get off a train after a couple of hours' sleep, and a manager snipes at you before the game, and the fans during the game and the writers after it, you begin to wonder about baseball as a trade.

It's like anything else. From the outside it looks great, and when you're a kid dreaming, it looks like a helluva dream. Then you grow up, you're in the major leagues and all of a sudden baseball isn't so great—and sometimes it can be a nightmare.

I remember when I was a boy around Los Angeles I used to dream about playing in a World Series. It was my biggest and most important dream. Last autumn when I played in my fourth World Series, I was still dreaming. Only the dream had changed. While we were beating the Yankees, I was dreaming about being a farmer. I'm looking forward to the day when baseball will allow me to settle down to raising avocados in the California sunshine.

Often I try to put my finger on the one thing that turned my boyhood dream around, or the one time when it happened. But I can't. There are a lot of things, a lot of times. I can't even be sure which is most important. Different ones seem "most important" different days. Maybe travel is the biggest problem. I know it's the one that's steadiest.

The first time I traveled across the country on a train, I was so excited I could hardly sleep. That was in 1944. Now I've come across the country 25 times and moved around the National League circuit about 30, and I'm not excited about train rides any more. But I still have a terrible time falling asleep. Even sleeping pills don't help much. Pee Wee Reese has the same kind of difficulty.

With the Dodgers, I have to spend as many as 25 nights a year on trains, sometimes six or seven in a row. Sleeping gets to be a real serious thing if an afternoon game follows an overnight train ride. I get about four and a half hours' sleep on those rides, and you'd be amazed how fast big-league pitching is, even for a well-rested batter. When you're short of sleep, you better bunt and hope.

The eating is as mixed up as the sleeping. When you play a day game, you eat a big breakfast, a light snack in the clubhouse around noon and the big meal at six thirty. When there's a night game, it's brunch, a light snack around four and that big meal at midnight. Luckily I have a rugged stomach. With baseball schedules the way they are, a ballplayer needs a good stomach as much as a good throwing arm.

But right here I want to set down the other side of the record. I've mentioned the bad parts of baseball. Just the same I don't want anybody to think I'm running down the game or trying to say it hasn't helped me.

I've made great friends, fellows like Pee Wee Reese and Carl Erskine. I've made great contacts with businessmen, nicer types of fans, even with some sports writers. And I've made an awful lot of money.

With endorsement fees, my salary and my winning World Series share, I earned about $50,000 last season. You can put up with a lot for that kind

A new season starts, and Duke Snider (right) is looking ahead to five months of high-pressure baseball—and his look is grim

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GENE TRINDL

The manager blew his top over 75 cents' worth of cauliflower—the whole club thought of Queeg in The Caine Mutiny

of money. I did. I mean the pay is good, but they take it out of you in sweat and worry. Baseball in the big leagues isn't like the baseball you play when you're a kid. I mean it wasn't like I stole that $50,000.

Sometimes you hear talk about "the good old days when there were fellows like Ruth and Cobb who really loved baseball." Maybe they did, but they didn't exactly go broke playing it. Besides, neither one of them ever had to play a night game. Now, I *like* baseball. It's a good clean living, and it's been good to me even though it's rough on my family. Living out of a suitcase, fighting for sleep, making peace with your stomach and all the while staying in shape to play is a part of the job ballplayers should force themselves to accept. What hurts me most is something else. It's being away from Beverly and the kids.

This year Bev stayed in California with the children when I went to spring training in Florida. Kevin, my oldest boy, is in school now, and he's had to switch from California to Brooklyn schools in the middle of the spring term. We thought that switching from California to Florida to Brooklyn would be too much and might hurt his marks.

In all, we have three children, and spring training kept me away from them for six weeks. Now that the season's under way, it's going to be two weeks with them, in the place we rent in Bay Ridge, then two weeks on the road, and it'll be on and off like that pretty much until October. To put away as much money as I want, I know I'll have to have five more good seasons. I'll miss the chance of watching even Kurt, my youngest child, as he grows a little day by day.

Ballplayers are not the only people who have to travel, any more than they are the only people who work for managers. But there are times when that combination of a suitcase life and managers can get rough. If a manager gets on you, he can really make you squirm, and on the road you can't play with your kids to forget your troubles.

A COUPLE OF YEARS ago in Philadelphia, a bunch of us went to see The Caine Mutiny one afternoon. The movie started pretty well, but it was when Captain Queeg came in that it got great. We watched the way Queeg ran his ship and we all had the same thought: Charley Dressen.

"What hurts me most is being away from Beverly and the kids"—Snider and his wife with Kevin, 6 (a left-handed batter), Pamela, 4½, and Kurt, seven months

Dressen had managed the Dodgers the year before, and the movie made us all remember an incident on the team like the scene where Captain Queeg blows his top over one quart of strawberries. Charley blew his over one order of creamed cauliflower.

At the hotel in Philly you can hit double figures at dinner if you order an extra pat of butter for your bread. It's a good thing the ball club lets us sign our checks there, instead of trying to make us get by on a meal allowance. Anyway, this one time somebody had ordered cauliflower à la carte. We had a night game, but around six o'clock it started sprinkling a little. That was all Charley needed to keep us in the clubhouse. It was a cinch he was going to make a speech.

"Creamed cauliflower," he opened up. "You blank wise guys got nothing better to do than order creamed cauliflower at seventy-five cents extra. You eat that way at home?"

It wasn't far from game time, and the rain really wasn't hard enough to hold up play. But when Charley started one of his speeches, you could never tell whether or not they'd have to move up game time so's he could finish. Not that Charley said much. He just said the same thing six or seven times.

About the fifth time around, I began thinking we were going to have to play without a warmup. "Say, Charley," I said. "What say we get out on the field?"

We were all sitting around, but Charley was standing. He made a kind of run toward me and stuck his face near mine. "What you trying to do," he hollered, "run this ball club?"

"Heck, no. I just wanted to get out on the field and loosen up."

"You'll loosen up when I tell you," Charley shouted. "Now about this here creamed cauliflower . . . you listening, Snider?"

"Look," I yelled. "I didn't even eat at the hotel last night. I ate in a restaurant on my own money. Why don't you deduct the seventy-five cents that blank cauliflower cost from the six bucks I didn't use?"

"Listen, you wise guy . . ." Charley began. My ear still bleeds when I think about what followed.

I laugh about the cauliflower now, but when I think of the run-in I had with Charley on my birthday in 1951, that seems pretty serious. Probably you remember that in '51 we were 13½ games ahead of the Giants, we started to slip and ended up blowing the pennant in the play-offs. We were slipping pretty fast that September. My birthday is September 19th.

Don't ask me why, but I always hit well on my birthday: a homer, a lot of runs batted in, or some such. In 1951, I spent my birthday in St. Louis. I was fighting a slump and the team was going sour and I figured this was going to be my day. I was wrong.

WHEN I CAME out on the field to loosen up, I passed close to Stan Musial, a fine guy. "Hey, Duke," Stan said. "You ought to be about ready to break that slump today."

"Not today I won't," I told him. "I'm not playing."

"You hurt?" Stan asked.

"Nope. Just benched."

"Why?"

"Ask Dressen."

After warmup I stuck my glove in my hip pocket, loosened my pants around the knees and sat down in a corner of the dugout. The Cardinals went ahead, and in the eighth inning a situation came up where I knew we were going to use a left-handed pinch hitter. Dressen walked toward the dugout. I took the glove out of my pocket and began hitching my pants. Then I heard Charley.

"Russell," he shouted to Jimmy Russell, a utility outfielder just recalled from Montreal. "Get in there and hit."

He turned to me. "Snider," he said. "Go down to the bull pen and warm up. You're playing center field next inning."

I wanted to hit. I felt I could hit better than Russell. "You want to lose the game?" I said under my breath.

"Get down to that bull pen!" Dressen yelled. He hadn't heard me.

"I ain't going," I said. "I don't need a blank warmup to play the blank outfield." Then I put the glove back in my pocket.

Actually, even though Russell struck out, we won. Besides, Charley was calling the turns and I was wrong, but in a pennant race with thousands of dollars at stake, when you think your manager won't let you help the club, you can lose your head.

I don't blame Charley, and I don't think Charley blames me for sassing back at him when he stuck a needle into me. It was a terrible situation because he always seemed to needle me just when a pat on the back was what I needed most.

But before Charley left Brooklyn, my batting average had improved, and we were getting along so well we even went to a show together. I mean he wasn't really as bad as Queeg. I guess he meant well. At least I hope he did.

Even with a rough, loud guy like Charley, a ballplayer can hold his own if he's got backbone. The situation with sports writers is different. Like Charley, most sports writers mean well. The big problem I've found with writers is their habit of stretching the truth to back up what they call "an angle." Nearly all the writers I've met stretch facts a little. All right. But a few stretch them till they bend.

A couple of years ago, a big national magazine wanted an article about me. Their angle was that I was baseball's problem child. Well, I've had my fights with managers and I've been wrong a lot, but not often enough to support a lamebrained angle like that.

Naturally, I tried not to give any quotes that would make me look silly. But do you know what happened? I was quoted as blaming some of my baseball problems on my father and mother because they spoiled me when I was a child. Now, I never would say this about my folks; it condemned

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"Then there's that silly business with Willie Mays . . . Why can't credit be given where it's due, without comparison?"

them as parents in the eyes of millions of Americans. It didn't make me look like much of a son, either.

Then there's that silly business with Willie Mays. Newspapermen keep comparing us and trying to trap me into knocking Willie, and they probably bothered the life out of him, too. Look, he's had some good years and I've had some too. Why can't credit be given where it's due, without comparison all the time?

There are a few writers around the league who like needling and second-guessing and experting just as much as they like reporting. I remember a fellow writing, when Dressen benched me one day four years ago, that the Dodgers were certain to cut my salary and were probably going to trade me. The team was in Cincinnati when the story came out in a New York paper, so Beverly, who was back in Brooklyn, saw the thing before I did. As soon as she read it, she picked up a telephone and called me long-distance. I knew the story was out of line and I told her so. Still, I've seldom heard Beverly more upset.

After I'd calmed her down I knew only one thing. I wanted to get my hands on the writer. I guess he knew it, too. He stayed out of my way for a long time.

Of course, it's not right to blame one writer or one manager for the problems a player like myself faces in baseball. It isn't a matter of individuals. It's the pressure the whole system builds up.

There's as much pressure to produce in baseball as there is in anything else in the world. If you make a mistake in your office, maybe your boss calls you down. If I make one on the field, there are a couple of million people waiting to call me a bum. A lot of them think of baseball pressure in terms of choking up—getting so scared you can't swallow.

I choked up in the 1951 All-Star game when Ted Williams hit a long fly to center, but no one in the stands could tell I was choking. I went back full speed and got to where I could just reach the ball with a good leap. Then I thought that this was the All-Star game and Williams had hit the ball and I froze. The ball went just above my glove. Everybody thought I'd made a great try. Only I knew I'd choked. I don't believe I've choked since. Choking isn't what I really mean by pressure.

I FOUND OUT about pressure and realized baseball was a business in 1947 when I was twenty years old. I'd played one year of low minor-league ball, served a hitch in the Navy and played less than half a season in the Texas League, but in 1947 I went to spring training with the Dodgers. The first time you go to training camp with a major-league team is the first time you learn that baseball isn't fun. I got sandwiched in pretty tightly.

The Dodgers were building their postwar club and they wanted every star they could get. They tried to make me fill a role. Branch Rickey told the sports writers that I had a perfect swing; not just good, but perfect. I didn't have ordinary legs, either, he explained. My legs were "steel springs." Naturally, the sports writers ate this stuff up. They need any angle they can find to fill space during spring training, and I filled a lot of space that spring.

Stan Musial had hit .365 the year before, but by opening day Rickey was still talking, the writers were still writing, and I was being billed as another Musial. It was a real situation. The club wanted to sell tickets and the writers wanted to sell papers. Another Musial would help them both and there I was, squeezed from the outside and pressing on the inside. The first time I ever saw Ebbets Field, I was playing in it. I started badly. The fans only know what they read, and when I struck out a lot, they got on me.

I want to make it clear that I don't blame anyone for this. I was simply a victim of baseball circumstances. My "perfect swing" was imperfect against curve balls. My "steel springs" didn't help my batting average. The fans booed because I wasn't another Musial, and I brooded because they booed. I stopped sleeping well. I didn't lose any full night's sleep but dozing off became a problem. I was restless, nervous, everything.

I hadn't learned then to pop off so I just kept to myself and sulked. The more I sulked the worse I got, and the worse I got the more I sulked.

The manager? Well, Leo Durocher had just been suspended from baseball for a year and his replacement, Burt Shotton, was doing all he could to hold the team together. Rickey? Jackie Robinson was breaking in and Rickey had his hands full with that. You know, everyone has problems of his own, even in baseball. When I was hitting .241, they farmed me out to St. Paul.

The pressure was different, but no less tight, the following spring. Rickey had decided that I couldn't tell a strike from a ball, and he sent me from the regular training camp in the Dominican Republic to the little Florida town of Vero Beach for a special course.

In Vero I saw Pete Reiser taking a course, too. Pete, an outfielder, was trying to learn how to play first base. He had run into a lot of fences trying to catch home runs and the battering had about caught up with him. I suppose there were a lot of things we might have talked about, but Pete was quiet and worried. He was in pretty bad shape, besides.

In one exhibition game at Vero Beach, Pete hit a triple, or what should have been a triple. Halfway between second base and third, he fell down. His legs gave out on him. As I say, he was in pretty bad shape. When I looked at Reiser, it seemed to me I was seeing a guy who was washed up at twenty-eight. I said to myself that in the outfield I could never let myself make a mistake. I had to be thinking whenever I went for a fly ball; thinking where the wall is. Otherwise, I knew, I might end up like Pete.

I STUCK WITH THE DODGERS at last in 1949, and it was that year that I learned how to withstand the pressure to succeed. In the '49 World Series, which lasted only five games, I struck out eight times. That tied an all-time record, and we lost to the Yankees, of course. Back home a few weeks later, I thought things through. It went something like this:

"Well, here I am right now after the biggest disappointment of my life. I always wanted to play in a World Series. It's always been my biggest and most important dream and now it's my biggest disappointment. I can't do any worse than I've done and I'm still alive, still got friends, and the finance company hasn't taken away the car. This is the bottom, but it's not as bad as I was afraid it would be. So either I stay here, which isn't bad, or I move up, which is better."

I went into the next season with all the confidence in the world. Although my confidence has been shaken any number of times since then, I don't think I've ever lost it.

I don't brood any more and I don't sulk. Last year when the Brooklyn fans weren't supporting the club, I popped off. I hope I never have to pop off to the public again, and I certainly don't want to.

With writers, I plan to handle it this way. If a writer says something bad about me and I don't think it's justified, I'll tell him so, like I did last year. I wouldn't pick a fight or tell him how to write, just give him my side of the story.

Handling these headaches is no fun, but it's better than suffering the heartaches of a sour press and booing fans. In the majors, headaches, like hitting and fielding, are all part of the job. You can be happy in baseball, when you learn to live with them. But the learning is rugged.

As I've said, I hope to play for five seasons after this, which ought to leave me pretty well fixed. Then Bev and the kids and I are going to live on the farm I've bought way south of Los Angeles. We've got a house on a hilltop and almost any day you can see the ocean a long way off.

When I'm watching the Pacific 10 years from now, I know I'll miss my baseball friends. Maybe I'll even get a twinge when I hear about some other Dodger center fielder helping some later Dodger club to a pennant. But the first time one of my neighbors drops around to tell me how soft I used to have things, I'm going to get that neighbor into a chair. Then we can have a little talk. THE END

"Pardon me, old man. Your grip's all wrong"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

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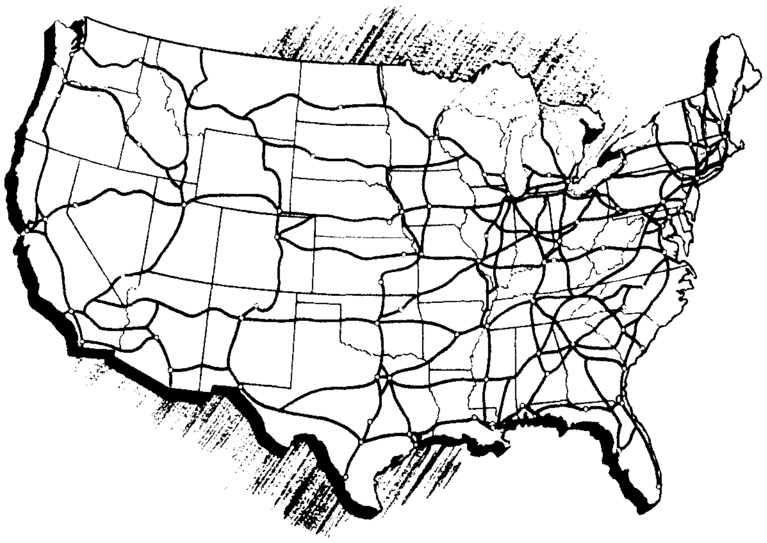

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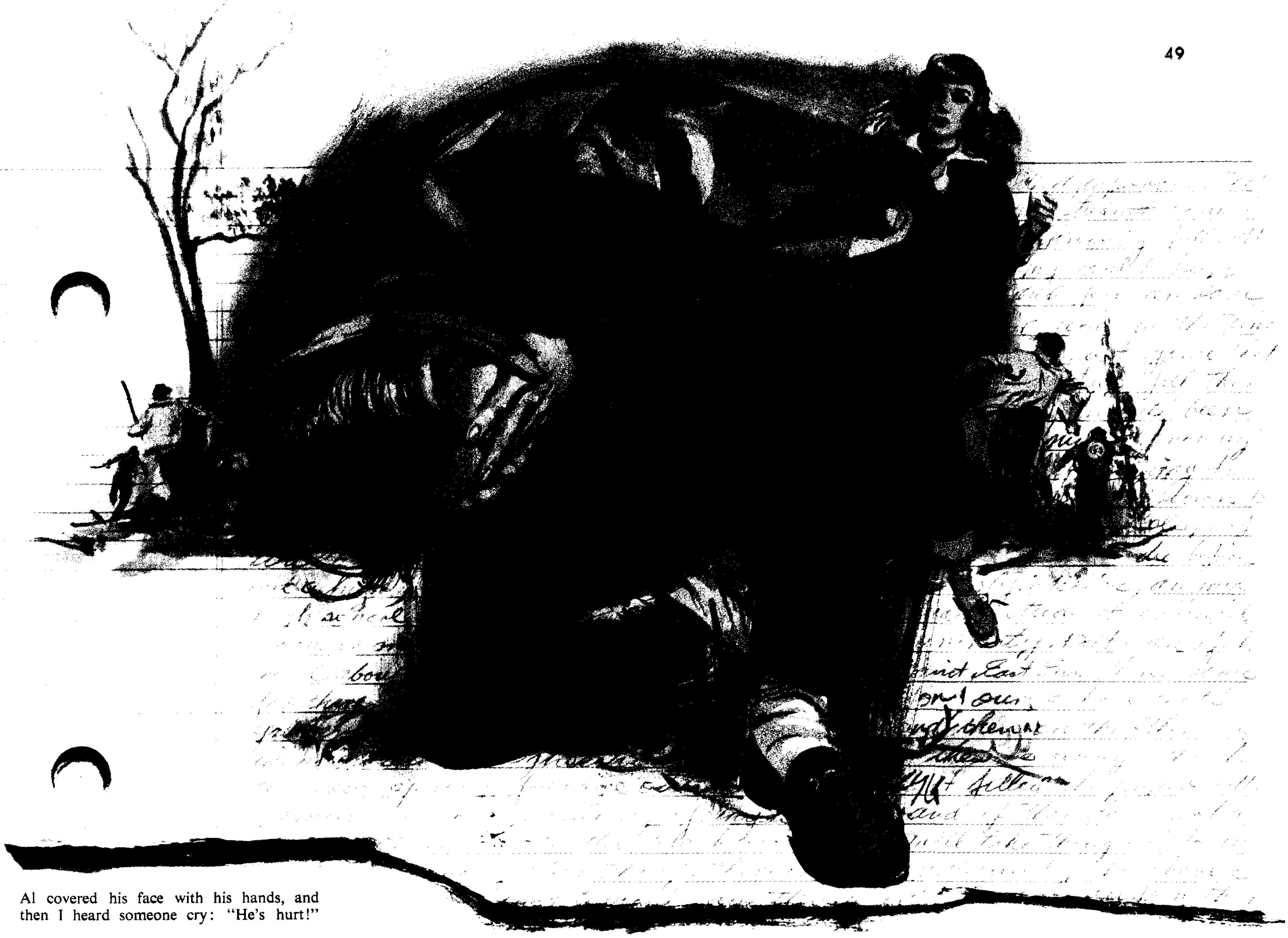

Al covered his face with his hands, and then I heard someone cry: "He's hurt!"

YOU KNOW THEM SO LITTLE

"These are nice kids, from the best families," everyone said. But they were planning to do something terrible tonight—unless I found a way to stop them

By JOSIAH E. GREENE

"YES, Jared?" I said to the boy who stood before me. He was gangling and awkward. His thin, bony face was flushed, and his hulking feet shuffled nervously as he waited for me to gather up the quiz papers on my desk. His name was Jared Fox and he was in my senior ethics class.

I sensed an excuse coming—his work needed one—and I repeated, "Yes?" brusquely. But even after twenty-five years of teaching you can be fooled.

"Well, Mr. Wing—it's like this. I hate to say anything but—well, a lot of 'em might get hurt, and *she's* in it, and that slime Davis is back of it, and it—it's got to be stopped!"

I said sharply, "Coherence, Jared!" It was more than teacherish annoyance: in a sense he was being too clear. I knew instinctively what he was talking about and I was afraid to hear the rest. Yet you have to ask. "What ought to be stopped?"

"This fight, Mr. Wing. They're not just kidding. They've got brass knuckles and clubs and blackjacks and the girls carry knives for 'em. And razor blades—taped to their arms. It's all set for tonight."

I was taken aback. True, there'd been whispers, but a high school is a hotbed of rumor and this rumor had been vague. Most of us on the faculty hadn't credited it. Ugly things do happen—you read about them. But they happen somewhere else—not in your town, your school, among boys and girls you know. Or think you know.

I was troubled, and for a moment I sought reassurance in the familiar oak paneling of my ancient, high-ceilinged, yellow-walled classroom; in the blackboards, the scarred desks, the four tall windows with the new spring foliage outside. This room, or one like it, had so long been my rut—my good, safe, ordinary rut—that I was reassured. I found a flaw in Jared's story.

(*Continued on page* 52)

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

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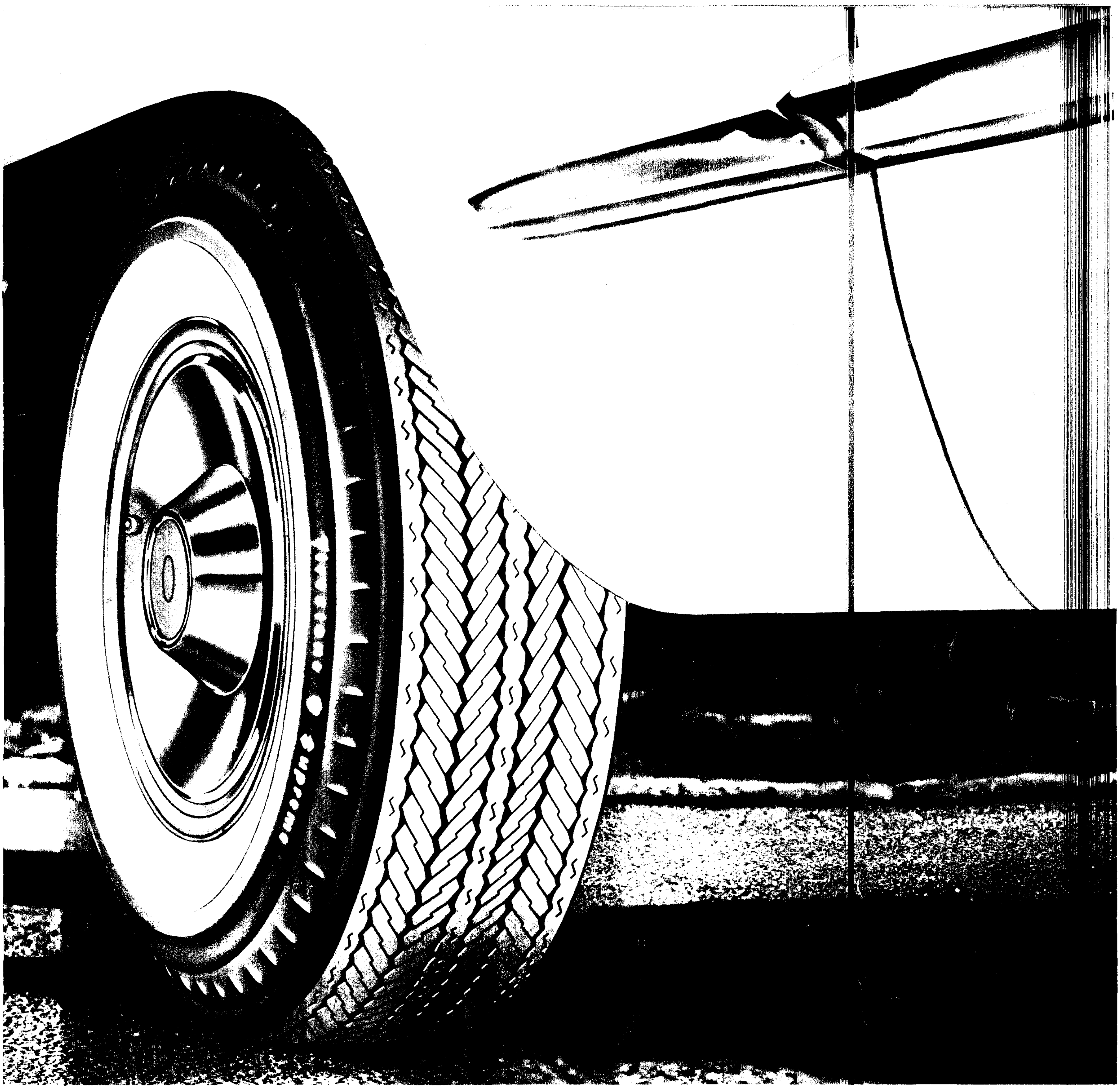

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(*Continued from page* 49) "Who did you say was back of this, Jared? Al Davis? Nonsense! Why, he's—" The son of a very important man, I was about to say; but everyone knew that. A fatuous objection, anyway. Beyond his civic projects, charities, directorships and committees, which filled the papers, I knew nothing of Allard Davis, Sr.

I did know the boy. He had his own claims to fame—chiefly athletic and social. Among other things, he was president of the student council. If I was cool to his charm, I was in the minority. But even I found this story hard to believe.

Jared Fox insisted, "It's true, Mr. Wing. Honest! He was captain of the basketball team and you remember the fuss over the Wade High game last winter, when they said we cheated? Well, it's been building up. Only it's not Wade against us any more; it's more the Hill against the East End. I mean, there's some from our school that're on the other side just because they live East. Now they're going to settle it. This way."

IT HAD an unhappy ring of truth. Our two school districts did in general follow the town's economic cleavage; natural school rivalry had been reinforced by the social tensions that undeniably existed. And some of our students, with divided loyalties and blind devotion to their kind, had indeed chosen to side against their school on occasion.

"Where will this fight be?"

The boy shook his head. "Nobody knows. Till the last minute."

"All right. Thank you. I'll see what can be done." You learn a decisive tone, dealing with students, but sometimes it means little. "You said *she* was in it. Who, Jared?"

His mouth twisted and his face turned red. "Judy! Judy, Mr. Wing. She's *his* girl now. She'll tag him right into trouble."

"All right," I said. "Thank you, Jared. I'll look into it."

I was relieved. Allard Davis, Jr., and Judy Paton were indeed a pair. You saw them holding hands in the halls, strolling together, studying together, lunching together. They made you want your own youth back, though if you had reservations about Davis, perhaps you frowned too. And if you had a gossipy mind, you remembered that another year—or was it only last fall?—Judy Paton and Jared Fox had been a pair. So, I thought: adolescence is fickle and jealousy distorts.

True, there were those in school who I could imagine were involved in this mess, but Judy Paton was not one. Judy Paton was a fine girl.

The school clock struck the quarter hour. I was due at student council. Both Judy and Davis would be there, and suddenly I was anxious to see them again, to study them, to make sure. I hurried up the old oak stairs.

Marilee Latham was waiting at the top of the stairs—not for the first time—to see the council about disobedience to a monitor. Marilee was one of those with divided loyalties, I remembered; she lived East. She was a black-haired, defiant vixen, irrepressible, unpredictable.

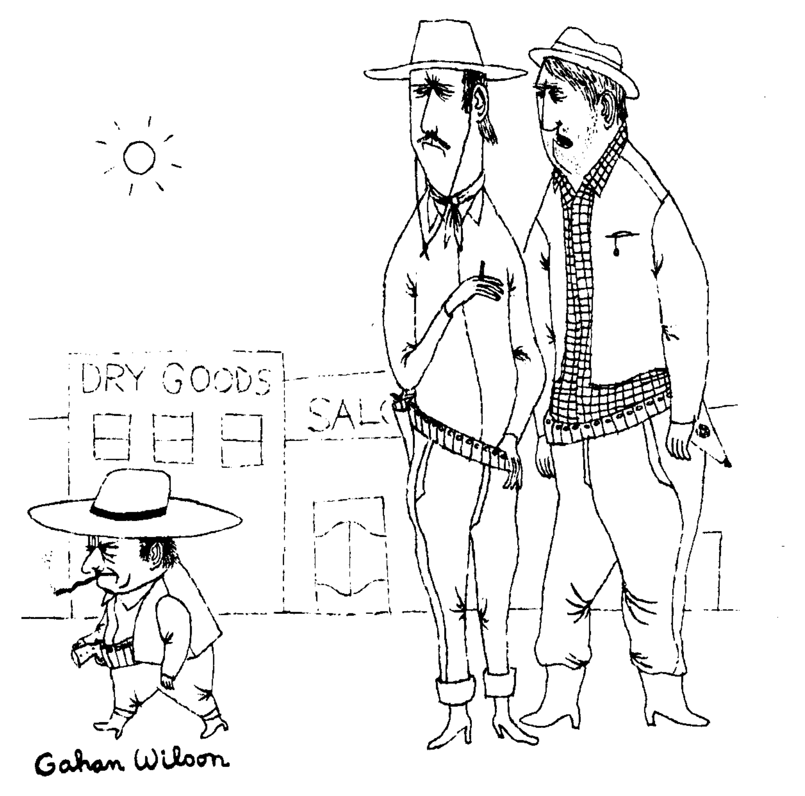
"Who turned me in, Mr. Wing?" she demanded. "What have I done now?"

"You'll hear about it presently," I told her.

"If it was Sue Allison, I'll slap her silly!" . . .

Inside the council room, eight boys and seven girls were waiting around a conference table. I apologized for being late, but Davis was rapping for order before I was seated. I thought it a bit pointed.

I suppose I resented Al Davis. He was too handsome, too big, too young, too assured to appeal to a withered, uncertain old teacher. But I admitted his ability. He was a leader. He ran that meeting with an instinct his father might have admired, relaxed, good-natured but allowing no maundering or obstructionism. There was no doubt who was boss, whose judgment was final—and it was sound judgment. He dealt adultly with questions of discipline, vandalism, taste, of prom rules, classroom ethics. I kept still and listened respectfully. And then Marilee Latham was summoned.



"Not only is he a good shot—he's a terrible target"

COLLIER'S GAHAN WILSON

A natural-born actress, Marilee! You knew at a glance all she felt, how intensely, even why. She was angry now. She burst in and then stood in silent fury—small, defiant, vital.

But Al Davis read coolly from her card: "*Running in the halls, impertinence to a monitor when told to stop.* Again, Marilee?"

"Yes, again!" She said it savagely. "And so what?"

"So it's the umpteenth time—and we throw the book at you." His tone was curiously hard. I think we were all startled.

FROM her place at the table, Judy Paton protested, "But perhaps there was some excuse." Warm, gentle Judy tended to seek excuses.

Marilee cried, "There certainly was! I was sick. I had to hurry. Do I have to spell out everything for every stupid monitor?"

"Is it harder to say 'I'm sick' than 'Go jump'?" Al asked.

"But, Al—" Judy began. And then, "Oh, let's excuse it this time."

He said easily, "We might, Jude, if it were the first time. Or the second or third. It's the nth. And we've warned her before—often."

Al was right, I thought. Judy was being sentimental, illogical. Yet I liked her opposition, knowing how she felt about him.

I'd known and liked Judy Paton since she was an awkward thirteen with braces on her teeth. Seventeen now, she was beautiful—and intelligent, too. And she had poise and sensibility. I think I saw in her the girl I'd have liked as a daughter.

"Perhaps if she'd promise—" Judy began.

Marilee cried, "I won't promise! And don't you stand up for me, Judy Paton. I'll take care of myself. You've got Al on a leash for the moment, but you're not the first—or last. You can save your pity for yourself!"

It was a hot, bitter protest, reminding me that a few months ago, before Al and Judy were a pair, Al and Marilee had been one.

We teachers take these romances too lightly, I suppose. They seem so tentative—blooming, fading, experimental. We sigh at what these young people must learn, at the real tragedies that will someday tear and temper them. And then once in a long while an emotion is stripped naked for us and we're appalled.

Marilee was not fooling. There was hate in her voice.

Judy blushed. Answering fire flared in her eyes, but she had too much sense of time and place to fight back. "It's a question of justice, not pity," she said.

"It's a question of attitude," Al's voice sounded satisfied. "If Marilee's rude to us, she undoubtedly was to the monitor. She's been rude to too many too often. I think we should suspend her privileges."

And I thoroughly agreed, though it was harsh.

Judy said, "But we can't penalize her for what's been said here. She's up on another charge entirely—"

"She's been disrespectful to the council."

"No. To me. It was personal."

"Oh, quit being so noble!" Marilee cried. "He wants to suspend my privileges so I can't go to the prom with Bernie Lee. Well, let him!"

Davis glanced at her sharply. I saw a flicker of half-veiled amusement cross his face.

Judy was frowning. "Oh, Al, you wouldn't be spiteful!"

Davis straightened decisively in his chair. "No. In fact, I hate to do this to Marilee—we've been good friends. But there's no point in having a council if it and its monitors aren't respected."

"But we haven't even discussed what she's supposed to have done!"

"Sh-sh!" With a wide, warm grin, he put a finger under her chin. "You've had your say, monkey." He looked at her and I saw her melt, saw the will go out of her. Al smiled easily around the table. "Any discussion? Then all in favor of suspending Marilee's privileges . . ."

Till a moment before, I'd concurred. Now, aware of crosscurrents and obscure motives, I wondered if justice or Al Davis were being served. He was plausible, convincing; with all the leadership I'd commended in him, he had swept them along, perhaps to his own ends. And I knew suddenly that if he chose to lead them into trouble, he could do that too.

He was saying, "Good. If there's nothing more to bring up—"

"One moment."

"Yes, Mr. Wing?" His tone was faintly patronizing.

"I've been told," I said, "that a gang from this school is to fight a gang from Wade tonight. Do you think anything should be done?"

EVERY teacher knows that stolid, secret blankness of student faces. The young can be so obtuse. Finally Davis said, "Possibly, Mr. Wing, if you can tell us more. Who's involved? Where will it be?"

"Is this news to you?"

He said, "Yes," his eyebrows arching. But his eyes were hard.

I said to Judy, "And to you?"

"I—haven't heard of any fight." And I was sure she wouldn't lie.

Sure? These youngsters sit before you all year; you know them so thoroughly—and so little. Some whom I believed to be my best students I've caught cribbing. Others whom I thought exceptionally industrious and eager turned out to be polishing the apple. How could I know Judy Paton wouldn't lie? I couldn't, of course, but somehow I did.

I felt foolish. Jared Fox's few facts had been denied. "Perhaps," I said, "I've been misinformed."

Allard Davis smiled. While I fumbled with my papers, trying to order my scattered thoughts, he adjourned the meeting. I was left alone.

Or not quite alone. Tense and vindictive, Marilee Latham stood in the doorway. When the last pair of feet had clattered down the stairs, she whirled and took three quick, taut steps in my direction. "She lied! That baby-faced little cheat! She knows plenty!"

"She tried to be fair to you," I said.

"Wasn't she just too sweet!" Marilee said. "Well, some of us have had enough of sweet little Judy. She thinks she's safe while Al beams at her. Well, she'll learn! I'll teach her myself. And there's plenty, right in this school, that'll help. She won't look so sweet next time you see her, Mr. Wing—not after meeting up with this!"

She was gone, heels clicking. I was left with the sick memory of a sleeve pulled furiously back, of an extended arm striped with two bits of adhesive, between them the cold blue steel of a razor blade. . . .

I went to Mr. Raymond. It's pure,

panicky teachers' instinct to lay your problems in the principal's lap. A nice fellow, Raymond—a good principal, excellent with parents, patient, long-suffering, able to smile under pressure. He was still smiling when I finished.

"Goodness, Wing! You do sound impressed. So the Latham girl was actually carrying a blade! It's not a new story, of course, but you're the first to report actually seeing— Well, I suppose we'll have to take it more seriously. I'll speak to her in the morning."

I said, "But this'll happen tonight, according to Jared."

RAYMOND looked blank. "Tonight? They're rather beyond our jurisdiction, then. They've left school for the day. If you'd come earlier—"

"But it seemed so incredible."

"Ah, yes! In a sense, Wing, that's the point. If you found it so, you'll excuse me if I— Not that I doubt your sincerity, but ever since that unfortunate basketball controversy there've been these wild rumors. Yet nothing's come of them. I am disturbed by this, Wing, but—"

"But you don't quite believe it?"

"Well, let's say I'm aware that more is threatened in this world than is ever executed. Intentions are not deeds. Weapons aren't— I'd hate to do anything to make the school look foolish."

"How will it look if one of our girls slashes another's face?"

"Wing! I'm sure nothing of the sort— Still, I will think about it. And I do thank you for the information."

I went back to my room and worried. Mr. Raymond half believed the implications of what I said, yet I knew he'd do nothing. Then what could I expect of others, less concerned and even more skeptical?

I watched the wasted minutes spin by on the electric clock. I wasn't used to crisis; my life had been too mundane. It was easier to disbelieve my own eyes than resort to action. I was afraid of involving the school in a mess. And myself, too, of course.

In the end I went looking for Judy.

It was late afternoon. The spring sun was mellow as I climbed the Hill. There was money up here. Tree-lined roads curved between sprawling ranch-type homes. A man in business clothes was raking his lawn. A woman in leopard-print slacks was unloading three children from a convertible. A girl with a long-handled trowel was weeding a flower bed. Melodrama seemed so remote I felt ridiculous.

The house I sought was at the foot of a birch-lined walk. Judy opened the door. "Why, Mr. Wing!" she said.

Someone seemed to be getting dinner, but the living room was empty. "Judy," I said, sitting in the chair she indicated for me, "you lied to me."

"Why, Mr. Wing—I didn't!"

"You *are* going out tonight, aren't you?"

She said, "Yes," reluctantly.

"With Al Davis? Where?"

"I—don't know where, Mr. Wing. Honestly. But it's not what you think." She hesitated. "Maybe I'd better tell you. It's nothing, really. It's all very foolish. You remember the basketball game last winter, when we beat Wade by one point and there was such a furious argument and everything? Well, there's been so much feeling we decided it better be settled, and so Al got in touch with the kids from there and agreed on a sort of game—"

"Game!"

"Yes. You talked about a fight, but it's not that."

"Judy, listen. You don't know what you're walking into!" But I was relieved. It was easier to believe she was naïve instead of lying. "Maybe even Al doesn't know. Maybe! But I've talked with someone from our school who lives over East and it's not considered any game over there. It's a grudge fight, and they're siding with Wade. Stay out of it, Judy."

"Oh, that's Marilee. She's all talk. She's mad at Al, that's all."

"It isn't all! They've clubs and blackjacks and knives—"

She stared. "You're exaggerating this terribly, Mr. Wing."

"Suppose I'm not? Suppose people are hurt, Judy. Suppose you're hurt. Suppose it's all in the papers. What of your family?"

She was silent now. She looked stunned and bewildered and I felt some hope of reaching her. But then she spread her hands with a helpless little laugh. "Well—what can I do?"

"You can stay home," I said. "And make Al stay home."

"He can't desert his friends, Mr. Wing. And I can't desert him."

"But he's abusing your faith, Judy. He's leading you blindly into something he knows is dangerous, vicious. Get out of it!"

"How? Especially if it's all true?"

So I saw the real dilemma. She was loyal. "He's not worth your faith, Judy. He doesn't need it. He's self-centered, self-sufficient. He doesn't need you!"

She smiled swiftly. "I know better than that, Mr. Wing. He's big, handsome, wonderful, but underneath he's terribly unsure. He needs someone constantly. To bolster him. To prove his importance. He's all bluff, Mr. Wing. That's why he does crazy things, why he needs me."

"Al Davis?" I said incredulously. "Nonsense!"

"Anyhow, there's no way I can help myself, Mr. Wing."

In desperation I tried another tack.

Crowning Glory

Chemists are most exceeding wise,
I hear;
They wave their magic wands:
Presto! Detergents, plastics, dyes
appear,
And bubble gum and blondes.

—EDWARD A. LAWRENCE

"Do your people know of this friendship, Judy? Do they approve? Surely they see through him."

She laughed aloud. I could see her confidence return despite my pleading. "They love him, Mr. Wing. They're impressed by him—or by his father. Poor Daddy—he knocks his head on the floor for anyone with more money. And Mummy's half planned a society wedding!" She added gently, "They're awfully foolish and I'm afraid they'll be disappointed. They have a lot more illusions about this than I have."

There was nothing for it. I hated to frighten her, but I had to. "Judy, listen. I didn't want to tell you, but there are those who're out to hurt you. You personally, Judy. They're carrying razor blades."

She wasn't terrified. Impressed, perhaps, but skeptical. "Really, Mr. Wing? But why? I've no enemies."

"Some people resent your friendship with Al Davis."

She laughed, then. "Oh—Marilee. She just talks."

The front door opened and Al Davis called, "Jude—" Then he saw us. He filled the living-room arch. He wasn't the boy Judy had been talking about; he was hard, huge and frightening. "Hi, Mr. Wing. Jude flunk her quiz?"

I said, "This is private—but say whatever you came to say, Davis."

"Al," Judy said, "he's been accusing you—us—of—"

"What he said in council?" Davis, strolling over to her, put his arm around her. "He's got a weird imagination, hon. You believe him?"

Judy smiled at him. The very few doubts I'd instilled in her were gone.

"Davis—please! Leave her out of this, whatever it is. Surely you don't want her hurt?"

"Why, I came to say that you can stay home if you like, Jude." I knew it was far from what he'd come to say, but it was neat.

"I wouldn't miss it!" she said.

"You've the wrong idea, Mr. Wing," Davis said. "This is only—" He shrugged. "She'll be all right. She'll be with me."

"You'll have your hands full—"

"It's just this, Mr. Wing. If she's my girl, she has to be there."

He was beyond appeal. "Davis," I said harshly, "I know what's up and I'm going to stop it. Do you want me to go to your father?"

HE GRINNED and beckoned to me and, when I didn't stir, put his arm under mine and lifted me to my feet. He pranced me to the hallway and pointed through the open door toward the road. A cream-colored convertible stood at the curb and a man sat in it reading a newspaper. "Come meet my father, Mr. Wing," Al Davis said.

Like an angry teacher leading a boy by the ear to the principal, he marched me down the walk. The elder Davis saw us coming and smiled.

"Dad, meet Mr. Wing. He's got a real wild yarn for you."

It was a miserable performance on my part. The audience was skeptical, my words halting. I was out of my depth telling Allard Davis, Sr., that his son was a delinquent; I was out of my depth telling him anything. He was florid-faced, heavy but not fat, and hard. He had that reputation, and I could feel the steel in him as I talked.

When I'd finished, he said, "Any truth in this, son?"

"Not a bit, sir."

"It sounds," he said pleasantly, "as though you'd got hold of exaggerated information, Wing. My son's quite a boy—all man, with a man's guts. You can bet your life he won't duck a fight, but who'd dare pick one with him?"

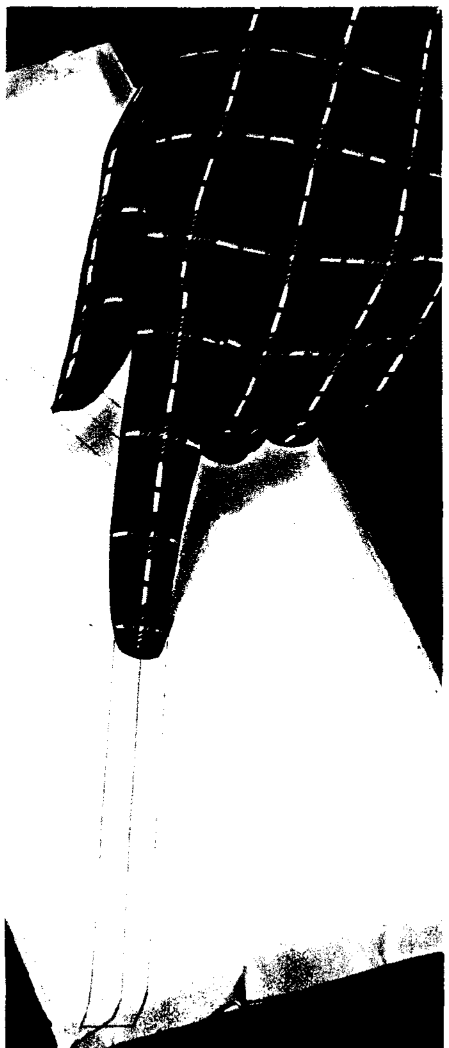
"Why not keep him home this one night, Mr. Davis?"

"Ha! Long time since I tried that. Doubt if I could. Huh, son?"

Al grinned. "You've only to say the word, sir."

"Ho, ho! Doesn't meant it, you know. Goes out all the time, no matter what I say. The girls won't leave him alone. Ah, it takes me back—girls and fights. Had plenty in my time—and won 'em all. That's how a man's made, Wing. And boys have to learn. My

(*Continued on page* 56)



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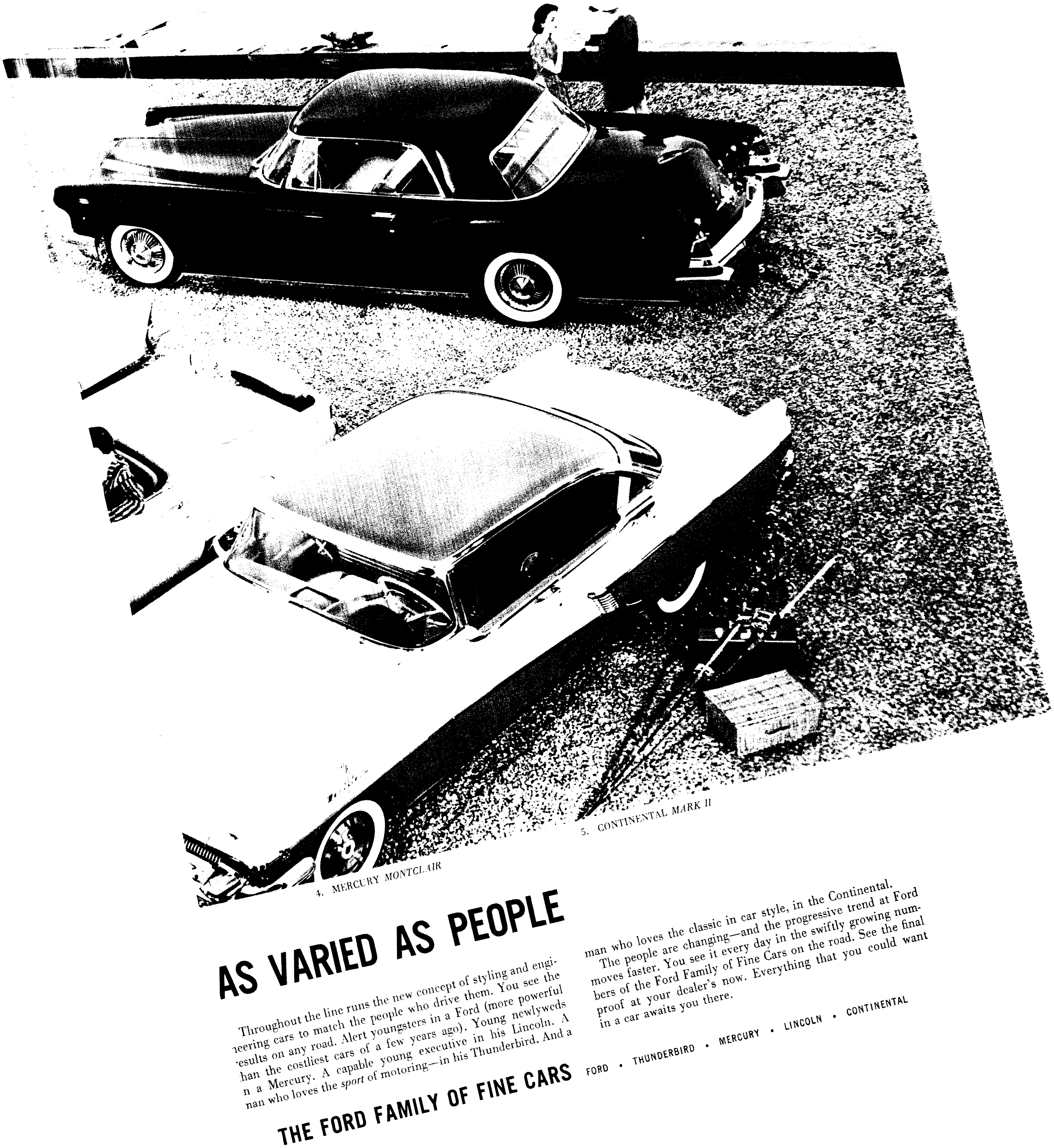

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COLLIER'S JOSEPH SABO

(*Continued from page* 53) son's old enough and big enough, and I'm proud of him. I don't think I'd protect him if I could."

"I was thinking of the others—"

"The others?" Mr. Davis chuckled. "Let 'em get out of Al's way. Al won't stop for anyone. And I approve."

"Will you approve," I said, "when you're all over the papers?"

His gray eyes froze. "No one involves me in a public mess, Wing. False charges are dangerous—remember it." I hadn't meant any such thing but he gave me no chance to protest. "I've tried to be decent, Wing, but you're talking bosh. Anyway, Al can take care of himself, so quit worrying about him. Let's go, son; dinner's waiting."

"Sure thing." And Al waved to Judy, standing in the doorway. He smiled impersonally at me as he slid in behind the wheel and drove away.

I STOOD rooted and uncertain. When I finally turned, the Paton door was closed and Judy gone.

I called the police. I was stubborn by then, as well as frightened. I was afraid of Mr. Davis, of Mr. Raymond, of the mess I was precipitating, of the dirt and scandal I might bring down on Judy. But above all I was afraid she'd be hurt; I kept thinking of Marilee.

I reached a Sergeant Baker, who was full of questions. Where was the fight to be? I didn't know. When? Tonight, I thought. What time? I didn't know. Informants? I hated to mention names and gave Marilee's reluctantly. Address? I didn't know. I gave him Jared's name. I didn't know his address either, but Sergeant Baker remained polite. Who else was involved? I gave him Al Davis's name: I knew that address, but so did he. So did everyone. There was silence on the wire.

Then Baker said, "Okay, Mr. Wing, thanks. It's pretty vague, but we'll do what we can. I'll have squad cars keep an eye on likely places—but I don't think anything much will happen." . . .

The long cream-colored convertible glided past me in the twilight, drawing to the curb in front of the Paton house. Al Davis got out.

I sat in my old and decrepit coupé, wondering how I expected to keep up with such a car even if they didn't notice that I was following. And even if I could track them, could I stop them?

But sitting placidly at home had been impossible. If nothing else, I had to know how great a fool I was. And there was a great deal else: Marilee, for instance. I believed in her threat.

Al Davis rang the bell of the Paton house, went inside, and in a moment came out with Judy. They stood for a second talking at the curb and then set off on foot. Surprised, I scrambled out of my car and trailed after them.

They passed under a street light. Judy wore jeans and a red jacket with a scarf over her head. Al sauntered along in rumpled slacks and sweater. They looked young, appealing—like any boy and girl out for a stroll.

But two boys waited on the street corner. Silently they fell in with Al and Judy and the four moved on in a tight knot up the curving street. Presently they were five as a girl hurried across a lawn to join them.

The night was starry, still, without wind. Sound carried—a distant car, the tinny, muffled music of a radio. Light seeped around the curtains of one picture window after another. It was a fine evening in a quiet neighborhood. I shivered.

Six or seven more youngsters came down an intersecting street, joining the first group. They spread out across the pavement now, more confidently, but there was no straggling and they were oddly quiet, without talk or laughter. This was no lark. They moved tensely, I thought, with fearful, dangerous edginess, held together by the god Conformity. I often think that if an H-bomb kills us all, it will less likely be one of the Russians' bombs than that of a teen-age scientist trying to prove he's not chicken.

Then suddenly there were running steps behind, and the whole crew whirled, crouching, ready to bolt. A boy raced by me, trying to catch up. He was carrying a baseball bat.

They went on. There might have been thirty now, mostly boys. They swung right, two blocks down, their feet shuffling on the asphalt.

I should have guessed where they were going; but absorbed in sensing their mood, and staying with them, I was surprised when they turned toward a dark drive winding off between rows of evergreens. Then it dawned on me where we were: Beatty Park. Of course! Four blocks of dark lawns, lonely walks and gardens.

I looked about. There was not a policeman, not a car on the street, not a pedestrian in sight. The nearest drugstore was three blocks away. I could telephone from some nearby house, of course, but—

My doubts returned. Was this the place? Would the East End gang come so far? Or was the park only a short cut?

THEY were vanishing among the shadows, and I cut across the grass after them. It was so dark under the trees that I groped along, my hands outstretched. I stumbled into a hedge. I managed to push through it and paused on the border of open lawn.

The earth smelled of spring. Soft starlight silvered the grass and a gentle breeze billowed the leaves. Up ahead, in the black shadow of the Lombardy poplars setting off this end of the park, there was slow, milling movement, a mutter of voices. Vague figures flitted like ghosts across the open lawn to join them. With some idea of getting close enough to hear what was being said, I left my shelter.

"Mr. Wing?"

It's lucky I've a sound heart. I stood shaken. "Mr. Wing—it's me. Jared Fox." He was standing half hidden beside a tree.

"Jared—is this the place?"

"Yes. I followed Marilee. Her bunch is at the other end of the park."

"Get to a phone and call the police. Sergeant Baker. Use my name."

"All right. You got a dime?"

Fumbling, I found only a quarter, which made me somehow furious. Jared took it and was gone.

In the seconds we'd talked, the band of youngsters had vanished. A night breeze riffled the poplars. The park seemed oddly chilly.

I began to run across the open space, toward the trees. Then, as I reached them, several hands seized me. A flashlight flickered on, and Al Davis said, "It's Wing."

They held me against a tree. I heard Davis mutter something. The others were breathing hard. Then I found my voice. "Judy? Judy, are you there?"

A hand clapped across my mouth and nostrils. I fought for breath.

"Shut up, Wing. You'll get hurt. I warned you—" But I sensed Al Davis's indecision; he didn't know what to do with me.

"Let him go," Judy said. Her voice was tremulous, low.

The hand dropped away from my mouth, and I said, "Judy, get out while—"

Davis hit me. "Be good, Mr. Wing, or you won't have any teeth."

Judy cried, "Al!" and then, "I'm sorry, Mr. Wing. But you shouldn't be here. There's nothing you can do. It's too late to stop."

Al said, "Damned right. So come on. Bring him. Let's go."

He moved away. Judy followed instantly, but those who held me did not. I could feel their reluctance.

"Let's go find 'em," Al said. "Let's get it over. You chicken?" . . .

We moved out of the grove and downslope toward a pond. We bore left along the bank, Davis ahead with Judy, the silent boys who held me lagging. We were flanked to the left by another party. Beyond the pond dark groups moved on the opposite hillside. As my guards twisted to glance back I saw a thin rear-guard line wavering behind us.

To the left ahead there were suddenly running figures, scudding swift and silent across the grass toward that flanking party. Belatedly there was a yell. Then the two groups merged.

Instinctively everyone spun to the point of trouble. The hands holding me dropped away.

And in that second a nearer, larger group broke cover toward us. It was fine timing and tactics. In the milling confusion, I knew that we would be overrun, scattered, beaten.

Then Al Davis yelled. It was a battle cry, a rallying cry, full of brutal joy and fierce anticipation. It was enough to freeze your blood and it froze our attackers'. They halted as though they'd run into a wall.

Ten steps away, huge in the dark, Al Davis faced them—and laughed. He jeered. He taunted. He called them names. And they hung back.

THERE was a flurry among them and a slight, jeaned figure ran to the forefront.. There was no mistaking Marilee Latham's furious vitality.

Someone called impatiently, "Keep out of this. Leave it to the guys."

"Oh, no!" she said. "This is for me!"

Al Davis utterly misjudged her speed and vindictiveness. He made no defense at all. Perhaps he thought her flashing hand the usual feminine slap. Then he cried out in shock and pain. His hands flew to his face. A moment later blood welled between his fingers.

I heard Judy's startled cry. Someone said, "He's hurt!"

Confused, his followers waited for retaliation. Instead, he moaned and his knees buckled. As the blood continued to flow, realization and fear grew in him and he uttered a terrified scream. It was brutally revealing: how right Judy had been about him.

His uncertain cohorts fled.

All but Judy. Judy ran to him, and I saw her strike Marilee and force her backward. Slim and tall, she stood defenseless in front of Davis. Marilee said, "Well! This makes it easy."

Her arm drew slowly back. There was relish in the very leisure of the movement. She seemed to feel there was all the time in the world now, that Judy was helpless to escape.

"Marilee!" I yelled. Startled, she glanced around. And in that moment, sirens began to howl nearby.

Judy kicked her. Simultaneously, down the slope raced a gangling, awkward figure. If Jared Fox knew of Marilee's blade, he didn't care. He didn't care about her allies. He pelted past, bowling into her, taking her bodily with him. They splashed into the lake and floundered there.

The group of East Enders and the group of Hill youths wavered and dissolved. Flashlights streaked the hillside. There were more sirens, near and far, and other lights. Fleeing figures were everywhere, dotting the lawns, melting away.

Now that the need was past, I too could move, though it was like trying to run in water. "Judy—get away! Before they get here."

Jared Fox struggled out of the lake. "Judy—come with me. Hurry!"

But Judy was on her knees, her arms around Al Davis, holding him, comforting him, crooning over him. "Al! It's all right. Please! It doesn't matter." When Jared tried to drag her away, she threw him off.

A policeman's torch lighted Jared's dripping figure; it was a study in bewildered protest. I was sorry for him. I was sorry for us all.

The officer's torch found Al Davis. "Casualty, huh?" He blew his whistle.

He had no idea, I suppose, how many casualties he was seeing.

—JOSIAH E. GREENE

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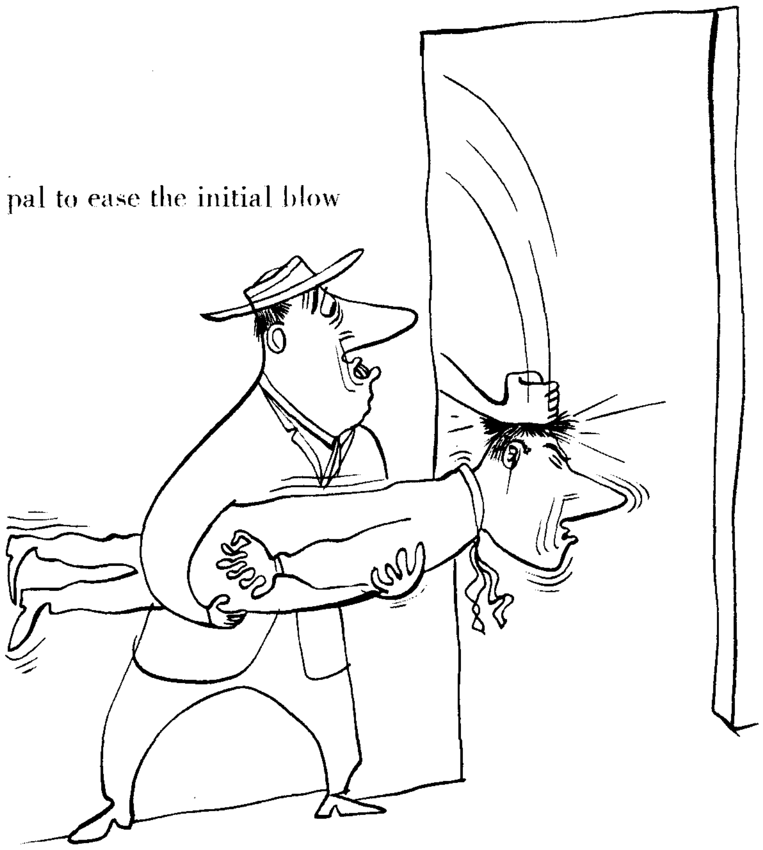
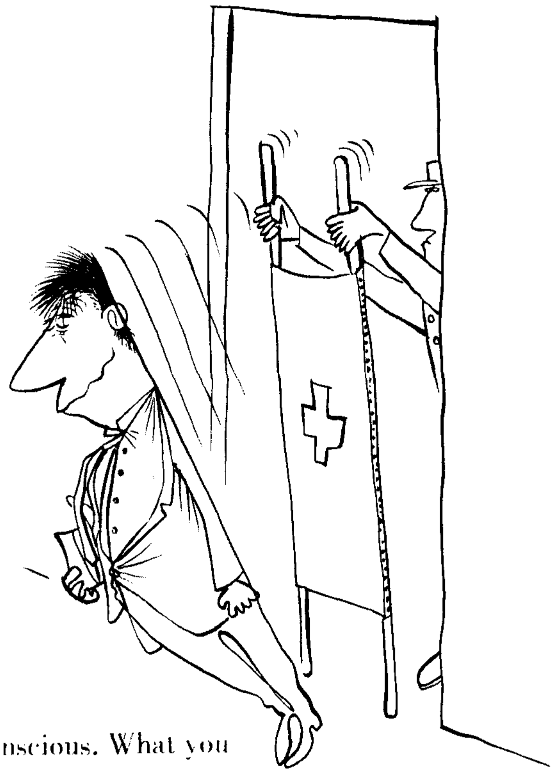
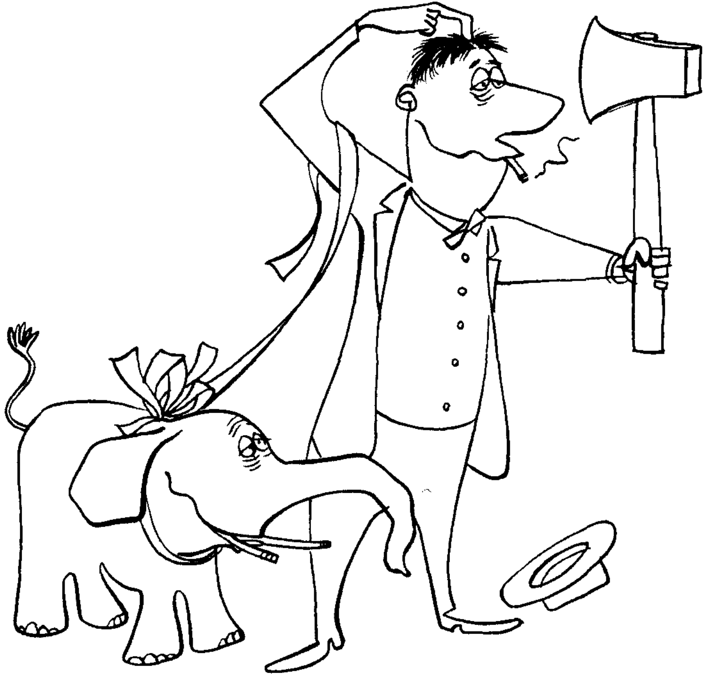
Did YOU ever come home late?

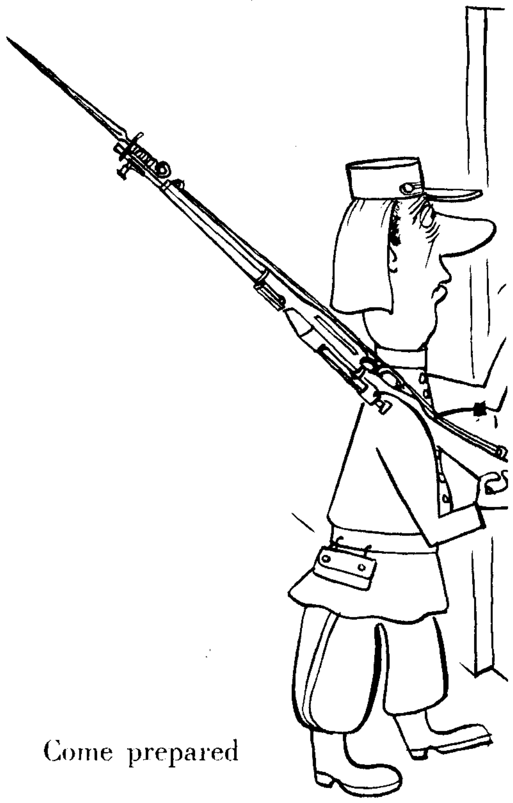
By VIRGIL PARTCH

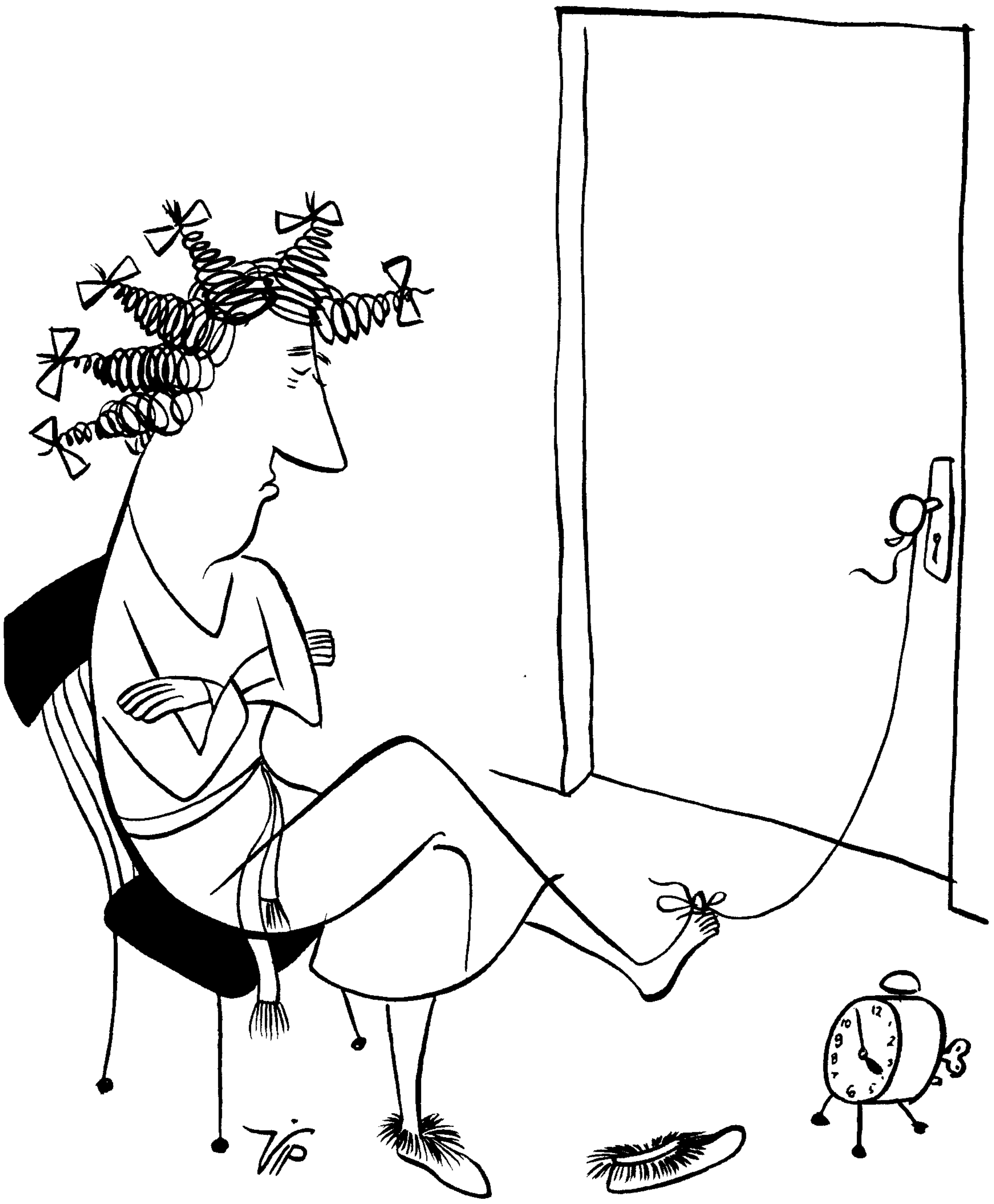
As a Senior Come-Home-Later, I feel well qualified in offering fellow wayward husbands who might not have had the vast experience which, over the years, I've acquired (the hard way, I might add) these simple, almost foolproof means of worming one's way back into the bosom of one's family

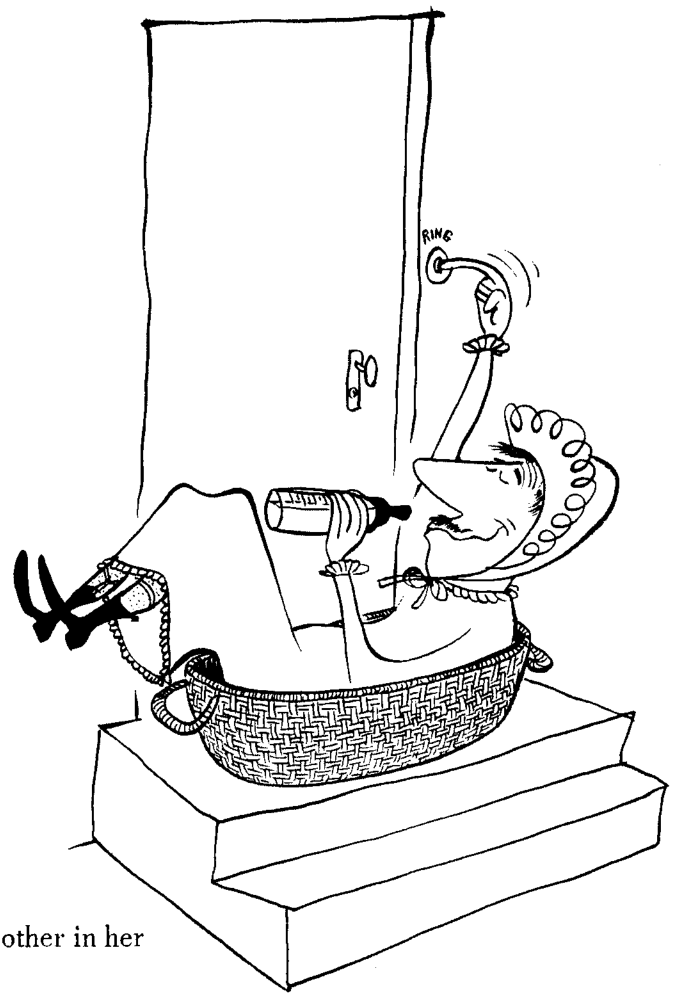

Bring home a pal to ease the initial blow


Unconscious. What you don't know won't hurt you (until morning, anyway)

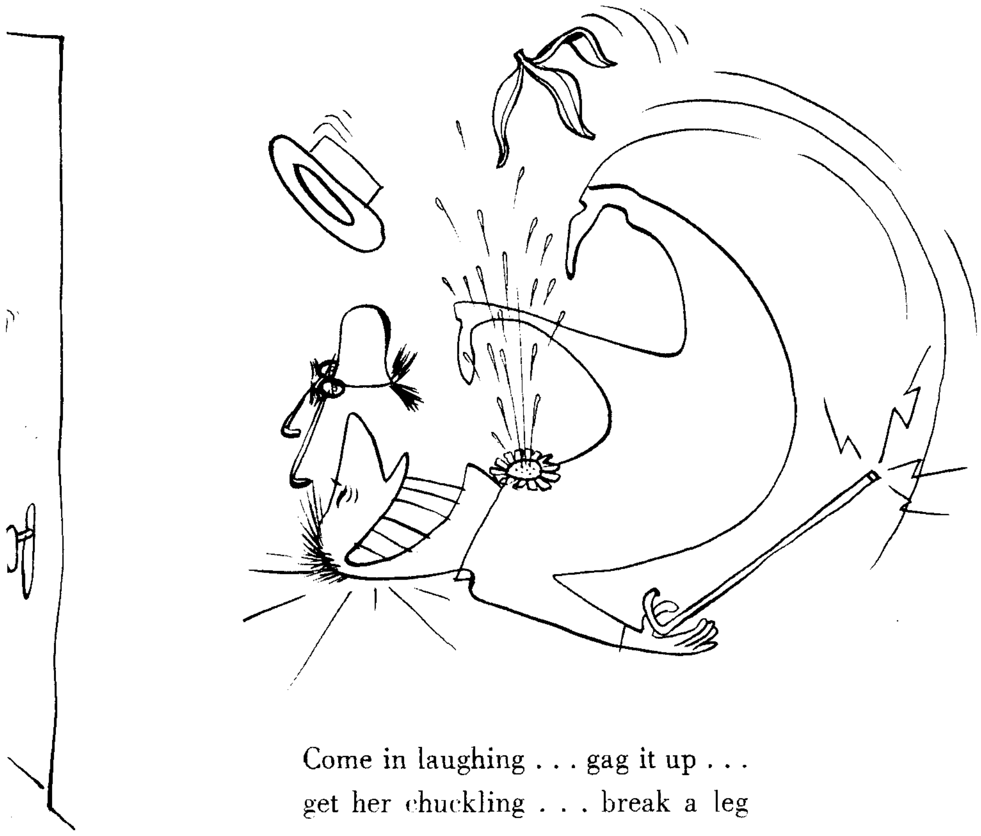

Come bearing gifts


Come prepared

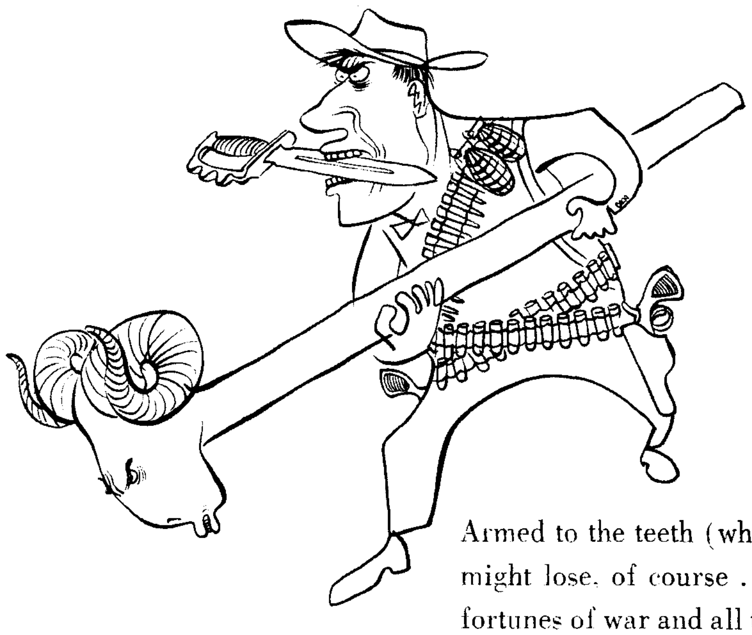




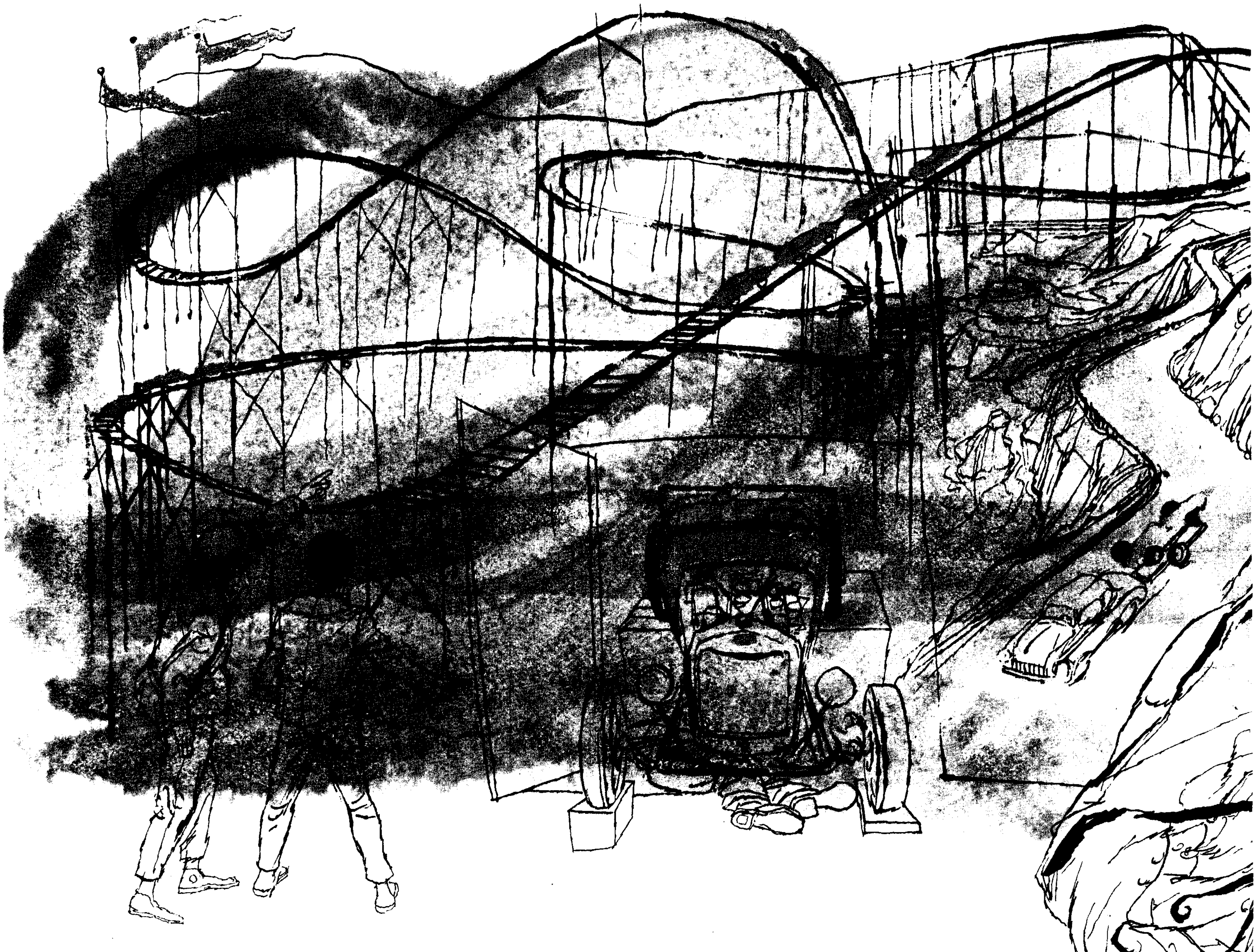
Appeal to the mother in her



Come in laughing . . . gag it up . . . get her chuckling . . . break a leg



Armed to the teeth (which you might lose, of course . . . fortunes of war and all that)



BY CORNELIUS RYAN

What made Vuky race?

The story of Bill Vukovich provides a clue to why men will gamble life for speed

HIGH in a private compartment of the old Pagoda overlooking the Indianapolis Speedway, a race-day party was in full swing. Ice tinkled in cool glasses and crisp-frocked matrons nibbled cookies. Below the gay little group boiled the gaudy carnival of the annual Memorial Day 500-Mile Auto Race. The howl of high-compression engines and the acrid clouds of smoke from the race only remotely reached the party guests up in the Pagoda. They watched spasmodically, impersonally.

But the holiday crowd of nearly 180,000 jamming the great oval amphitheater below seethed over one another in their eagerness to follow the race. In the infield 70,000 to 80,000 fans milled about in happy anarchy. Here were the blue-jeaned *aficionados* who came and shared the dust, the smells and the noise with their daredevil heroes. Men, women and children stood, squatted, slept and sun-bathed on the ground if they could find space. Where there was no space they climbed the roofs of 25,000 cars parked bumper to bumper. Some roosted on swaying stepladders. Others perched precariously 20 to 30 feet in the air on wind-whipped homemade stands. A few enlivened their perches with colored banners and placards. *Ain't life great?* asked one blood-red poster. *Our 26th year at the Brickyard. George and Louise.* The infield crowd munched hot dogs and gulped cans of warm beer, their eyes riveted to the spectacle on the track.

There, on the oil-slick ribbon of brick and asphalt, 33 drivers raced gleaming cars around the oval at speeds up to 175 miles per hour. Lap after lap, they fought it out for the prize money, matching the strength of their wrists against death for it. In the pack, crouched over the wheel of a sky-blue 350-H.P. racer, his black goggles masking his oil-streaked face, drove two-time winner Bill Vukovich, "the greatest gladiator of them all."

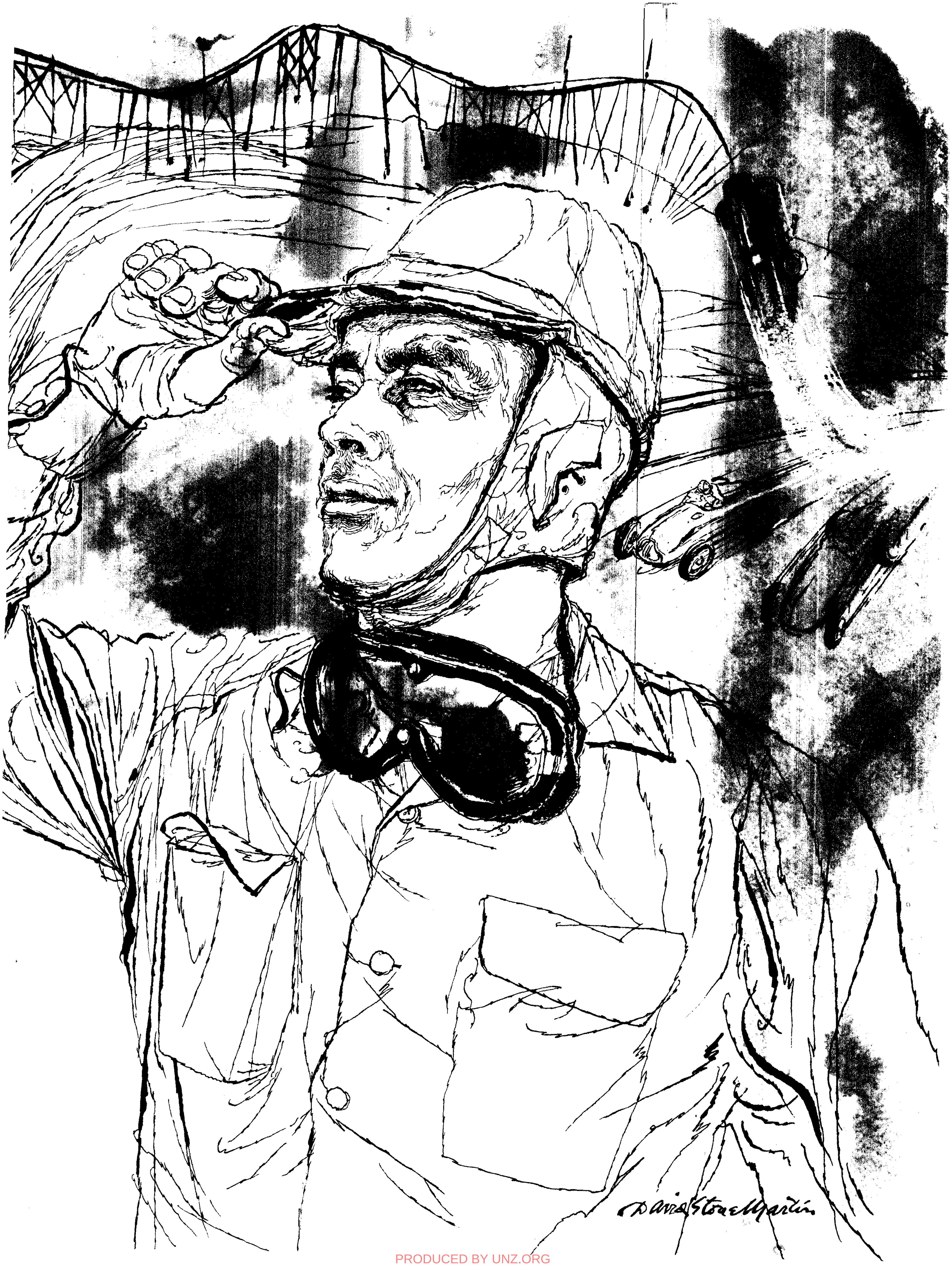
The handsome, hard-muscled Vukovich had 55 of the 200 laps behind him. He was in the position he liked best, the only one he could tolerate—the lead. With the exception of five laps, he had led all the way, weaving, cutting, edging for position. Now, his racer under knife-edge control, Vukovich lapped the field.

As he passed Ed Elisian, a close friend and admirer, he raised a gloved hand, carelessly. Elisian, a burly twenty-seven-year-old from Oakland, California, joyfully waved back.

Before the race, Elisian had quipped: "Are we gonna have steak and whisky tonight, Vuky?"

(Continued on page 64)

DRAWING BY DAVID STONE MARTIN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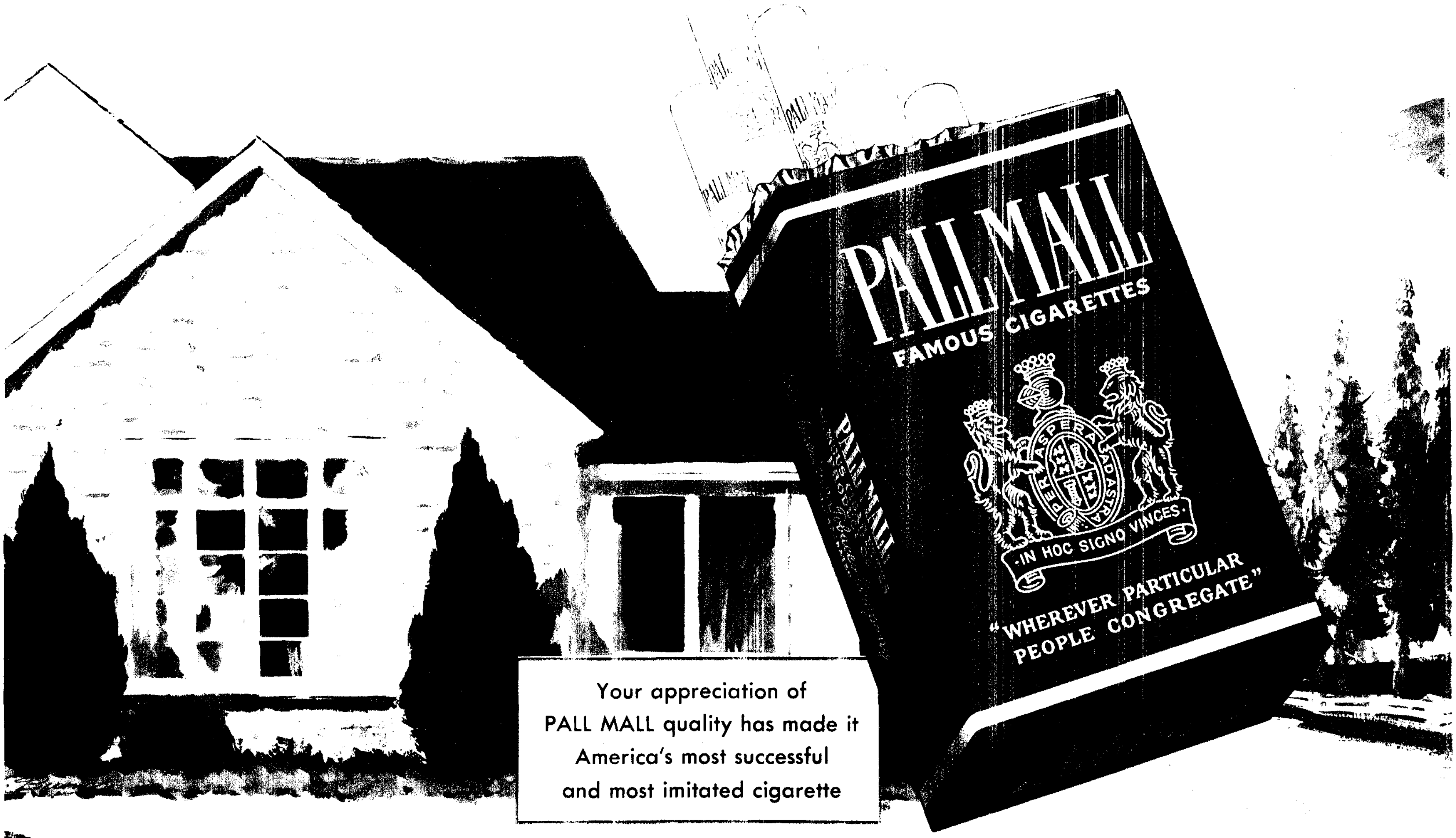

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What made Vuky race? continued

"Just take it easy out there, kid," Vukovich had answered. "And don't ever turn right on the Brickyard. That's how you get sent home in a box."

Vukovich slammed into the last turn before the straightaway at over 130 mph. Smoothly he gunned the powerful Meyer-Drake Offenhauser engine and whipped up the main stretch at better than 170 mph. He raised one gloved hand again, this time to the crowd. The fans roared.

They knew Vuky was out for the hat trick. In three short years he had completely dominated the annual "500," winning more prize money for his sponsors and himself than any other driver in the race's history. He had flashed home the winner in '53 and '54, but could he win three in a row? Nobody ever had—not even the great Mauri Rose or the late Wilbur Shaw.

In the stands, seated next to her landlady, Vukovich's attractive wife, Esther, heard the crowd roar as Vuky waved. Involuntarily she half raised her hand in return, but she knew he couldn't see her. She watched the big number 4 on his car swing into the banked curve at the end of the straightaway. Then it was gone. It was the last time she saw her husband alive.

As Vukovich roared out of the southeast curve he automatically glanced at his rear tires to see how they were wearing. It took only a fraction of a second. Suddenly, ahead of him, a heavy gust of wind caught car 27. The racer caromed off the low, wooden guardrail and back onto the track. Another car, 42, swerved wildly left to avoid 27 and careened into the safety zone of the infield. Then it spun out again across the track and smashed into another racer, 39. Vukovich, hurtling out of the turn at nearly 150 mph, found the track blocked. He had no time to brake or reduce speed; there was no time to dive for the safety of the infield. He turned to the right.

The big racer plowed into 39 and shot up 20 feet into the air over the guardrail. Like a bouncing rubber ball, Vukovich's car somersaulted end over end seven times, hit the ground, three parked cars and a telephone pole. It landed upside down. By the time it stopped flipping, flames were already bursting around it.

As Vukovich crashed, Ed Elisian, less than 100 yards behind, screeched to a stop in the infield, disqualifying himself. Frantically, he ran across the track to the burning car. "You gotta get him out. You gotta get him out," he screamed at the rescue workers.

In the stands Esther Vukovich looked for Vuky to come around again. Then she saw the yellow caution lights go on and the cars slow down. She turned to her landlady. "It's Vuky," she said.

Back in Fresno, California, Vukovich's home town, Bill Vukovich, Jr., aged twelve, and Marlene, aged thirteen, heard the news on the radio, that their father had burned to death.

* * *

VUKOVICH WAS THE SECOND driver killed at the track in 1955 and the 46th fatality since the Speedway was built in 1911. He was thirty-six.

"Nobody," he had told his wife, as he punched a fist viciously into one palm, "but nobody, will ever have to send the hat around for me."

Nobody had to. Even in death, Vukovich, the champion, won more prize money than the driver who came in fifth. Officially Vukovich placed 25th, eight of the 33 racers having retired prior to the time he crashed. But when Speedway officials added Vukovich's 25th-place money to his lap prizes—$150 for each of the 50 laps he'd led—they found that the "Lindsey Hopkins Special" had won $10,833.64. Vukovich's share was $4,333.46. That closed his account with Indianapolis.

Weeks later, as papers blew aimlessly about the whitewashed privies in the desolate infield and dust gathered in the echoing stands, nothing remained of Vukovich's meteoric career at the Speedway but a grim set of black tire marks leading out of the southeast corner.

Those tire marks haunted many of the emotional superstitious racing fraternity. The unbelievable had happened: the remote, invincible Vukovich had been killed—*through no fault of his own.* Who might be next?

Two weeks later, at Le Mans, France, in a pile-up similar to the Vukovich crash, a sleek Mercedes hit a barrier at 140 mph, exploded over the heads of the watching spectators and guillotined, mangled or burned to death more than 80 onlookers. Six weeks later, twenty-six-year-old Jerry Hoyt, who had also raced in the "500," died of a broken neck in a race at Oklahoma City. Next came Jack McGrath, at thirty-five, Vukovich's only real competitor and holder of some of the fastest speed records ever made at Indianapolis: he crashed to his death at a race in Phoenix, Arizona, when his car, out of control, flipped over on top of him.

I talked with both of them about Vukovich—within days of their own deaths.

I sat in the partially furnished living room of McGrath's brand-new home on the outskirts of Los Angeles, with his pretty wife, Lois, and listened to McGrath explain why he had never beaten Vukovich. "There is something more to life than winning," he told me. "I've driven faster than old Vuky but I'll never take the chances he did—no race is worth it."

Jack McGrath's last race—at Phoenix, Arizona. "I'll never take the chances old Vuky did," he said shortly before this fatal crash. "No race is worth it"

Jerry Hoyt said that he was one of the last to speak with Vukovich before he crashed. "Freaks," Vukovich had said to him as he gazed about the packed stands. "Freaks—that's what they think us chauffeurs are. And you know something? They're right."

Vukovich, two years before, had expressed his doubts to the late Wilbur Shaw, then president of the Speedway: "We're going too damn' fast." Shaw agreed with him, then replied, "Well, why don't *you* slow down, Vuky?"

THE USUALLY COCKY racing fraternity, shocked by Vuky's death, knew also that they were traveling too fast. Who was going to slow them down?

Said Ray Crawford, one of the few independently wealthy drivers in professional racing: "Racing is like being on dope; it's like being an alcoholic. You know what you're doing is crazy, but you don't know how to get the desire out of your blood. There you are sitting in a $25,000 piece of machinery specially bred for Indianapolis. You feel this whole beautiful unit rapidly gaining speed, letting out smoothly, evenly. The car is an extension of yourself—you feel part of it. The engine is hot and running sweet. You're not conscious of the noise, but you know it's roaring. The track slips away in a blur. You're running close to the bone. Then suddenly you find tears on your face. You're crying with elation. That's racing; that's how I think Vuky felt about it. Believe me, he couldn't have quit. Like all of us he was hypnotized by the roar of those engines."

The paradox of men knowing they were going too fast, yet unable to slow down, was burned into the life of Bill Vukovich. What made Vuky race?

Professionally, Vukovich was the greatest—that had been proved in competition and victory. Racing fans were aware that while racing he was merciless, coldly calculating and utterly fearless. But of Vukovich the man they knew nothing. Silent, taciturn and withdrawn he had been—as a personality—virtually unknown.

Vuky shied away from publicity of any sort and avoided the press whenever he could. In one rare, expansive moment he said to a reporter: "I wish you guys would at least get my name right. Years ago when my family came from Yugoslavia, the name was Vucurovich. To make it easy for characters who couldn't pronounce it, they went to a lot of trouble to have it changed to Vukovich."

One clue to what made Vuky race was offered by Walt (Little Dynamo) Faulkner, an ace driver himself and a long-time friend. Looking back on their early days in the game, Faulkner recalled: "It was a jungle. Kids like Vuky and me had to get our thrills and a few bucks besides. What did we have to lose? Nothing. We were depression kids, and neither of us had an education." Faulkner, at 37, was killed himself only last month.

The money angle was important, but not by any means the only one. Vuky himself supplied a deeper-seated, more intangible motive for his worship of speed just a few days before he died. Vukovich had stood listening to the cars as they whipped around the track in practice. Perched on the back of his head was a long-peaked yellow baseball cap. "I don't like the sound of that baby," he told Jerry Hoyt as a big racer called the "Novi Special" flashed by the pits. He listened again and shook his head. "Funny thing," said Vukovich, "but years ago I heard a calliope playing one of those *ump-baa-baa* tunes. I never knew what the name of it was, but when I'm out there on the track, showing you dummies my tail pipe, I hear that tune clear as a bell."

He was nine the time he first heard the sound. He stood with a little friend watching a roller coaster at a local fair. A long string of red and yellow boxcars slowly climbed the first gradient. At the top they paused as though undecided, then, slowly gathering momentum, the cars swished down into the valley, up the other side, over the top and out of view. Billy Vukovich watched spellbound.

"I could drive that thing," said Billy to his friend.

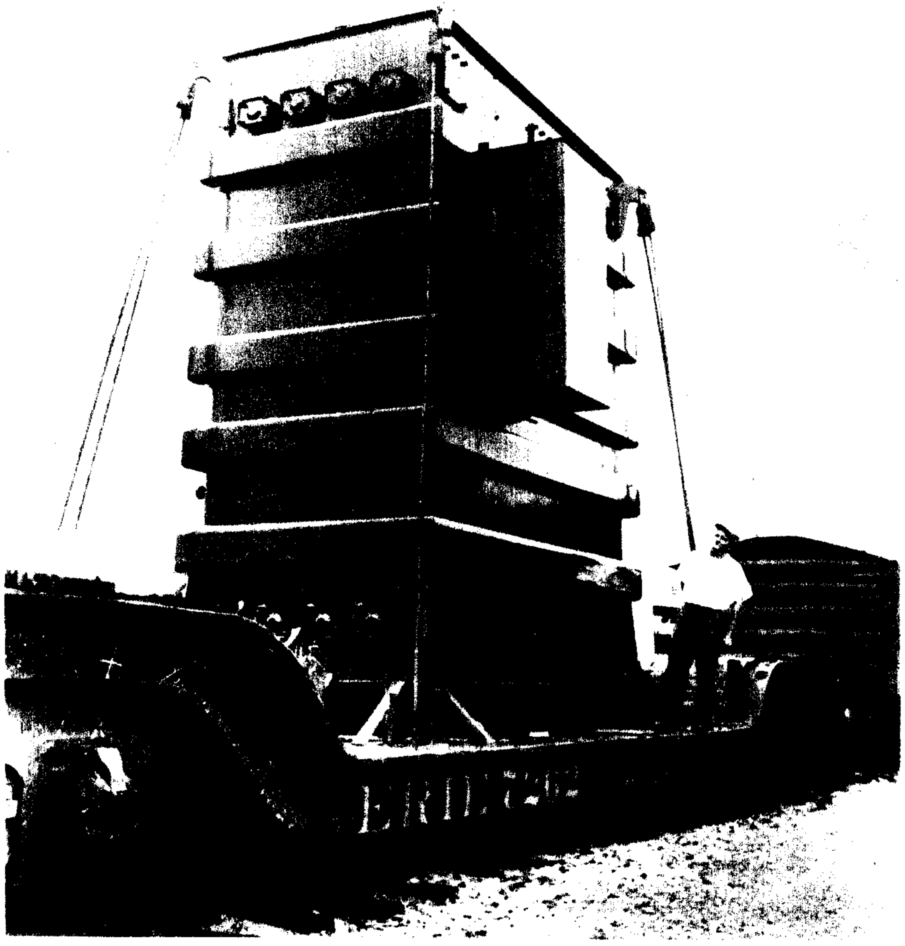
"They wouldn't let you."

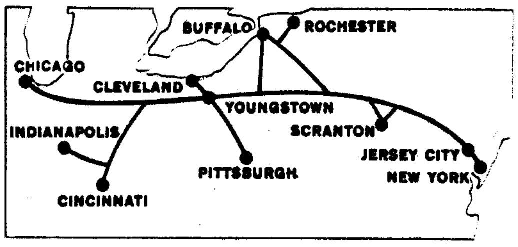
"Yes, they would, too," said Billy.

"No—they wouldn't, 'cause you're a foreigner," said his playmate.

"They would. They would," yelled Billy.

"Foreigner, foreigner, foreigner," taunted his little friend, running off,





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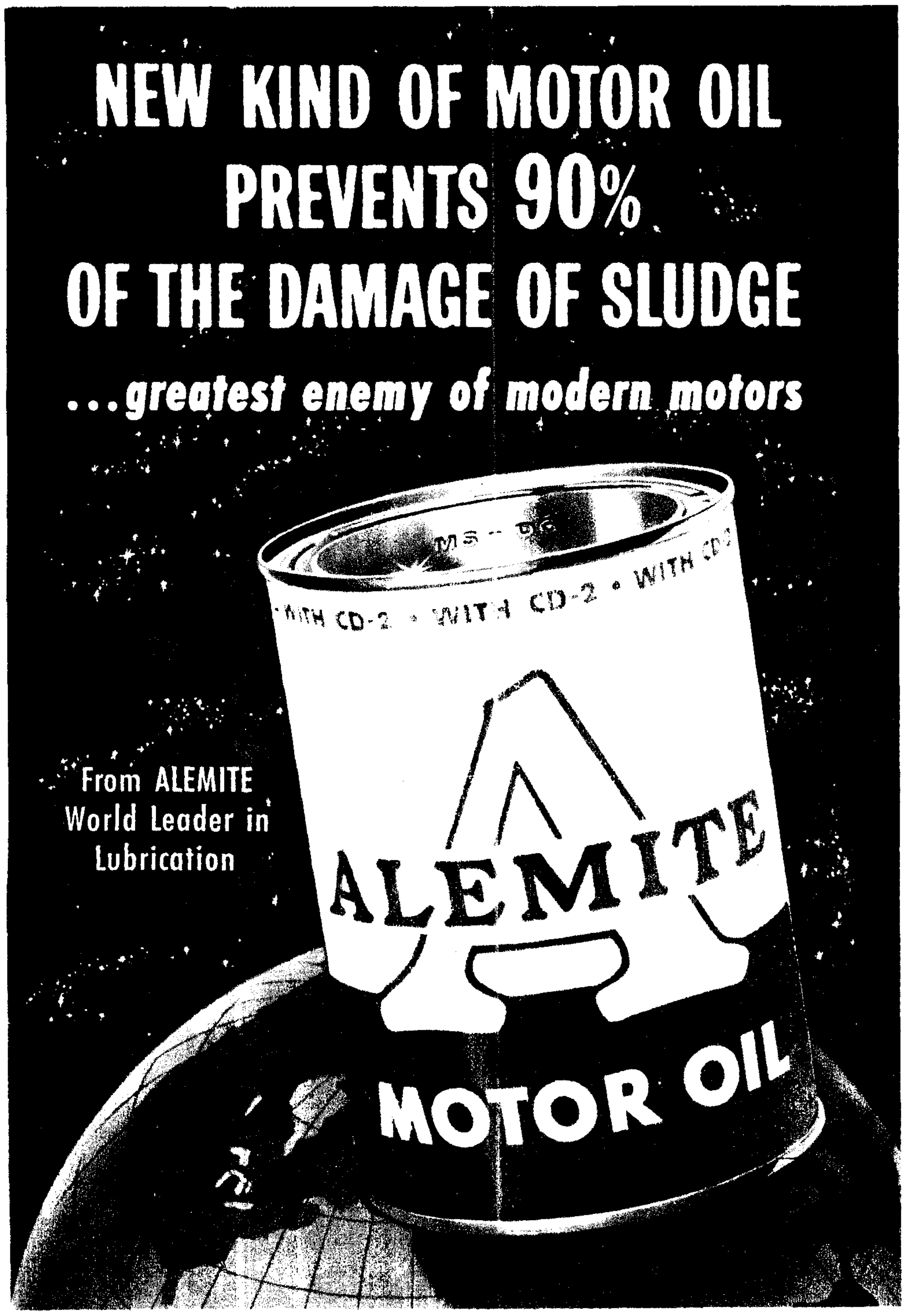

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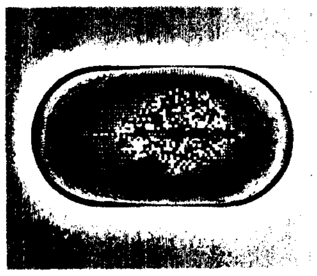
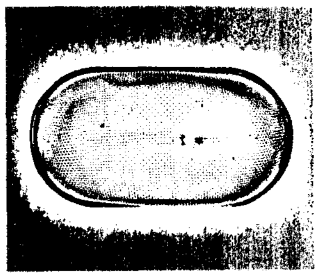


BEFORE. Photograph of car's oil screen after service test using conventional motor oil. Note filter-clogging deposits of sludge.



AFTER. *Clean, sludge-free oil screen after identical service test made with new Alemite Motor Oil. (Unretouched photographs.)*

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What made Vuky race? continued

and Billy Vukovich burst into tears. The calliope popped merrily away.

Bill Vukovich heard that music until the end of his days—in rattling hot rods at fairground tracks, in whining midgets on dirt tracks, and, finally, on the howling merry-go-round at Indianapolis. From 1938 to 1951, with the exception of three war years when racing was forbidden, Vukovich drove like a maniac up and down the Pacific Coast on anything that even faintly resembled a race track. "I've met every piece of dust and every flying rock on the hamburger trail from Fresno to San Diego," he used to say, "and I know every brand of oil just from the taste."

* * *

WHEN HIS CARPENTER FATHER, John Vukovich, died in 1932, Vukovich's education and, in some intangible way, his childhood came to an abrupt halt. Bill was thirteen then, one of eight children and the youngest of three boys. Next to him came Eli, fourteen, and Mike, eighteen.

The family lived in the little farming community of Sanger, on the outskirts of Fresno, California, where they had settled in 1921, two years after Bill was born in Alameda, California.

"We weren't poor, you understand," Eli told me, "but you couldn't exactly say we were wealthy."

Bill Vukovich was shy and reserved even then. His mother, who never fully mastered English, used to take him in her arms and in mock sadness shake her head, saying in her native Serbian: *"Bil Je najglasniji, kad nista ne govori."* ("Bill makes the most noise because he never says anything.")

The fascination of the dark and mysterious interior of the local garage and the family's beat-up Model T was sufficient to keep Bill happy in those days. "We spun around in that jalopy like three crazy demons," Mike said, "and when we got tired we'd take off across the open fields, chasing jack rabbits."

Somehow, by 1931, John Vukovich had saved enough to make a down payment on a 40-acre muscatel vineyard. One year later, he died. Bill and Eli, the only two of the children still living at home, found that they had their ailing mother and the acreage to keep.

The two boys left school and began working at anything they could get. They picked cotton, pruned grape trees, tilled fields and drove trucks.

"One week Billy paid for the groceries," Eli said, "and then it would be my turn. Those were sad years."

In those years, Bill Vukovich grew up suddenly, harshly, under pressure. By the time he was eighteen, he was molded and tempered, mentally and physically, into the silent, rock-hard racing phenomenon who was to scourge the race tracks for the remainder of his days.

One day late in 1937, Vukovich set out for Dick's Service Garage in Fresno, where a friend of his named Fred Gearhart kept a souped-up Chevrolet hot rod. Gearhart was working in the cool dimness of the small garage when Vukovich got there.

Vukovich stood at the door, the hot Fresno sun outlining his big T-shirted shoulders and blue-jeaned legs. He looked at Gearhart bent over the hot rod.

"I want to drive that thing," he said. Gearhart didn't even look up.

Vukovich stood his ground, stubbornly. "I want to drive that thing," he said again.

Gearhart lifted his head from the engine. "Do you want to get yourself killed, boy?" he asked.

Vukovich turned away without answering. But the next day he was back. Day after day he came to the garage, stood in the doorway and repeated his demand. In the end he got his way. In his first race for Gearhart, on a nearby dirt track, he placed. The third time out, he won.

"In the next few months," said Eli, "Bill drove the Chevvy on all sorts of tracks. Gearhart loved him so much that he let him keep all the dough he could win. But even at that it wasn't much. In a good week maybe he cleared $10-$15."

By 1938, Vukovich had graduated to midgets. But in his first race he crashed. He locked wheels with another midget and flipped end over end. He broke three ribs and a collarbone. Seven weeks later he was back on the dirt tracks again.

The same year Eli began driving midgets and in his first race he found himself competing with his younger brother. Vukovich clarified the situation quickly: "Don't tangle with me, Eli," he said coldly. "Out on that track you're just another driver to me."

Vuky won the race.

Driving from track to track in an old Ford, with his sponsor's midget in a trailer, Vukovich lived like a gypsy in '38 and '39. Eli traveled with him most of the time. "We'd sleep in the trailer," he said, "eat pork and beans right out of the can and swap each other's clothes."

Often Vukovich would drive 15 to 20 races a week and, if he was lucky, he got as his percentage of the car's winnings $40 to $50. It is estimated that, before taxes, Vukovich netted $500 in 1938, $800 in 1939 and $1,100 in 1940. Said Walt Faulkner: "We were risking our necks for burnt matches and peanut shells."

But money didn't seem to bother Vukovich. His life seemed dedicated to speed. Every morning he ran a mile or pedaled a bicycle to keep fit. He didn't drink or smoke and nobody ever saw him with a girl. Then, on a blind date in Fresno, he met Esther Schmidt, a tall seventeen-year-old brunette. Vukovich was so bashful that for three weeks he dated Esther by ringing her sister and asking her to make the arrangements.

A few months later he took Esther out to the park. He parked his car and for a long time said nothing. Then, looking out the car window he mumbled: "How would you like to be married to a racing driver?" Esther did not mind.

Marriage didn't slow Vukovich down. But in 1942 racing was suspended, and Vukovich went to work for an Army contractor. As a skilled mechanic he spent the next three years in a maintenance depot repairing jeeps and trucks. But Vukovich, in his usual determined way, had already made up his mind about his future in auto racing: after the war he would drive his *own* midget.

And like everything else he'd wanted throughout his life, the midget became an obsession. He had to have it.

Vukovich knew Fred Gearhart had a midget. "It's yours for $750," Gearhart told him, "but where are you going to get that sort of money?"

One year later, he returned. He took $750 out of his wallet and pushed it across the table to his old friend. "Okay, there's the dough," he said; "where's the washing machine?"

Vukovich worked nights and weekends on the midget. Like a child with a new toy he took it apart piece by piece. Every nut and bolt, every rod and washer, was examined for structural failure and replaced or thrown away. He painted the car a bright red.

"That's our little jewel," he told his wife, patting the hood. Then, as though remembering that for a moment he had stepped out of character, he said: "I'm going to blow those chauffeurs off the track."

UNITED PRESS

Vukovich in Victory Lane after his first Indianapolis win in '53. His 40 per cent share of the prize: $35,800

And blow them off the track he did. The moment racing resumed in 1945, Vukovich and his blood-red chariot hit the midget circuits like a whining typhoon. "Old Ironsides," as he named the midget, snarled all over California leaving in its smoky wake a trail of disillusioned—often painfully sore—race drivers.

"Oh, man, Vuky was a mean chauffeur. What sort of guy was he? If he couldn't pass you he'd run over you—just to win," said Walt Faulkner. "Sure he was tough—he had to be to survive. And when Vuky got in my way, I'd run over him too.

"Vuky crashed plenty. He scarred his hands up pretty badly, broke his shoulders, smashed his ribs. Why, on one track he went through the fence three times in exactly the same place—and each time he smacked his head. The third time he said: 'I'm going to quit racing—it's costing too damn' much for crash helmets.' "

Injuries didn't seem to worry Vukovich, but losing a race did—especially when competing against his brother Eli.

FOR SOME MONTHS the three Vukovich brothers, Mike, Eli and Bill, traveled the midget trail together. Mike, on alternate weeks, acted as mechanic for Bill and Eli. During one race—it was a week Mike was working for Bill—one of Vuky's wheels came off just as he passed the pits. Mike waited until all the cars had passed and then ran out onto the track and picked up the wheel. Vukovich came storming over to his elder brother.

"Why the hell," he roared, "didn't you leave the damn' wheel where it was? Eli might have hit the thing on the next lap."

Vukovich seemed unbeatable, unbreakable and, to some people, unbearable. Once, in Los Angeles, in a race with Troy Ruttman (who was later to beat him in the 1952 "500"), Vukovich drove so fiercely that he scared the crowd. They jumped to their feet yelling, "Stop! Stop! Stop!"

When he pulled into the pits Vukovich shook his head, as though coming out of a daze and said innocently: "What are they yelling about?"

But despite all his victories up to 1950 (he was West Coast midget champion in 1946 and 1947; national midget champion in 1950), Vukovich's personal earnings were small compared to the frightening risks he took. Did he race for money? In those five big years, after all expenses had been paid, Vukovich earned less than $7,000 per annum. He might have made more running a garage.

By 1950 the postwar midget racing craze had slowed down. "Hell," said Walt Faulkner, "it began to look as though we'd have to go to work."

The lure of Indianapolis had drawn such top midget drivers as Walt Faulkner, Manuel Ayulo, Andy Linden, Jerry Hoyt, Tony Bettenhausen. But Vukovich, despite his reputation, had never been asked to "chauffeur" a $25,000 car at Indianapolis.

In a way, the big cars had always loomed as a dark fear to Vukovich. He was afraid—afraid that he couldn't win in one. According to Faulkner, he had a mental block about racing the big ones. He could not bear to race and lose. Still, the lure was irresistible.

"Vuky showed up at the Speedway in May of 1950. I persuaded him to take a driver's test," Faulkner said. "He drove a Maserati. It was a dog—old and used up—but it was one of the most famous cars that ever raced."

PERHAPS IT WAS PROPHETIC that Vukovich's first trip around the brick and asphalt track should have been in this car. In 1939 and 1940 the late Wilbur Shaw, three-time winner at the Speedway, had driven it to victory. Shaw won both races at an average speed of 115 mph. But by 1950 the *qualifying* speed had jumped to 130 mph.

"The car wasn't so bad," Faulkner recalled. "Vuky passed his driver's test, but he couldn't get it to go fast enough to qualify."

The next year Vukovich was back—this time complete with a sponsor. The car was the "Central Excavating Special," entered by Pete Salemi, of Cleveland. Vukovich referred to it as a "sled."

He and his wife stayed with Mrs. Lawrence Thompson, who boarded race drivers at Indianapolis.

"I showed Vuky and Esther a big double room," she said, "but I apologized because it was green—racing drivers don't like green." Superstitious? Not Vukovich! (He had once flouted the fates by dressing in a pair of green shorts for a race.) Vukovich took the room. But in a pocket of his trousers was a large money clip, made from a silver dollar, and given to him by Fred Gearhart years before. He carried it during every race.

The next day Vukovich, as relaxed and calm as usual, took the big car out on the track and secured himself a place in the 33-car line-up by qualifying. The saga of Vukovich at Indianapolis had begun.

The night before the race Tony Bettenhausen, an old dirt-track friend of Vukovich's, felt unusually confident. This year his car might be up there among the winners, he told Vukovich.

Vukovich listened enviously. Dark brows knitted together, his right hand forever squeezing a little rubber ball, he said: "My own box will run about 30 laps and then fall apart."

He was right. The "sled" lasted exactly 29 laps, when an oil leak sent it out of the race. Vukovich's 1951 "500" earnings came to a little over $750.

But Vukovich didn't go unnoticed in that race. From far behind he had come up to tenth position when he was forced out. Jim Travers, chief mechanic for millionaire oilman Howard Keck, of Los Angeles, had watched Vukovich carefully. Travers suggested Vukovich as driver for Keck's '52 entry. When the offer came, Vukovich promptly accepted.

In many ways it was a rookie's dream: Vukovich was being asked to accept the mantle of Mauri Rose, three-time "500" winner, who was retiring. All his life he had considered Rose the greatest racing genius in the U.S. and in some ways he had patterned his life after him.

He even called him "Mister," which for Vukovich was probably the greatest compliment he could pay any man.

Vukovich came back to Indianapolis in 1952 in his usual taciturn armor. In the months preceding the race he had astounded his rivals by retiring from midget racing. "It's getting too damn' dangerous," he said.

He'd changed since his first year at Indian-

(Continued on page 70)

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Here's your guide to the *most advanced tire safety available anywhere!* For the Prestige is *truly* tubeless . . . yes, it's a complete airtight unit in itself, free of gummy sealants, heavy liners or other "tube substitute" devices. Its super-strength cord, pre-stretched and heat stabilized, is Safety-Welded with new bonding compounds into a single unit that is air-tight . . . lighter, cooler, smoother-running . . . and incredibly strong. All this, plus Kelly's famous Armorubber tread that gives you extra *thousands* of miles!

What does it add up to? Exactly what you want in a tire: blowout safety . . . puncture safety . . . stopping safety! And *economy*, too! For economical, *worry-free* driving—switch to Kelly Prestige . . . the perfected tubeless tire!

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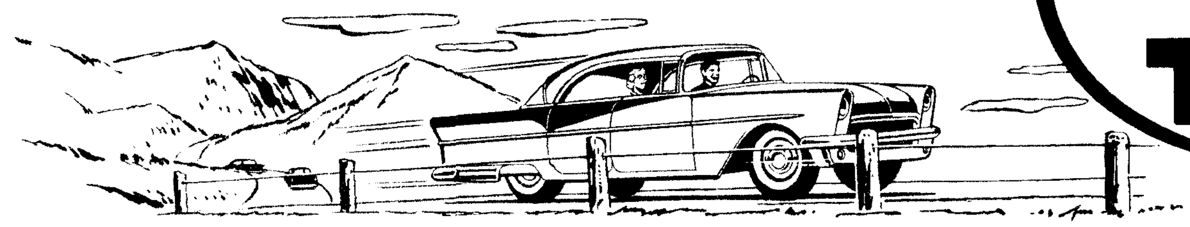


apolis. Vukovich, the racing man, still spoke the jargon of the tracks—heavily spiced with garage profanity. But Vukovich, the family man, worried considerably about the future of Bill, Jr., and Marlene on whom he lavished his own lost childhood. In a bull session in the Keck garage, a fellow driver taunted him about his retirement from midget racing and asked, "What does your wife think about your driving at Indianapolis?"

"Don't know," snarled Vukovich, "I never asked her."

In the Keck car Vukovich qualified for the '52 race with the second fastest speed, over 139 mph. In the race itself he dominated the field from the 32d lap until eight laps from the end when a 50-cent clamp on his steering wheel broke. He came to a skidding halt against a retaining wall, climbed disgustedly from his car, and sat out the end of the race on the wall. For his day's work he had made $7,500.

When the Keck car failed to come around again, his pit crew began to worry. From the Pagoda he was spotted and loud-speakers blared out a demand for him to return to the pits. But Esther Vukovich didn't know he was safe; she was already on her way to the hospital. Vukovich ignored the strident sounds from the loud-speaker. Dirt and dust from the track swirled up around him; he seemed oblivious.

"I watched Vuky," said Dr. Carlyle B. Bohner, medical director at the Speedway, "and I think it began to dawn on him that not only could he race big cars but that he had licked Indianapolis."

When the race was over, Vukovich came back to the pits. "It's a cinch," he told Travers, "I should have been here 10 years ago."

Vukovich blazed across Indianapolis like a meteor in the next two years. The gremlins which had plagued him were gone. In 1953, with the temperature in the 90s, Vukovich and his old competitor, Jack McGrath, were two of only five drivers who finished the race without relief. One driver died from heat prostration in a blazing day which saw only 19 of the 33 cars finish the race. When he came into the winner's circle, the "Keck Fuel Injection Special" had grossed a phenomenal $89,496, of which $29,250 had been won in lap prizes alone. Vukovich's 40 per cent share was nearly $35,800.

The windfall had been a "cinch" for Vukovich. Throughout the race he'd been completely relaxed, even at 175 mph. During a pit stop of less than a minute Vukovich even found time to chat with Herb Porter of the Keck pit crew. "You know, Herb," Vukovich said, "there ain't as many people in the bleachers as there were last year."

EVEN BEFORE his second win, in 1954, the challenge of Indianapolis had begun to fade. It was a restless year—he missed the camaraderie of the midget races and once referred contemptuously to Indianapolis as his "four-hour-a-year job." When he was hired by a film company to sit in his car and act the part of a race driver for $50 a day, he stayed on location three days, then left for Fresno. "I was wasting my time," he said later.

Time seemed precious to him as his crew prepared his car for the 1954 qualifying runs at Indianapolis. He fumed around the garage, forever needling his mechanics, Jim Travers and Frank Coon. One day he hung an ax on the wall, and, below it, scrawled "Travers' tools." Later he tacked up a photograph of "Old Ironsides," with an admonition to Travers and Coon that "when the going gets rough for you butchers, just take a look at this hunk of iron."

But on race day the calm, confident Vukovich of old settled down to his second win. He won the race with a scorching record speed of 130.84 mph for the 200 laps. (The record still stands.) His take-home pay amounted to $29,972.

With his Indianapolis winnings Vukovich bought two gas stations in Fresno, invested soundly, planned to build himself a new house and set up a trust fund for his children. The family man was looking to the future, shoring his foundations against the memory of a vineyard in the San Joaquin Valley.

In the fall of 1954, Lincoln invited him to drive again in the Pan American road race. Vukovich was off like a shot. During the race his co-driver was horrified at the speeds with which Vukovich took the corners. Again and again he protested to Vukovich. Suddenly the car shot over the bank of a 30-foot drop. As it sailed through the air, Vukovich took his hands off the wheel and said to his driver: "Okay, Vern, you drive it." Neither was hurt.

By Christmas it was apparent that Howard Keck's new car for the 1955 "500" would not be ready in time. Lindsey Hopkins, owner of a new sky-blue "roadster" capable of 180 mph, wanted Vukovich if he were free. Vukovich agreed—providing his beloved "butchers" came with him. Keck also agreed. Hopkins knew Vukovich well. Years before, in the midget-racing days, he had asked Vukovich: "Vuky, why do you play it so rough?" In one of his rare, candid moments, Vukovich replied, "The crowds want a villain, don't they, Lindsey? I'm a pretty good villain."

Vukovich drove to Indianapolis with his old friend, Walt Faulkner. "He had something on his mind," Faulkner said, "all the bounce was gone. He felt he had to win three in a row because everybody had built him up so much. He was completely depressed."

At the track Vukovich was more withdrawn than ever. He was down to 160 pounds. He had spent the spring months driving himself, with his usual thoroughness, through a regimen of exercises. His temper flared as quickly as ever. At previous "500s" he'd never driven more than 10 miles in practice. But now he endlessly circled the Speedway.

"I watched Vukovich going around and around," Walt Faulkner said. "He didn't go fast—not for him—only about 90 mph. He sat in his car very still as though he were thinking about something and using the track to iron it all out. He must have gone about 50 miles, just holding steady at around 90.

"Then about a week before the race we were having coffee and he said, 'I don't think I'll finish the race,' and then he changed the subject."

THE NIGHT BEFORE the big "500," Vukovich went to the midget races at the 16th Street track next to the Speedway. He walked home about eleven thirty. The jammed frenzy of 16th Street surrounded him. In a long blaze of light, cars, three abreast, stretched back into Indianapolis itself. Service stations were doing a land-office business—charging 25 cents for the use of rest rooms. Neon lights sizzled coldly and colored bulbs winked on and off. Fans from all over the U.S. struggled along the packed sidewalks, stood listening to the yelling pitchmen or milled about the hamburger, hot-dog and cotton-candy stands. Hawkers sold souvenirs, peanuts and racing literature. Children cried. Cars honked. And competing with it all a group of evangelists preached from an amplifier truck.

When Vukovich got to the house, he said to his wife: "Esther, this is crazy. What are we doing here? Let's go home."

But Vukovich didn't go home.

He was up and ready to leave for the Speedway before seven the next morning. Before he left, he and Esther talked about the dress she planned to wear that day.

"I wore a white dress the first year he won," she said, "and he always wanted me to wear white when he drove. This year I wore a blue and white dress. I asked him if it would be all right and he said yes."

Vukovich took out his billfold and gave his wife all the money in it with the exception of a dollar.

"I don't want to be completely broke," he told her as he left for the Speedway. At about nine that morning, he telephoned Esther and asked what time she was coming to the track. It was the first time he had ever telephoned her before a race.

"I'll see you in Victory Lane," she told him.

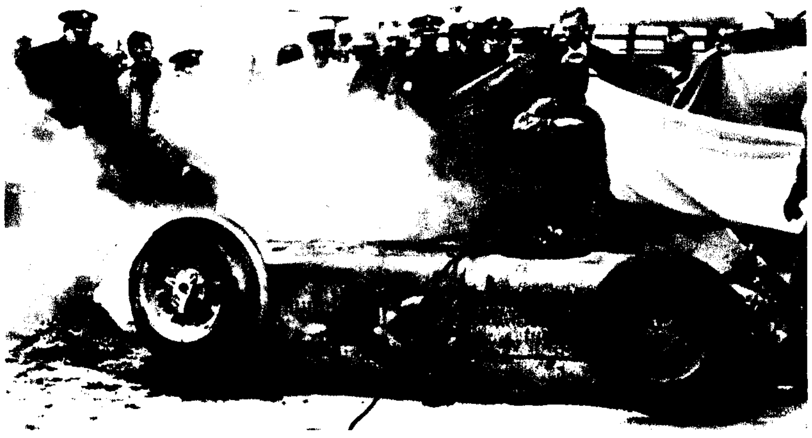
At the garage Vukovich took off his ring, put it down with his billfold. He also left the silver money clip Fred Gearhart had given him.

He walked out to the track and stood there looking slowly around the jammed stands. His helmet's straps were loose. He wore only a T-shirt with *Mobiloil* stenciled across the back, a pair of white-duck pants and bowling shoes. He climbed into the "Hopkins Special," pulled on a pair of gloves, fixed the straps of his helmet, and with Lindsey Hopkins posed for some photographs.

Outside the gates of the Speedway, over by the midget race track, a Ferris wheel spun lazily, and a calliope was playing.

At exactly 10:00 A.M. the 39th Indianapolis Memorial Day "500" began. One hour, two minutes and eight seconds later, in the Speedway hospital, the telephone rang.

"Crash," said the track safety director. "Southeast corner." THE END



WIDE WORLD

Bill Vukovich died instantly beneath his overturned "Lindsey Hopkins Special"

Genius at work

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Now you can enjoy the results of the Colonel's genius in *two* Old Taylor straight bourbons—both of the same superb quality.

One is the most flavorsome of all straight bourbons—world-famous 100 proof bonded Old Taylor—so deep and mellow.

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And remember—the tastiest drinks are Old Taylor-Made.

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86 PROOF
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100 PROOF
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OLD TAYLOR

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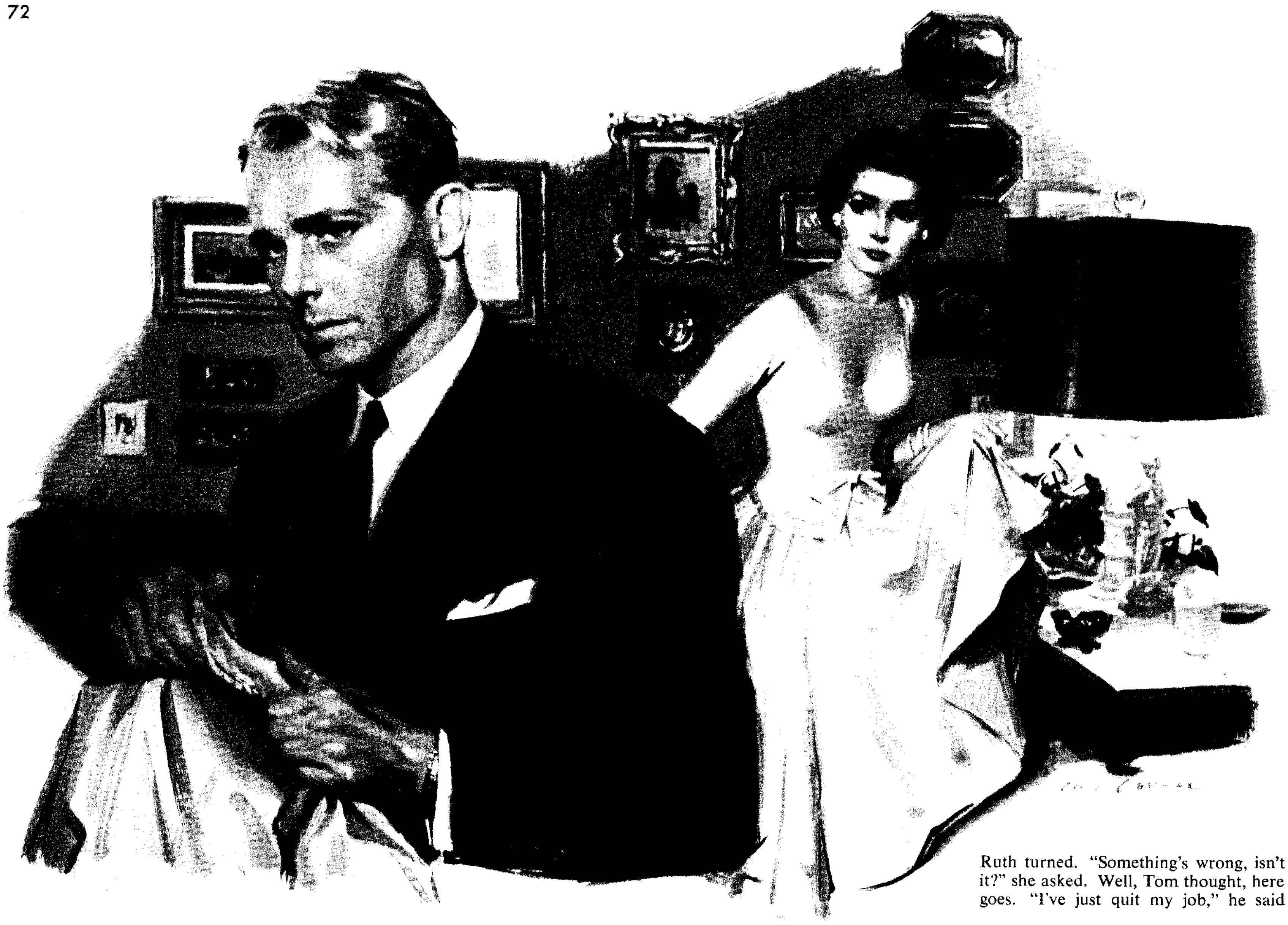

Ruth turned. "Something's wrong, isn't it?" she asked. Well, Tom thought, here goes. "I've just quit my job," he said

The idea man

Tom was one of the company's brightest young men. He was headed for the top. But now there was a new man—brighter and younger—who was determined to push Tom aside

By ROBERT MC LAUGHLIN

RESEARCHERS have estimated that 94.6 per cent of the human race would rather talk about themselves than do anything else. Tom Harding belonged to the small minority who make good listeners. He came by this great talent naturally. As the only child of a successful newspaper columnist and a celebrated Chicago beauty, Tom learned early that children should be seen and not heard.

When his father died, Tom's regal mother—after a suitable period of mourning—bravely carried on. She became the star of her own radio interview show and her fashionable Near North Side apartment usually had on exhibition the latest British author, Manhattan poet or Hollywood actor who happened to be passing through the Midwest.

During these years, when Tom's mother spoke to him it was continually to remind him how lucky he was to be brought up in a home where the Arts reigned supreme. Though silent, Tom was not unintelligent, and it was clear to him that his mother loved not the Arts, but artiness. When he graduated from college, his mother graciously made a place for him on her radio show as a sort of male secretary. Tom refused. He astonished her even more by going to work for the Curvex Corporation ("Home Appliance for Happier Homes"). One of the main reasons he chose Curvex was that it lay several hundred miles from Chicago—in Dayton, Ohio. His mother would have been less shocked if he had taken to drink and loose living.

In his second summer in Dayton, Tom met Ruth Forbes, an intense, dark-haired girl who was a student at one of Ohio's countless small colleges. Ruth was an only child too, whose parents had been divorced when she was very young. It seemed to Ruth that she had passed her childhood packing and unpacking bags for six-month trips between Cleveland, where her carefree father lived, and California, where her dissatisfied mother moved restlessly about in a succession of identical towns.

Their first date told Tom and Ruth that it was no longer necessary for them to search the world for love and understanding. Ruth was in Dayton on a two-week visit. They were engaged before she left and planned to marry the following June, after her graduation. But, back at college, she

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

This "Big Stick" stops trouble before it starts

So powerful that it revises infantry strategy, the Douglas *Honest John* is an artillery rocket of tremendous destructive force and deadly accuracy.

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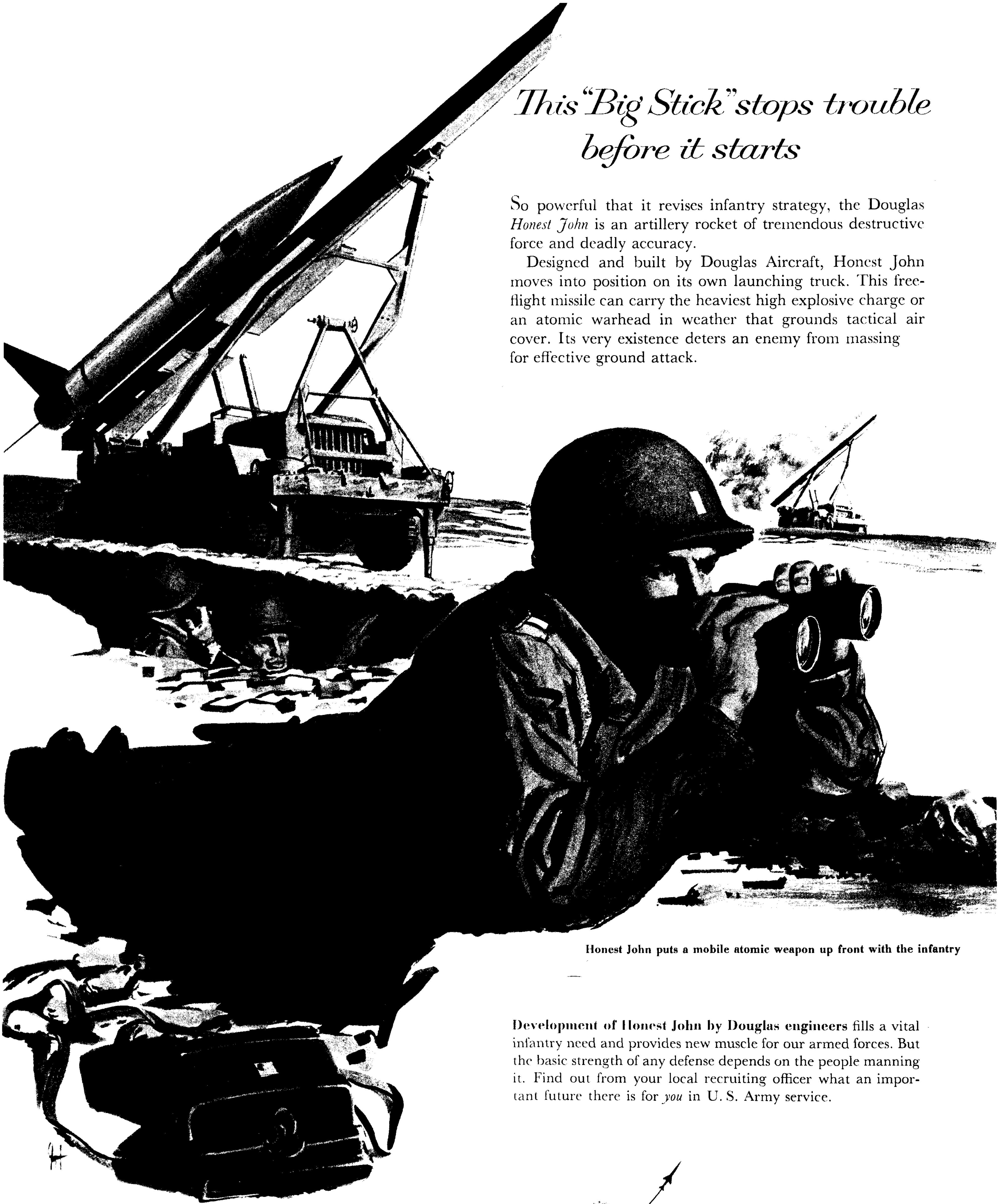

Honest John puts a mobile atomic weapon up front with the infantry

Development of Honest John by Douglas engineers fills a vital infantry need and provides new muscle for our armed forces. But the basic strength of any defense depends on the people manning it. Find out from your local recruiting officer what an important future there is for *you* in U. S. Army service.

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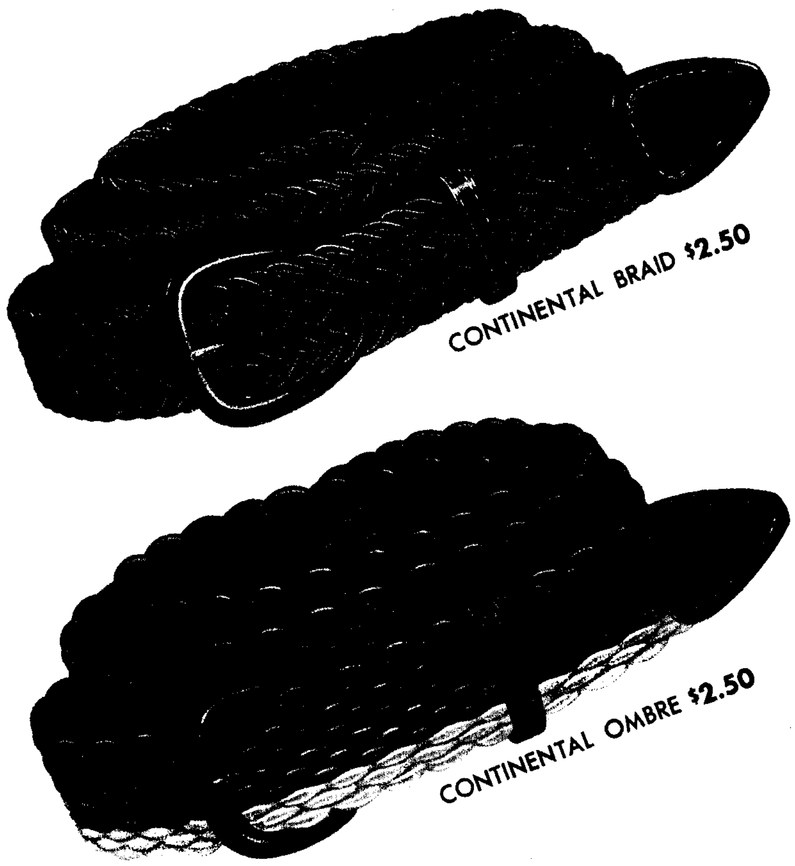

Continental Casuals

COOLEST BELTS UNDER THE SUN

Here are the perfect waist-mates to your summer slacks and shorts—by Hickok, master belt-maker to the world. The colorful, braided elastic construction means cool comfort *plus* full freedom of action. In many cool colors, and tropic tones.

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BELTS
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SUSPENDERS

called Tom late one night and said: "Darling, I don't want to go to school."

Tom replied: "I'll be right over." He drove up before her sorority house at dawn and Ruth, carrying a suitcase, came running out to him. They returned to Dayton and were married.

Now they had a three-year-old son, a split-level ranch house in suburban Orville Heights, and a contentedness that was as warming as a log fire on a winter's night. Their families receded to another planet and were heard from in occasional letters, telephone calls or brief visits that left both parties relieved when they were over. It was as though some beneficent angel had drawn a circle around the lives of Tom and Ruth and Junior and ordained that nothing unlucky or unfortunate could enter.

All that happened seemed indescribably good. Take, for example, the resignation of Conrad Lumkin, manager of the Sales Promotion Department at Curvex, where Tom worked as a senior copywriter. Lumkin had been little more than a figurehead for years, largely because he was too vain to wear the hearing aid he so badly needed. Lumkin's duties were efficiently handled for him by Eldon Lloyd, his very capable assistant.

Everyone expected that Lloyd would not take over Lumkin's job. Suddenly, he went much further and higher. The Curvex brass—men like President J. R. Winninger and Board Chairman Peverill Doane—had at last recognized his true ability, and Eldon Lloyd was abruptly promoted several rungs up the ladder to executive vice-president in charge of Production Planning.

THE very last day that Lloyd spent at his old job, he took Tom Harding to lunch. Instead of going upstairs to the executive dining room, they drove downtown to the Van Cleve Hotel. Over coffee, Lloyd asked: "How old are you, Tom?"

"Thirty."

"And I'm forty-one—eleven years further along the production line. You can look at me and project the curve of your progress into the future. Here it is: insomnia, a suspicion of ulcers and a craving for responsibility that is like the craving for drugs. Home life: hectic and diminishing. Outside interests: nil. Do you like the prospect?"

"Is it really that bad?"

"No," Lloyd said, smiling, "but close enough to it to give anyone pause. Anyone with a grain of sense, that is. But if you had any sense, you wouldn't be here. Well, I'll come to the point."

Tom hoped his face didn't betray his excitement.

Lloyd said bluntly: "I don't have to tell you the job of Sales Promotion manager is open. We could fill it by bringing in an experienced man from another firm. That's the way Easterling does it, and maybe it's the best way for an outfit as big and potent as Easterling. But here at Curvex, we try to fill the executive posts with men from our own crew. There are only three possible candidates for the job: you and Charlie Fry and Dave Carlo. I'm having lunch with you, Tom, because I've picked you."

"Thanks a lot, Eldon—"

"Don't thank me. At least, not yet. You're young for the job. Even worse, you've had little administrative experience. But I convinced J.R. that the only way to find out if you've got what it takes is to let you grab hold of the tiller. As of this moment, you're acting Sales Promotion manager. I hope we can finalize the job within six months. You get a raise immediately, but only an extra fifteen hundred. The big jump will come when you make good, as I know you will." Lloyd looked speculatively at Tom. "Now here's your first assignment. Tell me why I didn't pick Charlie Fry or Dave Carlo."

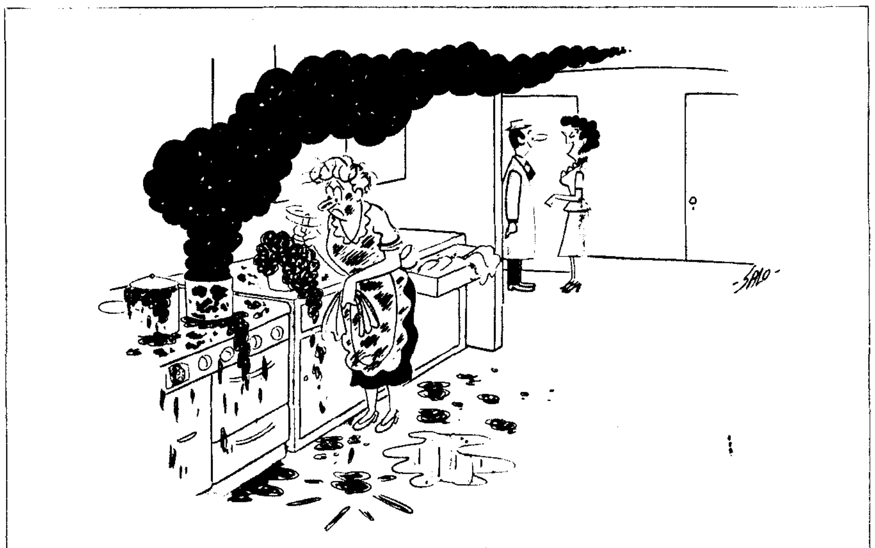
Tom hesitated, then said: "Fry is easy—he wouldn't take the job."

Lloyd nodded. "Even if I had offered it to him, which I didn't. Charlie is a good man while he's on duty, but after that, he belongs to himself and not to the good ship Curvex. Sometimes I think the Charlie Frys get a lot more out of life than we do, but that's one of those things every man has to decide for himself. What about Dave Carlo?"

Dave was six years older than Tom; he had worked at Curvex longer. It would hurt him to be passed over, because he was both ambitious and fiercely competitive. Dave would see it as another in the long line of frustrations that included his wife and his fifteen-year-old son, who, last spring, had been sent home as incorrigible from his second military school.

Tom said slowly: "Dave's a good man. I don't know why you chose me instead of him."

"I think you do," Lloyd answered sharply. "Simply because being good is not good enough. If I thought you were merely good, you wouldn't get the job. If you prove to be only 'good,' you won't keep it. There's one thing you may lack, Tom, and that's the kind of self-confidence that's as instinctive as



"Guess whose mother stopped by to cook her son a real old-fashioned meal like Mother used to make?"

COLLIER'S SALO ROTH

breathing. But time will tell. Anyway, the job's yours for the next six months—whether or not it stays yours is up to you. You'll have charge of all hiring and firing, of course. But I did sign up a new man for your department—fellow named Hal Jeffers. He was working for his Ph.D. over at State and I happened to see a copy of his thesis and grabbed him. We don't usually go for double-domes, but Easterling was after Jeffers too, so we may have ourselves a find in this boy. Let me know what you think of him."

TOM HARDING raced home as fast as he could make it, and charged indoors shouting: "Ruth, I got it! I got it!" Abruptly, he checked himself. Ruth was not alone. Sitting across from her was a blond stranger who was almost aggressively good-looking.

"Got what, darling?" asked Ruth. Then: "Oh, Tom—I'd like you to meet Hal Jeffers. Hal—my husband." Jeffers? Dazedly, Tom realized that this must be the new man Lloyd had hired.

"I can tell you what your husband's got," Jeffers said, smiling. "A brand-new, superduper job. Right?"

"Oh!" Ruth cried. "Not *the* job?"

"Yes." He felt rather silly in front of the grinning Jeffers. Had they been alone, Tom and Ruth would have hugged each other breathless and planned and speculated about the future. But with a stranger present they had to act as if challenging new jobs were all in the day's work. Tom explained that he was going to be acting Sales Promotion manager until the brass decided whether he was up to the job or not.

"Nonsense," said Ruth. "Of course you're up to that job, or any other."

"Hear, hear!" applauded Hal Jeffers.

"How did you two meet?" Tom asked, puzzled.

Ruth said: "I knew Hal at college. Then he transferred to State and I never saw him again until this morning when I bumped right into him on Ludlow Street. Hal said he was going to work for Curvex and I said why, my husband's at Curvex, and he said who's your husband—and there we were!"

Tom told Jeffers that Lloyd had spoken highly of him. Hal shrugged airily, as if such praise were commonplace. "For a while your friend Lloyd didn't think he was going to get me," he said, "at least, not as cheaply as he did." Then he offered his hand to Tom. "I'll be going. See you at the office."

"There's no need to rush off—"

"Sure there is. You want to tell Ruth how you got the job and she wants to tell you how wonderful you are. I'll be here tomorrow for cocktails—Ruth invited me."

When Jeffers had gone, Ruth took Tom's arm. "Begin at the beginning."

"Where's Junior?"

"Out in his sandbox. Now tell me!"

As Tom told her, Ruth nestled beside him, her eyes wide as she listened intently. Her entire world lay close at hand: Tom, the child in the sandbox, the house, Curvex, Dayton. Wars could sweep the rest of the earth, domestic crises convulse the United States, and Ruth knew no more of them than she did of a storm in the next county.

"I'm so proud I could burst," she said, when Tom finished. "What a shame I took the edge off it by bringing Hal home. But I had no idea it would happen so soon."

Tom grinned. "But you knew it was going to happen?"

"Naturally. Who else could they pick?"

He lifted her to her feet. "What's Jeffers like?"

Ruth laughed. "He's an acquired taste—like olives."

"Did you acquire a taste for him at school?"

She shook her head. "My roommate was in love with him. He had a terrible reputation—he was supposed to have broken a million hearts—and I kept trying to steer Janice away from him. One day I gave him a long talking-to, and when it was over all he did was ask me for a date." She smiled. "It's funny how trivial and faraway it seems now."

"Did he marry your roommate?"

"No. Janice was pretty, but her family didn't have any money. One thing you have to give Hal: he was always perfectly willing to tell you what he was after—no matter how outrageous it sounded." . . .

The next day, Tom moved into his new office and received the usual round of congratulations, including a memo from President J.R. Winninger *(Lt. Cmdr., Ret.)*. It read: *Welcome aboard, Tom. Know that we can count on you to keep everything shipshape and moving forward under a full head of steam.* Tom recalled that Lloyd's talk yesterday had been peppered with seagoing phrases, and he concluded that the nearer you got to the top at Curvex, the more Navy the lingo.

Charlie Fry was in early, and said: "I'm glad they had enough sense to pick you for the job, Tom," but the morning passed without a word from Dave Carlo. Hal Jeffers arrived while Tom was on the telephone, and Tom's new secretary, Miss O'Farrell, introduced him around the department and put him in Tom's old office.

On his way up to lunch, Tom was surprised to have Pierce Danvers, head of Marketing, fall in step with him. Danvers offered congratulations and, without so much as touching Tom's arm, led him across the executive dining room to the big table where the other department heads and policy makers lunched. Tom was amazed at how simply it was done. Without a word being said, he had been moved up another notch in the Curvex hierarchy. And it would be impossible ever to move down again. You either made good or got out. Across the room, he saw Dave Carlo and Hal Jeffers having lunch together and talking animatedly. Somehow, he wasn't surprised.

DIRECTLY after lunch, Tom went to Carlo's office and found him leaning back in his chair, feet on the desk. Tom sat down opposite him. "Do you want to say it or shall I?"

"Say what?" Dave Carlo asked.

"That you deserved this job as much as I did."

Dave brought his feet down from the desk. "Don't tell me that. Tell it to Lloyd."

"I did."

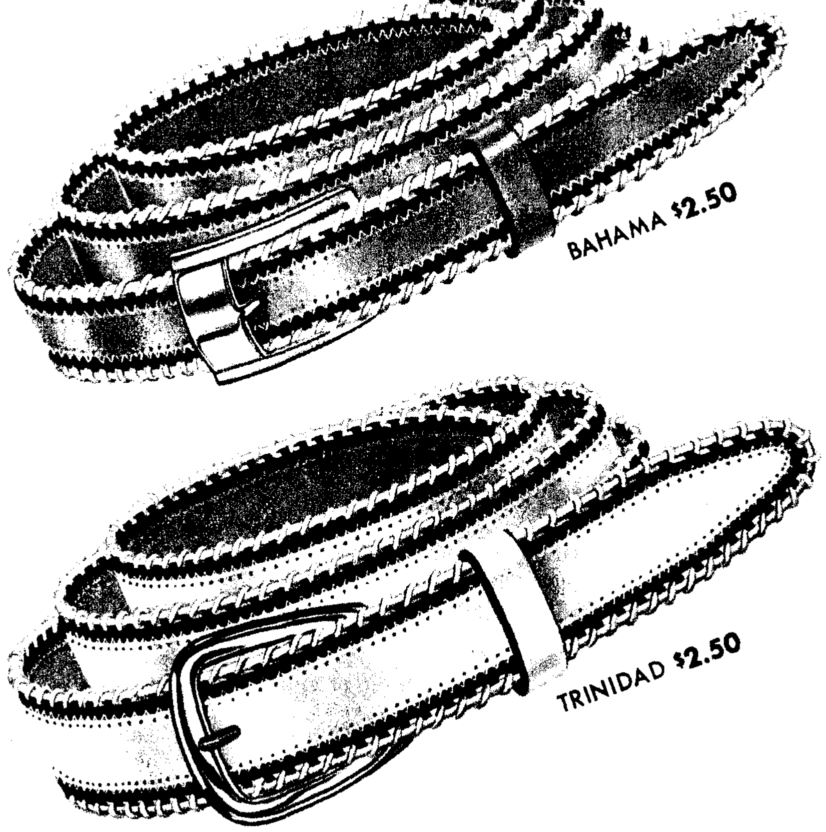
"Yeah? What did he say?"

"In effect, that I'm on trial for the next six months, and that if I don't deliver I go out on my ear." Tom smiled. "So all you have to do is drag your feet and fight me every step of the way, and you'll get your chance." As soon as he said it, Tom realized it hadn't come out sounding like a joke between friends.

"What the hell?" Carlo exploded. "Are you asking me to bail you out?"

"No," Tom said. "I'm asking you to do your job."

"I don't need you or anyone else to tell me that. Skip all this pal stuff—I'm not a kid who can be talked into thinking he's getting a big deal when



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what he's getting is a kick in the pants."

"I'm sorry you feel this way—"

"I bet you are, but that's how I feel."

Back in his office, Tom thought: Error number one. This is what Lloyd meant when he said he was worried by my lack of administrative experience. I fumbled the ball with Carlo and I doubt whether I'll get a second chance.

THERE was a staff conference at three o'clock. Fry and Jeffers were on time but Dave Carlo was a defiant ten minutes late. Tom said: "Lloyd wants us to come up with recommendations for a new campaign. Our biggest problem, as always, is point-of-sale display. We'll concentrate on that, but it might be a good idea to rethink the entire promotion situation from factory to customer. We may find we've been doing a lot of things from habit that have outlived their usefulness."

Carlo pretended to be shocked. "Are you suggesting the methods Lloyd developed aren't good enough?"

"Nothing is so good that it can't be made better," Tom said evenly. "And that goes for Eldon's ideas as well as for mine or yours, Dave."

"Oh, my ideas," Dave replied deprecatingly. "I wouldn't put my ideas on the same plane as yours or Eldon's." This sally won a laugh from Hal Jeffers.

"Any questions?" asked Tom.

Jeffers raised his pencil, for all the world like a pupil trying to catch teacher's eye. "I don't quite follow you on this rethinking business," he said. "What can we do on the factory end? It's not our job to worry about Distribution or Marketing, is it?"

Carlo snorted. "We'd better stay out of Marketing, or Pierce Danvers will blow us sky-high," he said.

"If you have an idea—any idea—that helps Sales Promotion, I'll fight for it," Tom answered. "I don't care whose toes it steps on."

"But as Dave just pointed out, we can't meddle in other departments, can we?" Jeffers persisted. "I wish you could be more specific."

There was something both deferential and phony about Jeffers' manner. Nevertheless, Tom decided to play it straight. "Take Packaging, for example. That's not our job, but if Curvex packages lack eye appeal, we're handicapped at our most vital spot—the retailers' counter. Of course, our packages are first-rate, but that's the sort of thing I mean." He glanced around. "Anything else?"

"When do you want our memos?" asked Charlie Fry.

"As soon as possible."

Fry nodded, and as they all rose, Jeffers asked: "By the way, what time are cocktails?"

Tom looked at him blankly. "What?"

"Ruth asked me over for cocktails."

"Oh, yes. Why, five thirty, I guess."

"Six," said Charlie Fry. "Ruth called us about it last night."

When the others had gone, Charlie said: "I guess Dave isn't going to forgive you for getting the job."

"He'll get over it," Tom replied, with a confidence he didn't feel.

"This Jeffers—I can't quite figure him," Charlie said.

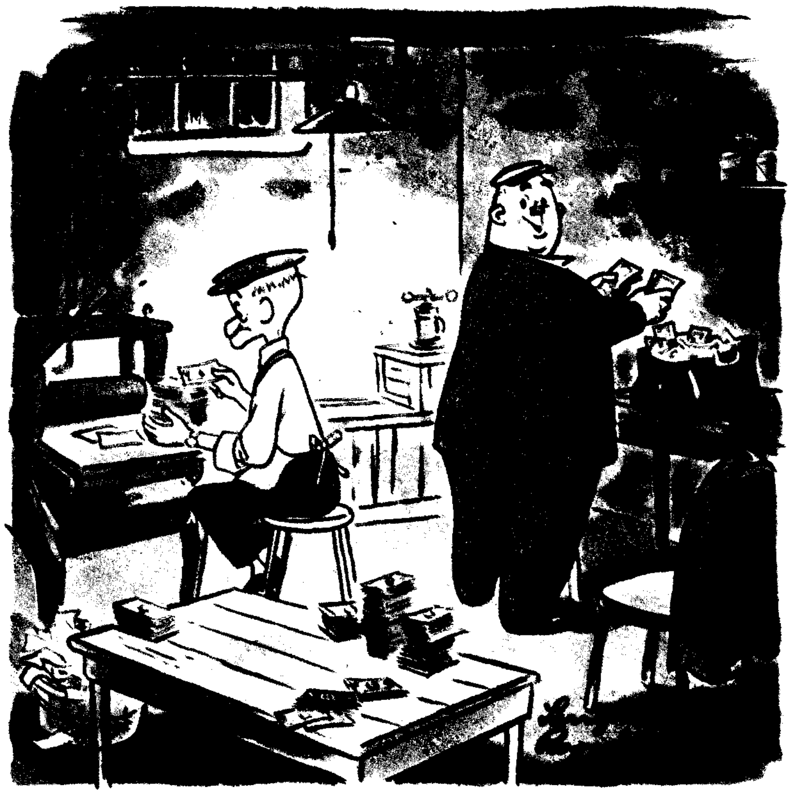
"He's bright—"

"So bright that I was surprised when he was sounding dumb a few minutes ago. I had the funniest feeling he was egging Dave on. Does Jeffers have anything against you, Tom?"

Tom said, grimly: "You're imagining things."

"Sure," said Charlie, "we're all just one happy family." . . .

BUTCH



"Whenever a bill looks too new, I say, 'I just made it.' People think that's quite a joke"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

At the cocktail party, in fact, they did resemble one happy family. It was a warm evening and Eldon and Mary Lloyd arrived early. Hal Jeffers came in with them, posing for Tom the problem of whether Hal had been with them all along or had just happened to meet them at the door. Dave Carlo and his wife never did show up.

THE party had thinned considerably by nine thirty. Tom, taking a breather from being host, was sitting alone on the terrace when Hal Jeffers joined him. "Ruth's looking very fetching tonight," he said. He raised his highball glass. "You're a lucky guy."

"I know it," Tom replied.

"If I were like you, at all like you, I'd have grabbed her myself at college."

"But you're not like me."

"Not a bit. I can't clutter my life with a wife, child, mortgage and suburban view. I have to travel light."

"Why?"

Hal took a drink. "Because I'm going to make a million dollars by the time I'm forty." He glanced at Tom to see the effect of this announcement. "You can't do it by starting your own business these days. Neither can you work your way up from the bottom in one of the big corporations. New times, new techniques."

"I gather you're going to let me in on it," Tom observed.

"Why not?" asked Hal, expansively. "I haven't spent all these years in school merely working for a Ph.D. What I've really been doing is making a flank attack on the big money. Did you see my thesis? It's called The Appliance Revolution—a Study in the Growth of Laborsaving Devices in the American Home. I sent it out under the university letterhead to the top men in a dozen of the biggest appliance firms." He chuckled reminiscently. "It's a funny thing: most businessmen are secretly impressed by the rigmarole of higher learning and tremendously flattered when eggheads seem to take them seriously. If I'd written a letter giving my background and asking for a job I'd have been fobbed off on some squirt in the personnel department. My thesis was another matter— it really brought the big boys on the run. Curvex offered me a job, so did Easterling, and two others were mighty interested. Easterling pushed the most money at me, but I took Curvex."

"That doesn't seem very sensible."

"How wrong you are. At this level, money doesn't mean anything. Curvex is where I can get a title, and a title is what you need for leverage to get to the top where the big money is."

"You'll probably make your million."

Hal grinned. "You hate my guts."

"Why should I?" Tom asked.

"Because if I'm not brilliant, I'm an insufferable blowhard. If I am"—his confident smile suddenly seemed naggingly familiar to Tom—"you might get trampled underfoot."

Tom checked his temper and answered mildly: "The way to avoid that is simply to stay ahead of you."

Jeffers frowned, as if this were an unexpected idea. Then he shook his head: "No, you waste too much time stopping dead in your tracks to comfort the fallen."

"What do you mean?"

"Dave Carlo. If you put up with his spoiled-brat routine, you'll put up with anything."

TOM decided he had had enough of Hal's experiment in psychological warfare. "Look," he said, "you're new to business. Let me give you some advice: be careful how much you drink and what you say at office parties."

Hal laughed. "You think I'm popping off because of alcohol? No, I'm sober—well, practically sober—"

He broke off as Ruth came out onto the terrace. "Oh, here you are, Tom. Come say good-by to the Lloyds."

"Is Eldon leaving?" Hal said quickly. "Then I'll be running along too. We have a few things to discuss." Hal smiled confidently at Tom and patted Ruth's arm. "It was a nice party."

In their bedroom later, Ruth said: "It went pretty well, didn't it?" Tom nodded absently, and she asked: "What's the matter?"

"Nothing." Then he turned to her. "Hal Jeffers reminds me of my mother."

"Your mother!"

"They have the same feeling of being absolutely unique. Both can be charming, but they find it hard to conceal their contempt for people they consider their inferiors—and that means just about everyone."

"Did something happen today?"

"Well, Dave Carlo is sore. He didn't even come tonight."

"No, I mean something with Hal."

Tom shrugged. "Charlie Fry thinks Hal is egging Dave on." Ruth looked worried, and Tom added quickly: "But *I* don't, darling. So relax."

"Hal always had a funny streak," she said. "But why should he make trouble for you, or for Dave either? It just doesn't make sense."

Tom wanted to end it. "Maybe I'm jumping at shadows. Let's go to bed."

"I'll tell you what," said Ruth. "I'll speak to Hal—"

"No, don't!" They were both surprised at the vehemence of his reply. He kissed her. "Now, don't make a thing of this. I'll handle it, if there's anything to handle."

BY FRIDAY of the following week, all recommendations for the new campaign were in. Tom stayed late at the office to read them—he liked working alone among the empty desks and echoing halls. Charlie Fry, dependable as always, had two solid suggestions. Dave Carlo's brief memo was little more than a collection of business clichés. Tom guessed that Dave had intended to turn in nothing at all but had lost his nerve and scribbled these platitudes instead.

The memo from Hal Jeffers was a thick ten pages. The first item was a practical suggestion on a par with those of Charlie Fry, and Tom was impressed that a newcomer could do so professional a job. The next two were more of what he had expected from Hal: each contained the germ of an idea but they were academic and elaborate; if usable at all they would cost too much money. Jeffers would be competition all right, but he was far from being the world-beater he imagined.

Then Tom read Jeffers' fourth suggestion and all his happy confidence dissolved. Hal had attached to his memo the directions-for-use folders that were inserted in the various Curvex appliances. Of them, he said: *They sound as if they were written by engineers for engineers. But our products are used by American housewives—who are accustomed to reading plain English, not technical Choctaw. We build well-designed and easy-to-operate products—so why make them sound as complex as atomic submarines?* He went on to blast not only the writing, but the type face, the format and the illustrations, which he accurately described as *dingy, dull and as confusing as the text.* He included a sample instruction sheet of his own, written in clear, concise prose and illustrated with simplified line drawings that made the assembly and operation of a Curvex mixer as easy as A B C.

Like all good ideas, it was so simple that you wondered why you hadn't thought of it yourself. Tom winced as he remembered that just a few months before, Ruth had been baffled in trying to assemble a Curvex mixer and complained that she couldn't make sense of the directions. All he had done was laugh in a superior masculine fashion and put the mixer together. He thought then that Ruth was displaying typical female incompetence when faced with anything mechanical. Now he saw that he had been displaying typical male stupidity. How did we ever overlook this? Tom wondered.

He stacked the memos together with his own outline for the campaign and put them in his drawer. Leaving the plant, Tom thought: I've the weekend ahead of me and I'll spend it trying to come up with a better idea than Hal's. No—the campaign came first, and he had already promised it to Lloyd by Monday. For a wild moment he was tempted to write the report without giving individual credit to anyone for anything. After all, it was supposed to be a joint effort.

I've got to face it, Tom told himself; Hal Jeffers is every bit as good as he thinks he is. Does that mean he's a better man than I am? He saw before him the pit of despair and frustration into which Dave Carlo had plunged, and he knew he himself was tottering on the edge. . . .

On Sunday, Miss O'Farrell came into the office and helped Tom get out the report. After describing one of his own ideas dealing with promotional aids for the company salesmen, Tom added: *Dave Carlo contributed largely to the thinking of this project and also made valuable contributions to the problem of dealer moral.* That wasn't too great a distortion of Dave's clichés. When he was finished, Tom asked Miss O'Farrell to leave the top copy on his desk and to distribute carbons to Fry, Carlo and Jeffers. He went home, showered, played before bedtime with Junior and startled Ruth by swinging her off her feet and saying: "Call a baby sitter. I'm taking you out."

"Oh, Tom," cried Ruth. "This means the report's all right, doesn't it? I've been so worried."

"I hadn't noticed," he said jokingly.

"Stop it," she replied. "You know I worry about everything. And you were so gloomy and preoccupied—"

"But I'm not any more." He spanked her behind. "Now call the sitter."

It was a fine evening, and when they went to bed Ruth whispered: "I'm so lucky. I'm the luckiest girl in the world."

He felt a twinge then, because the celebration had been only a last spurt of recklessness before he faced up to the grim decisions of the week ahead. He kissed her. "I hope you'll always think so," he said.

Ruth clung to him fiercely. "I will —no matter what happens."

ON MONDAY, Tom gave the report a final reading before it went up to Eldon Lloyd. Then he looked in on Dave Carlo, who was gloomily leafing through his carbon copy. Dave glanced up: "I see you covered for me. Well, thanks for nothing. I wrote the memo I did because I was bucking to get fired. Why don't you fire me?"

"You're too good a man to lose," Tom answered.

Dave stared at him a moment. Then he got up, closed his office door and produced a bottle of whisky from his desk. "Want a drink?"

When Tom shook his head, Dave went on: "Neither do I. I hate the stuff. But I've got to take something to keep from going crazy. Tom, I don't know what to do. Everything's in a mess at home. My wife and I spend our time screaming at each other, when we're not screaming at the kid. The kid"—he gestured tiredly—"well, I don't have to tell you about the kid. Every time the phone rings I'm afraid to answer it for fear it will be the police or a hospital telling me something has happened to him. Maybe I should get a divorce, but what would that solve?"

"Can't you get some outside help?"

"We've been to our doctor and our pastor. They both say the same thing, that we need love and understanding. But I do love them and I try to understand them. Somehow we just can't get through to each other." He shrugged ruefully. "I don't know how I had the crust to think I could beat you out for the manager's job. How can I expect to run a department when I can't even handle a teen-age boy and a hysterical woman?"

TOM didn't interrupt and, after talking himself out, Dave finally said: "You've been a real help. Nothing's settled, of course, but I got a lot off my chest. You don't know how awful it is to have no one to talk to." Then he added, sharply: "Watch out for Hal Jeffers—he's been doing an artistic job of putting a knife in your back. He used to be in here all the time, holding my hand and agreeing what a louse you were. Don't trust him an inch, Tom."

"Thanks," said Tom. "But I can take care of myself—at least, I think I can."

"You know," said Dave, "I think you can too."

When Tom went back to his office, Hal Jeffers was sitting on the edge of the desk, a copy of the report in his hand. Hal smiled and gestured with the report. "It makes interesting reading. You're a great one for giving credit where credit is due. I thought the plug for Dave Carlo was especially handsome—you see, he showed me his memo before he handed it in." Hal shook his head reprovingly. "You're behaving just as I said you would. Don't forget Leo Durocher's immortal remark: 'Nice guys finish last.' "

"You studied for a Ph.D.," Tom answered. "I should think you could come up with a fancier philosopher than Leo Durocher."

"*Touché,*" Hal said and grinned. "But I'm not looking for a fight. I just wanted to say thanks for the kind words about me in the report. By the way" —and now his tone changed—"how come you left out two of my ideas?"

He sounded like a superior demanding an explanation from a subordinate. Tom would have liked to kick Hal the length of the Administration building. Instead, he answered levelly: "I treated your memo the same as everyone else's. The ideas I thought workable, I used. The others, I omitted."

Hal raised an eyebrow. "Perhaps you ought to know that I spoke to Eldon about them and he was mighty interested."

"I'm busy, Hal. We can take this up some other time."

"Have it your own way," Hal replied. "But don't say I didn't warn you."

On Tuesday afternoon, Tom was summoned to Eldon Lloyd's office. "This is a good job," said Eldon, tapping the report. "But I expect you know that already. We were really caught napping on those appliance directions."

Tom nodded. "I wish I'd had the idea. Jeffers is first-rate."

Lloyd leaned back in his chair. "Is he ready to be moved up to assistant manager?"

"Yes," Tom said. He was thinking

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dully: So this is how it will be. Hal Jeffers becomes my assistant three weeks after he starts work. Five months from now—or sooner—there'll be another interview with Lloyd, and I'll be told gently that my work is good but not good enough. I'll be asked to step aside, and Jeffers will take over as Sales Promotion manager.

Lloyd reached for a cigarette. "By the way, how are you getting along with Dave Carlo?"

"Just fine."

"Really?" Eldon was genuinely surprised. "I thought he'd be giving you a bad time. Dave takes things hard."

"Everything's okay," Tom replied shortly, knowing Lloyd could have learned about Carlo's attitude only from Hal Jeffers.

"Glad to hear it." Lloyd leafed through the report. "By the way, did Jeffers have any other suggestions you didn't include here?"

"You know damn' well he did."

Eldon flushed and said: "Yes, he did mention a couple of other ideas. Why did you omit them?"

"Because the Sales Promotion budget would have to be tripled to do either one properly."

"You could have asked for more money."

"Frankly, I didn't think these two ideas worth it."

"All the same, I'd like to see them."

TOM got up, determined to speak his piece. "Right away. I thought my job was to make value judgments and not just pass along ideas—any ideas—that cross my desk."

"Now wait a minute—" began Lloyd.

"I'm tired waiting," Tom told him. "I'm going downstairs and have a talk with Jeffers. I'm going to explain to him how a corporation works, that he's responsible to me, just as I'm responsible to you. As J. R. Winninger loves to put it: 'Things should go through channels on this man's ship.' The next time Hal comes running to you with a preview of one of his sensational ideas, you might back me up and tell him the same thing. Either that, or give him my job right now and be done with it."

Lloyd sputtered: "When I was in Sales Promotion I never hesitated to go over Mr. Lumkin's head if the occasion required it—"

Tom leaned forward over the desk. "But I'm not Conrad Lumkin: I'm neither deaf nor senile. If I can't recognize a good idea when I see one, get rid of me. But don't expect me to sit still while you and Jeffers slit my throat."

Eldon was half out of his chair. "Is that all?"

"It is."

"Then I'll only say that you seem to have let your job go to your head—" He broke off, stubbed out his cigarette, and then added in a more controlled voice: "Send me that Jeffers material I asked for."

Tom went down to his office and had Miss O'Farrell bring him Jeffers' ten-page memo from the file. Then he angrily typed a brief letter of resignation, attached it to the Jeffers memo and sealed them both in an interoffice envelope. He said to Miss O'Farrell: "Take this up to Mr. Lloyd yourself. Right away. And tell Jeffers I want to see him."

"He's over at a Marketing conference with Mr. Danvers."

Well, it didn't matter, thought Tom, realizing with wry amusement that the only reason he wanted to see Hal was to find an excuse for punching him.

Miss O'Farrell went on uncertainly: "I don't think he'll be back—"

"He's not the only one," Tom answered. "I'm going home, in case anyone wants to reach me."

"Yes, sir," she said, backing away as he went out the door.

FOR hours, Tom drove aimlessly before turning for home, chiefly because he wanted to be calm when he saw Ruth. This would be the first major crisis of their marriage. Ruth was easily panicked by the vaguest of threats to their home and security. How would she face up to the real thing?

As he let himself in, she called to him from upstairs and then came running down in a new dress, which she modeled happily. "Do you like it?"

"Yes. Very nice."

She paused in a pirouette. "Something's wrong."

"I've just quit my job."

She paled. "Did—did Lloyd reject your report?"

"He thought it was the greatest thing he'd ever seen. But what he liked was Jeffers' work, not mine. Hal's going to be made assistant manager."

"Assistant manager? But you'd still be his boss, wouldn't you?"

"For a few months, maybe. Eldon and Hal were greasing the slide for me, so I quit."

"Were you asked to?"

"No."

She pushed her hair back from her temples. "I don't understand. If everyone else is satisfied, why aren't you?"

"Blame it on pride," he said. "I won't go through the motions of being boss if I haven't the ability to be boss."

"Pride," repeated Ruth. "Your pride didn't keep you from quitting a fight."

He tried to explain it to her. "There isn't any fight. There never was. Lloyd knew right from the start that Hal was the man he wanted. I was put in temporary charge just until Hal was seasoned enough to take over." He touched her hand. "I had my chance. Lloyd warned me that if I was only 'good' that wouldn't be enough." He made an attempt at cheerfulness. "It's not the end of the world. I'll get another job."

"With your mother?"

That hurt, but he said: "If necessary, with my mother."

Ruth began to cry. "I didn't mean that, Tom. Forgive me."

"Of course." He put an arm around her. "I sprang it on you too suddenly."

"I hate it that I get scared so easily," she told him, sniffling. "It's just that we've made our life here—"

"I'm thirty and you're twenty-five. There's time to make another life."

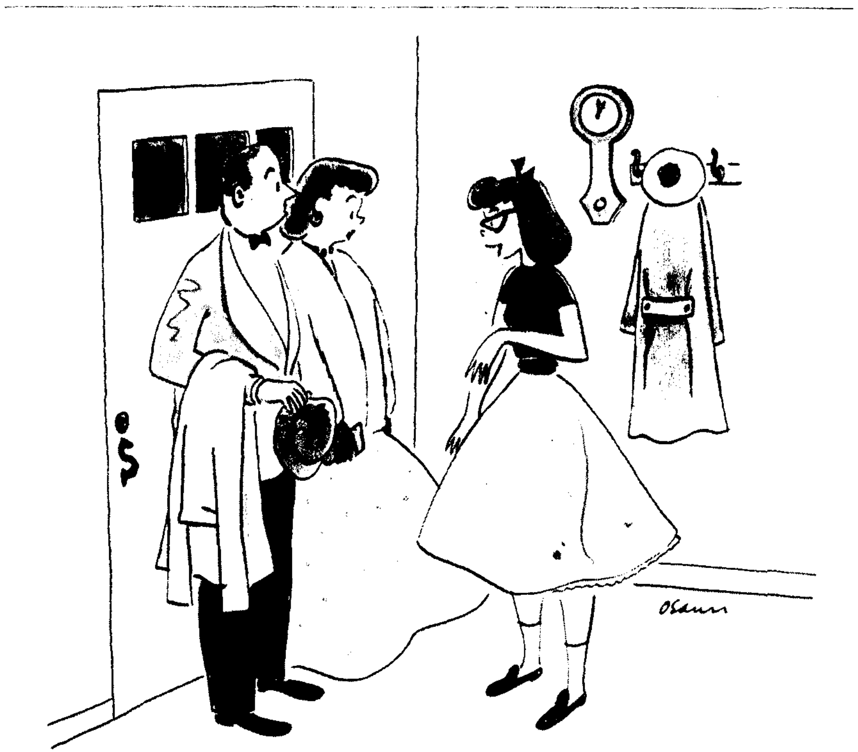
"Will we leave Dayton?"

"We may have to. Do you mind?"

She shook her head. "I'm not afraid of anything we do together. Honestly. The only thing that bothers me is your feeling that Hal is better than you are. It isn't true. You have character and kindness and integrity in a way Hal will never have."

He smiled wryly. "Let's face it, Ruth. He's smarter than I am."

"I'd die before I'd admit even that, and Lloyd must be a fool if he thinks so—" She broke off, hand to her mouth. "Oh!" she gasped. "They're here!"



TIZZY

"Oh, yes, he went to bed quietly—at least a dozen times"

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN

Through the glass curtains, Tom saw Eldon and Mary Lloyd getting out of their car.

"Oh, I forgot!" Ruth cried. "This morning, when I thought everything was all right, I called Mary and asked them for cocktails. What will we do?"

"Why, we'll give them cocktails, of course. Just because I've quit doesn't mean we're mortal enemies." But as he went to the door he was puzzled. Eldon had been as angry as he this afternoon. It would have been simpler all around for the Lloyds to have broken the date.

EVERYONE stiffly upheld the conventions. Tom said something inane about the weather. Eldon agreed. "What would everyone like? Scotch? Martinis?" Ruth asked nervously.

Mary Lloyd took her arm. "Let's us make the drinks. I know what my husband wants and I'm sure you can answer for Tom."

When they left the room, Eldon said: "No sense fooling around, Tom. I've been thinking about our talk, especially since your resignation arrived."

"I was just telling Ruth," said Tom.

"She didn't know?"

"Not until just now."

"We all do these things differently. I usually take my decisions up with Mary—at least the day before they're due," he said and smiled. Then he added meaningfully: "Easterling twice offered me more money than I was getting here. I turned them down. I guess I'd rather be a big frog in a small puddle than the reverse. It's funny, I always thought you were the same."

"But I am," protested Tom. He began to blush. "You don't think—look, Eldon, I haven't had a job offer from Easterling."

"Who is it, then?"

"No one."

LLOYD looked at him skeptically. "You mean you actually resigned because of all that stuff you were spouting about Hal Jeffers? I thought that was just your excuse."

Tom writhed inside in embarrassment. "It seemed pretty obvious that Hal was being groomed to take over my job—"

"Of all the damn' fool notions," Eldon interrupted. Then, reflectively, he said: "No, it's not. I should have realized you had buck fever—it happens to executives in their first big job just as it does to soldiers in their first big battle. But I'd got so used to your competence it never occurred to me you might be a mass of insecurity inside." He grinned companionably. "Frankly, I've been going through a little of the same thing in my new post. I guess I've been so absorbed in my own problems I haven't had time to think of what you might be feeling. Sit down—you look as if you need to."

Tom did, and Eldon went on. "About Jeffers. He's brilliant. If you want the truth, he's a better idea man than you are. But so is your secretary a better typist. *That* doesn't make you want to resign, does it? A fellow like Jeffers is a sort of artist of the business world. But he has an artist's liabilities, too. He's self-centered, arrogant, convinced that he's the greatest little thing that God ever created. He'd make a poor administrator because he rubs people the wrong way. A department headed by Jeffers would always be in an uproar. And Jeffers won't be with us long. He's simply using Curvex to get a big offer out of Easterling.

"But we're using *him*, too," Eldon went on, "because the only way he can impress Easterling is to do a bang-up job for us. And he's done it. So good a job that he nearly broke your heart. Actually, that makes your report all the more impressive. You selected the ideas of his that we can use and tossed out two others equally clever that would cost us more than they're worth." He drew out a sheet of paper—Tom's resignation. "Is it all right if I tear this up?"

Tom took it from him. "I'll burn it."

He got up, and Eldon said: "Go on and tell her. Mary promised to keep Ruth in the kitchen until we'd finished our talk."

As Tom burst into the kitchen, Mary Lloyd smilingly indicated the pantry, where he found Ruth preparing *canapés*. He put his arms around her. "Forget everything I said. I'm not leaving Curvex, we're not leaving Dayton."

"Tom, is that what you want?"

He shook his head, still holding her. "What I want is right here," he answered. —ROBERT MCLAUGHLIN

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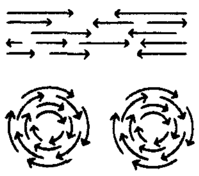

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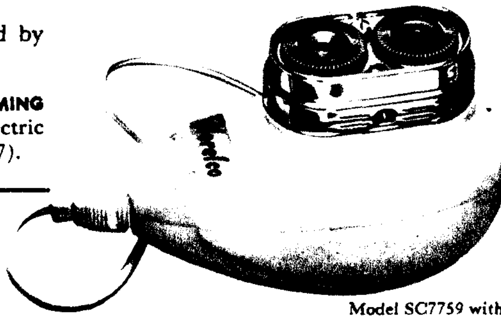

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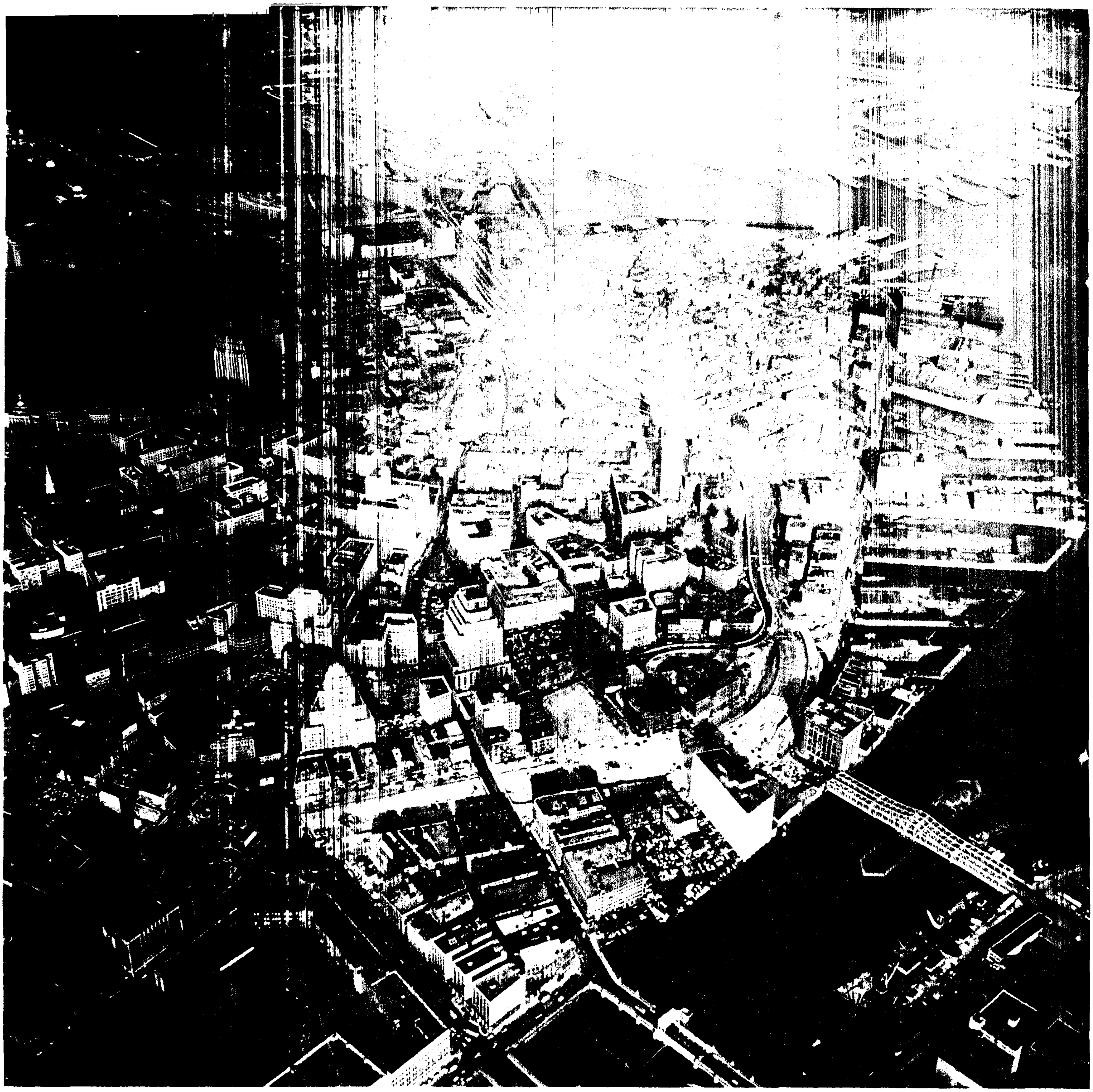


Boston's $50,000,000 Mile

A controversial over-and-underground superhighway that plumbs the past and splits the present is the costliest example yet of man's struggle out of his ancestral maze

IN BOSTON, citadel of New England thrift, they are spending $50,000,000 to build the most expensive mile of highway on earth. Looped around the downtown area, it will sit on stilts at one end and sink at the other into the widest tunnel in the world—91½ feet from wall to wall, an underground warren of subterranean entrances and exits.

While a mile of ordinary Massachusetts highway can be laid for as little as $200,000, merely to tear away the tangled growth of the nation's second oldest metropolis for this 5,730 feet of progress came to 100 times more. When the construction and engineering costs of wedging 300,000 tons of roadway through the middle of Boston are figured, upon completion in April, 1958, the bill will come to about $8,700 a foot.

The Mile will have television for traffic control and radiant heat to melt snow. But its intricacies and cost are only partial measure of what man must do these days to struggle out of the urban maze. For to thrust a concrete ramp through central Boston is to operate on a beating heart. The veins of city life—water and gas mains, electric, telephone and telegraph lines, police- and fire-alarm systems—must be exposed and realigned. The man-made accumulations of three centuries must be probed or cut away. But always the heart must be kept beating, for Boston is the market place and meeting place of New England.

The Mile itself is laid along one of the great pathways of America's past. At its north is Faneuil Hall, where patriots met to rage at the British, and slightly south is the site of Griffin's Wharf, where the rage first burst forth as the Boston Tea Party. The birthplace of patriot Samuel Adams is on the route; the Old North Church and Paul Revere's house are not far off.

Now the past has been pierced and a 3.5-mile "Central Artery"—of which the $50,000,000 Mile is the most integral part—will be rung around Boston. Much of the Artery is already completed and a few of its blessings have even been clocked: for example, a mile-long trip that used to take 25 minutes by way of what Bostonians good-humoredly call streets now takes just two minutes.

But progress is not without pain. And the pain, in the case of Boston's $50,000,000 Mile, was localized in two sensitive spots—the history-rich, raucous North End just above downtown, and the populous industrial-residential area just below. To those whose neighborhoods would be split apart—the meatcutters and open-market merchants and Italian-Americans in the North End, and the garment and leatherworkers and Chinese-Americans to the south—the scalpel of progress looked more like a cleaver. Studies had shown that 85 per cent of traffic would use the Artery to get into and not around town and that the Mile, therefore, should funnel business to the heart of the city. But tell that to the meatcutters and open-market merchants and Italian-Americans in the North End, and the garment and leatherworkers and Chinese-Americans to the south.

They beseeched the mayor, implored the governor and tried to convince the public that Works Commissioner John A. Volpe was the Devil himself. They had the whole town proposing alternate routes—the mayor, the newspapers, private engineering firms and one writer who suggested that the Mile turn left rather than right at its critical point. "This," he said, "would dump all the traffic right into the ocean."

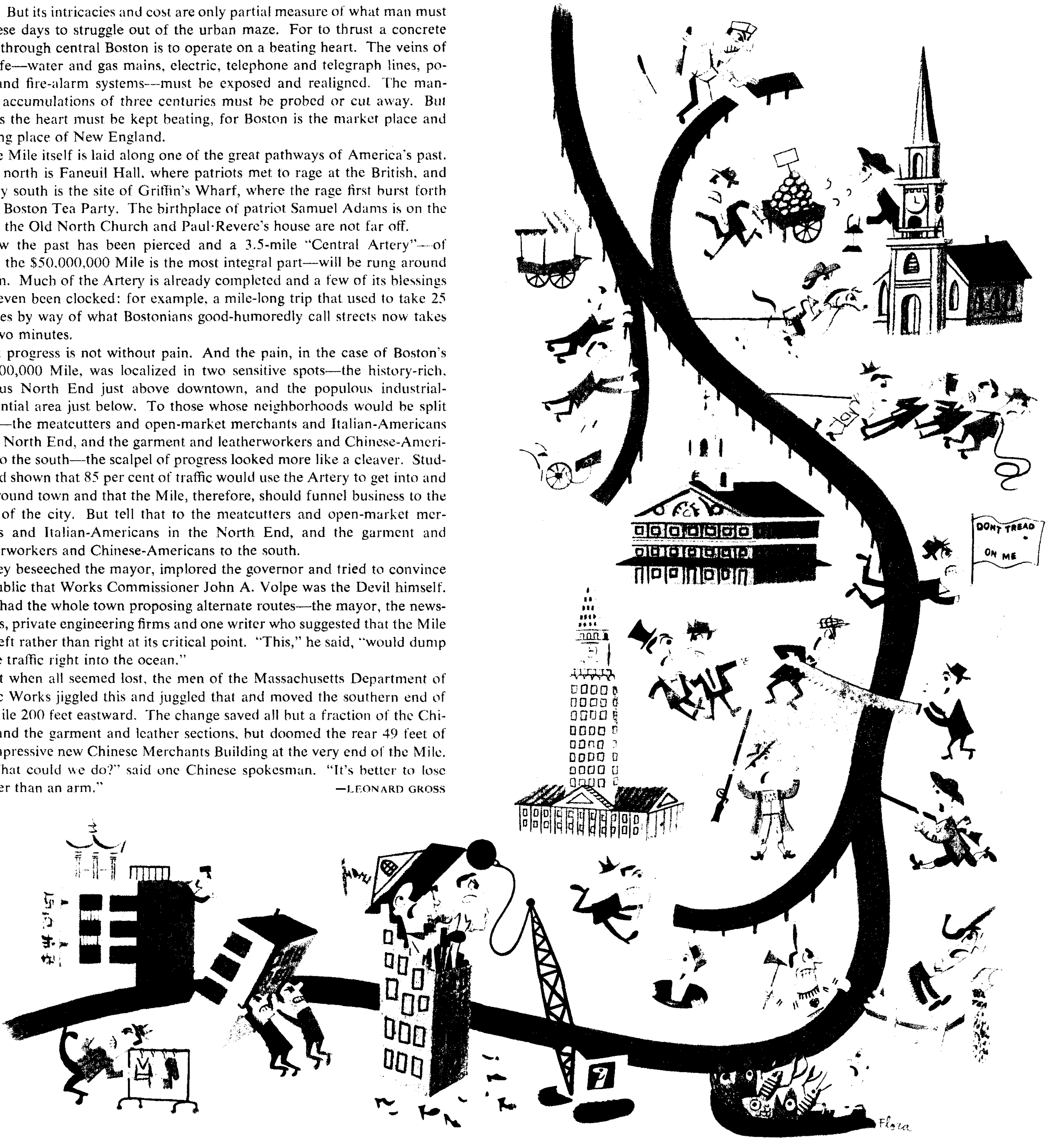
Just when all seemed lost, the men of the Massachusetts Department of Public Works jiggled this and juggled that and moved the southern end of the Mile 200 feet eastward. The change saved all but a fraction of the Chinese and the garment and leather sections, but doomed the rear 49 feet of the impressive new Chinese Merchants Building at the very end of the Mile.

"What could we do?" said one Chinese spokesman. "It's better to lose a finger than an arm."

—LEONARD GROSS

On opposite page: an aerial view of Boston's Central Artery. Key portion, the $50,000,000 Mile, begins at road complex to left of tall Custom House tower, curves clockwise into broad, unfinished strip that marks beginning of underground portion scheduled for completion in two years. Below: artist's portrayal of the fuss that greeted intrusion of the Mile on neighborhoods

DRAWING BY JAMES FLORA



BOB PHILLIPS

Arthur Burns, chairman of Council of Economic Advisers; and in background (l. to r.), Gabriel Hauge, assistant to the President for economic affairs, and Joseph S. Davis, one of the three Economic Advisers Council members

By CARROLL KILPATRICK

Ike's minister for prosperity

He is Arthur Burns, who has direct, constant access to the President as his top economic adviser, who battled 1954's recession, nursed 1955's record boom—and now says 1956 is soaring to the best times ever for the U.S.

ARTHUR F. BURNS, a former economics professor at Columbia University, is a regular and frequent visitor to President Eisenhower's office, whether it is in Denver, Gettysburg or across the street in the White House. As chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, Burns has a standing Monday-morning appointment with the President and often sees him more frequently. It is his job to make good on Mr. Eisenhower's promise that "never again shall we allow a depression in the United States." Burns believes he can do it.

In this election year, prosperity is a key campaign issue for Republicans, and Burns, the administration's "Minister for Prosperity," is optimistic that 1956 will see a continuation of the record-breaking 1955 boom in the American economy. He sees no present danger that the boom will run away into inflation.

Burns is the symbol of America's new approach to economic policy. He has used this new approach to help get the country out of one recession—in 1953-'54—and he believes that although we may have further downturns, the government, with the help of business, labor and agriculture, can again and always stop recessions from developing into slumps that shake the nation.

Although he is a constant worrier, and is paid to worry, Burns is today one of the more confident men in Washington. "I don't have any doubt about 1956 being a good year for the economy," he says with considerable emphasis. "There are no basic maladjustments outside of agriculture. Such difficulties as we have had in the housing industry are in process of being corrected, and the same is true of the automobile industry. There is great strength in the economy. Business investment is increasing rapidly and government outlays are also moving up."

Burns was a better forecaster on the prospects for 1955 than any of the economic experts who testified before the Joint Congressional Committee on the Economic Report. Although they were less optimistic about last year than Burns, the annual Economic Report, which it is his responsibility to prepare for the President's submission to Congress every January, called the turn.

In the 1956 report issued this January, Burns again was optimistic—and again more so than most of the experts who testified. Burns sees no reason now to alter his optimism despite the possibility of some moderate ups and downs during the balance of this year.

Burns thinks 1956 may turn out to be the best year in history. Last year set an all-time record in the output of goods and services. Growth was steady throughout the year, increasing substantially in each quarter. The first two quarters of 1956, according to present indicators, will equal or better the best quarter of last year and far exceed its first two quarters.

This boom of the mid-50s is being carefully watched and nursed in Washington. Elliott V. Bell, editor and publisher of Business Week magazine, and a well-known Republican, has said that during the 1953-'54 recession we had the best of two worlds—a conservative administration that inspired businessman confidence and at the same time boldly pursued compensatory fiscal and monetary policies which would have been denounced a few years earlier as downright New Deal heresy.

That comment suggests Burns's philosophy: he believes that business is the prime mover in producing prosperity, that confidence is of urgent importance, and that competition and free enterprise are much more than catchwords. At the same time, he places great emphasis on the economic role of government and the necessity of constantly repairing and re-forming the economic machinery.

Burns regards himself as a preventive-medicine man, although he has those much-discussed blueprints for public works on the shelf at all times. But he says that they are for use only in case of a severe downturn. For the moderate downturn or recession—the kind which every economist says is as yet unavoidable—Burns has ready a variety of indirect controls and stimulants which he believes will both control and cure. He explains these are effective because "our detection methods are better, we have better statistics, they are published more promptly and we have learned to analyze them more satisfactorily. We are far better equipped to call the tune than we were 20 years ago."

And, he adds, these government controls and stimulants are all the more

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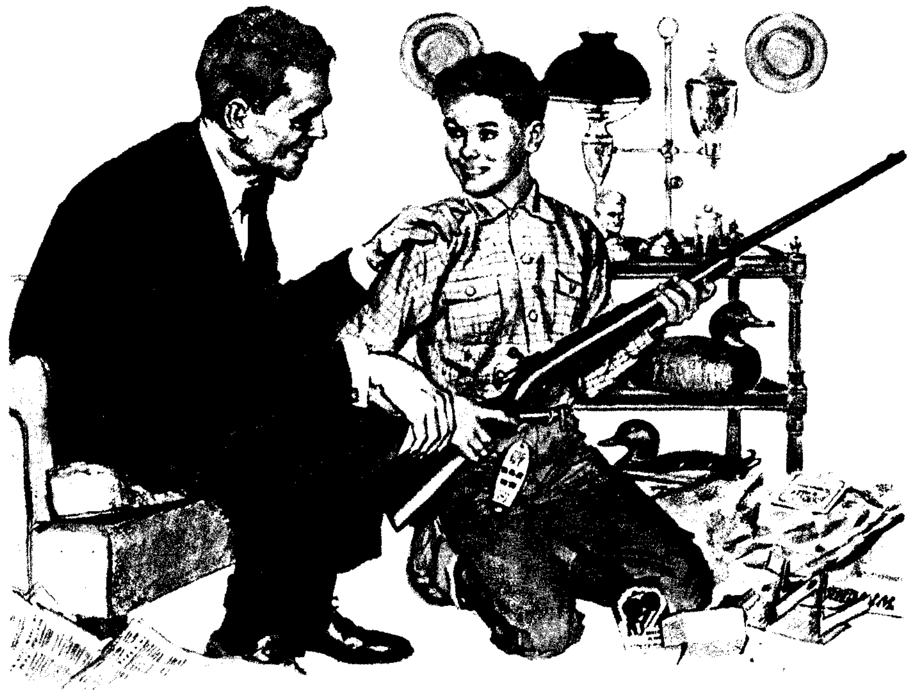

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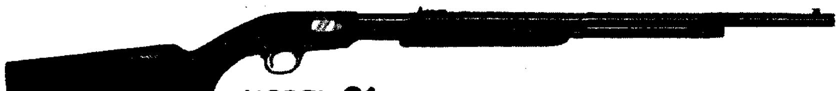

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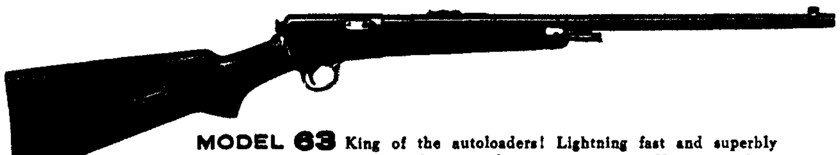

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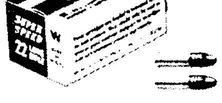

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"No more depressions," Ike has pledged—

Burns is sure he can make good on that promise

effective because of the changed nature of the U.S. economy. Burns is impatient with those who compare the present prosperity with the 1920s. Few Americans, he says, "are aware of the transformation in the distribution of our national income that has occurred within the past 20 years—a transformation that has been carried out peacefully and gradually, but which may already be counted as one of the great social revolutions of history."

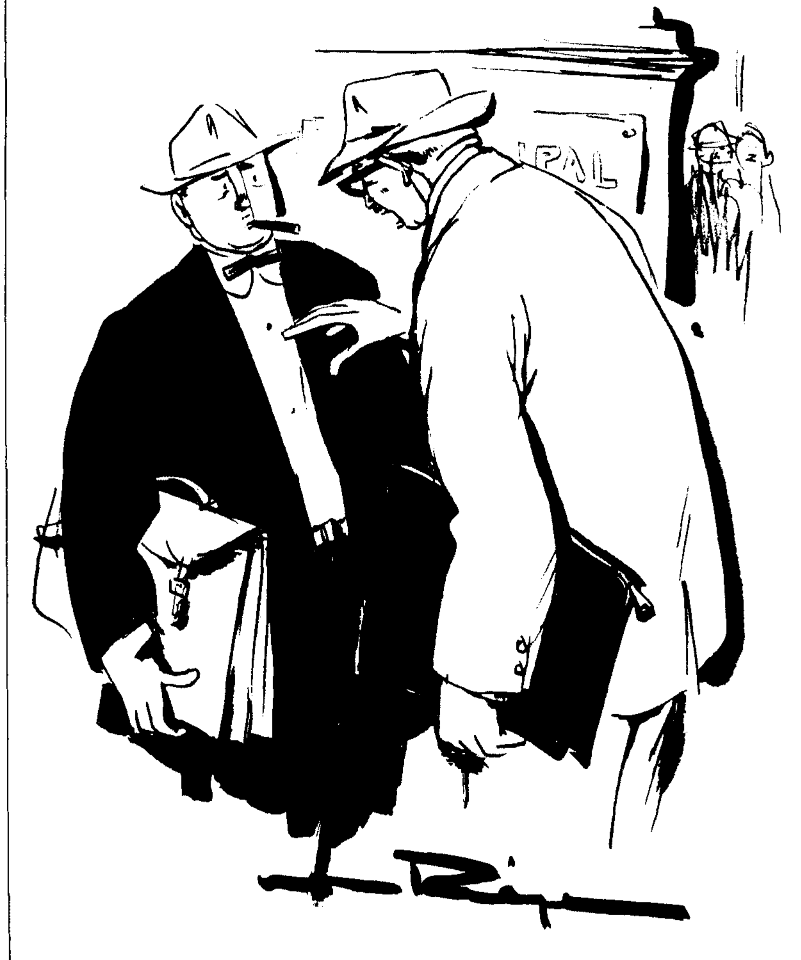
A recent Census Bureau study demonstrates that the biggest income gainers in this generation have been the middle-income groups. The only group to receive a relatively smaller amount of the total income is the top fifth. The middle three fifths in the income scale showed the greatest gains in the 1939-'51 period, which is one of the principal explanations for the buoyant economic conditions of the postwar years. This group, instead of salting its money away, and thus keeping it idle, spends a major part of its income and keeps the wheels of industry turning.

THERE ALSO HAS been a revolution in the characteristics of the money people owe. Burns is convinced that we must view debt—the goblin of orthodox economists—in an entirely different light today. He says he is not afraid of debt as such because without it, there could be no significant industrial growth in the United States. And he believes the citizen of this era should not be afraid of properly managed installment buying and other forms of credit so long as he keeps increasing his assets and earning power.

The development of the long-term fully amortizable mortgage has given the home buyer a security, Burns argues, that he could not know in the past when he was subject to call for the full amount of debt outstanding. Today his house payments are like rent. They are a form of saving, and the bank cannot make demands on him beyond his regular monthly payments.

And the housewife, instead of spending 25 cents a day for ice, is spending $2 a week to buy an electric refrigerator, Burns points out. Instead of spending part of her income on a day servant, she may be buying automatic laundries and dishwashers at a smaller weekly outlay than the servant's pay.

Discussing the repeated warnings that the growth of debt has been too fast, Burns readily grants that "we had some speculation in the last year. But we checked the deterioration in the quality of credit before it got too bad. It's true we have had too much speculation on the stock



"That's one good feature of criminal law. When you lose a case you don't have the client around always reminding you of it"

COLLIER'S WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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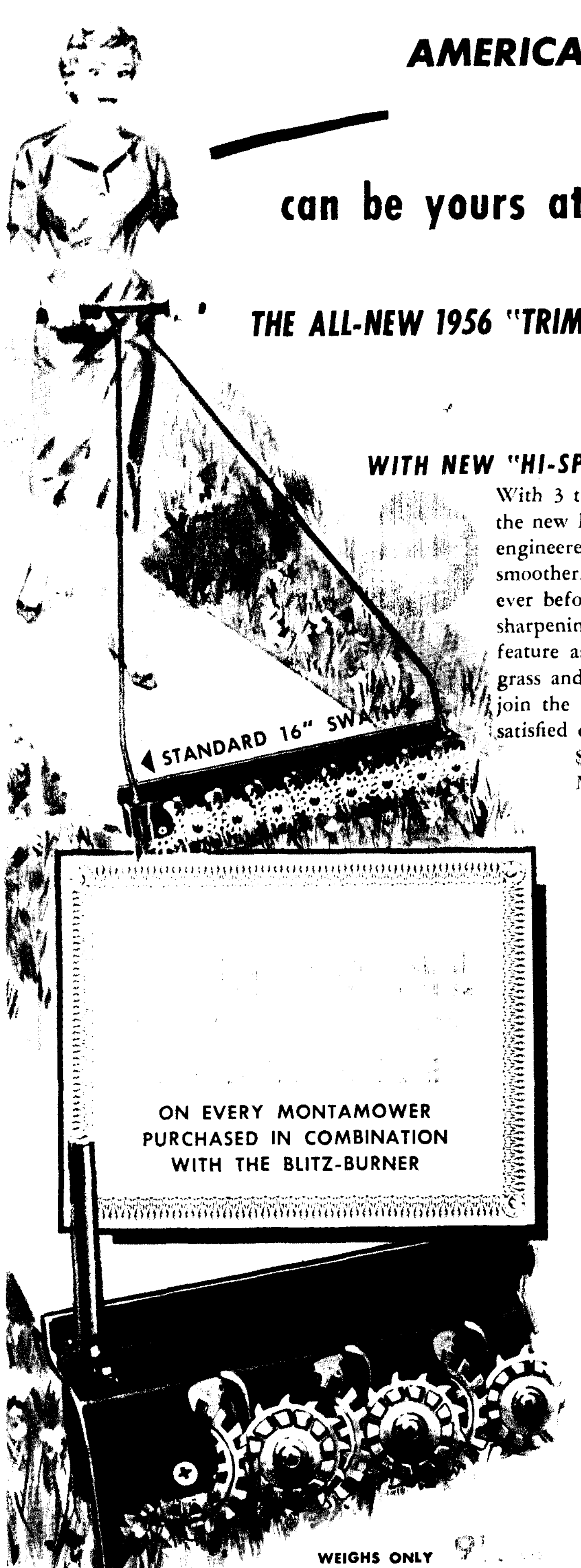
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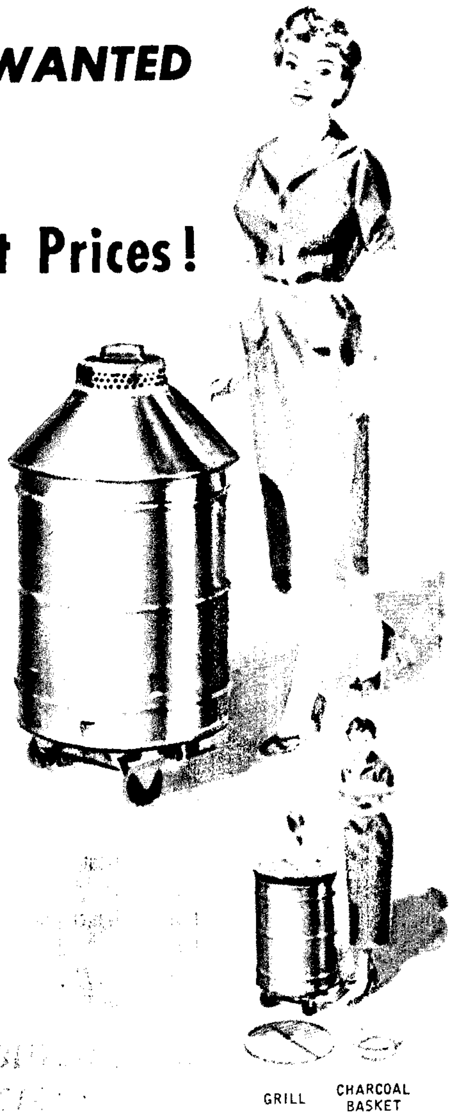

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market. But credit is used in the market to a very small extent compared with the twenties." In the past, Burns says, each of the major economic expansions ended in a speculative boom and each was followed by a deep depression that lasted for years. Throughout 1955 the government quietly tightened the reins to prevent the boom from getting out of hand, and, Burns is confident, "we had a *healthy* expansion."

Official Washington is confident in Burns's judgment because he likes to have figures to back every statement he makes. His words come out cautiously around the smoke puffs of his pipe. When asked a speculative question at a Congressional hearing, he is not afraid to reply that he has not sufficient evidence at hand to comment.

Some officials find it hard to believe that there is any economic problem on which Burns lacks evidence. He himself admits he can read tables and charts of figures as fast as the average person can read fiction.

STATISTICIANS AND ECONOMISTS in the government agencies regard Burns as a scourge. "I want more facts, I want more facts," he is repeatedly telling the fact gatherers and analysts in the Treasury, Commerce, Labor and Agriculture Departments. "And I want them faster."

What figures does he watch for first? "The emphasis will change from time to time," says this economist who prides himself on his flexible approach to a changing economy. "Last summer I was following most intensely statistics on prices and inventories. I was afraid of inventory speculation. In December, I was most concerned about bank reserves, housing developments, auto inventories and the rate at which we were using steel. Now I am watching all inventories, retail trade, bond prices and interest rates."

In last year's Economic Report, Burns told how the 1953-'54 economic downturn had been contained and overcome. The resources of government, labor and business were combined to do the job, and what was done then suggests a possible future course of action if another downturn should loom:

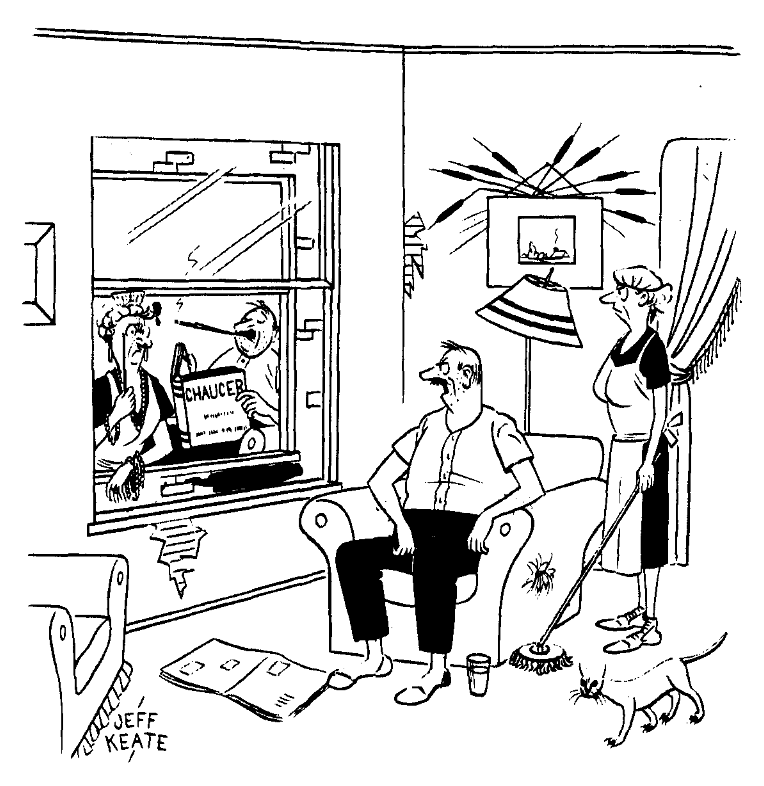
1. Unlike prewar recessions, the report noted, the 1953-'54 decline was not characterized by a general slashing of wages, partly because of the strength of labor and partly because of the businessman's realization that wage cutting and layoffs would injure the economy.

2. While corporations and individuals earned less, their tax bills were lowered by $1,000,000,000—with that much of a stimulant to the economy.

3. Taxes on individuals and corporations were reduced by deliberate act of Congress by $7,000,000,000 annually, providing a powerful shot in the arm to the economy.

4. Consumer spending, private domestic investment, foreign investments and state and local spending increased, taking up the slack of declining federal spending.

5. The government shifted from a policy of credit restriction to a policy of credit ease.



"One thing I can't stand are these *nouveaux* poor!"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

GEORGE WOLFE

"He's been suspended for thirty days . . . caused the worst wreck in the history of the Union and Santa Fe Model Railroad Club"

COLLIER'S GEORGE WOLFE

6. Although total personal income derived from production decreased—from July, 1953, to July, 1954—by $4,400,000,000, unemployment insurance and social security payments (two of the new built-in stabilizers) were increased at a rate of about $2,200,000,000. Individuals began to save less, thus putting more of their money into circulation. Corporations, despite a decline in earnings, increased dividend payments partly because of the relief from the excess-profits tax.

The key to Burns's present confidence can be found in the fact that consumer expenditures and expenditures by federal, state and local governments have been increasing since the war at a fairly stable rate—reflecting in part the phenomenal population increase which is one of the great economic stimulants of the postwar era. These expenditures provide a reasonably firm and measurable demand factor.

In 1956, furthermore, American business is undertaking the biggest investment program in its history.

"Our business firms are going through a period of intense competition," Burns points out, "and the economy is growing. Any business manager knows that the only way he can maintain the position of his firm is through research and modernization. A large part of the recent expenditures for investment have been to replace capacity which technology made obsolete.

"I have been struck many times lately by the way businessmen point with pride to their research and development programs and their investment budgets. A generation ago they talked only about profits. Now the concept of the growing economy has definitely got through to the business community. A small decline is not going to have a perceptible influence on investment plans of the large companies."

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE FARM PROBLEM? Will it pull the rest of the economy down again as it has done before? Burns does not believe so. The farm population is relatively much smaller than it has been in many years, he says. Moreover, there are definite props to keep farm prices from skidding indefinitely.

Over-all, Burns and his colleagues are optimistic because they have used the tools against recession once and found them successful. Meantime, the economy has been strengthened in a number of ways—the tax laws have been revised, the social security system has been strengthened, a higher minimum wage has been established, efforts are being made to assist areas where there is pocket unemployment, new approaches are being made to the farm problem, the prospects are good for new road- and school-building programs, and the government has held the boom within bounds.

"We may," Burns sums up, "be reasonably confident that—although we are likely to continue to have fluctuations in individual markets and to some degree in the economy as a whole—we will avoid in the future the business depressions that have marred our brilliant record in the past."

THE END

The face is familiar, but what color are his eyes ?

LOOK AND SEE

MOST of his admirers have never seen more than a shadow of the real Maurice Chevalier.

It takes the vibrancy, the vitality, the glowing realism of full color to present Chevalier as he really is, with his blue eyes twinkling and the laughter of all Paris on his lips. And that is exactly how he will appear Sunday, May 20th, on another NBC Sunday Spectacular produced by Max Liebman.

Other great Sunday Spectaculars—part of NBC's heavy schedule of Big Color programs—are now in preparation. Each is a triumph of television showmanship when it is seen in black and white—an outright revelation in color. Don't miss Chevalier, May 20th on NBC Television. Don't miss *any* of the Sunday Spectaculars starring the most heralded entertainers in show business. And see them all live in color if you possibly can!

EXCITING THINGS ARE HAPPENING ON

NBC Television

a service of

RCA

The Kean Land

By JACK SCHAEFER

The law was no longer in charge of the town—a vengeful mob had taken over. And what it wanted was old Brent Kean, hanging at the end of a rope

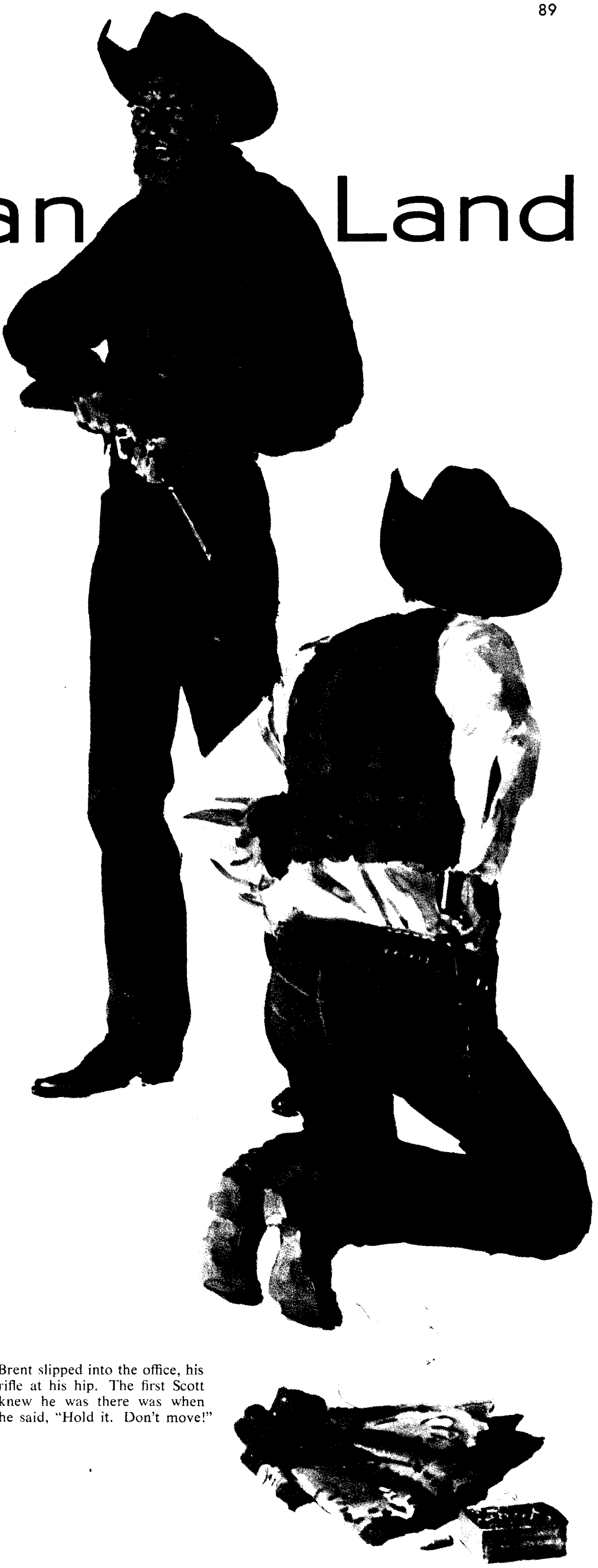
The Story: Old BEN HAMMON, living alone on a farm encircled by a fast-growing Western city, was asked by a writer for the history of his property; despite its value, Ben steadfastly refused to sell, saying he had promised his late wife he wouldn't. This is his story . . . After my folks died, I came here to Colorado to look up my uncle, SCOTT HAMMON, the local sheriff. I was twenty-two years old and I wanted to belong someplace. I liked this mountain country and I liked Scott—he wasn't much on size but he was a good fighting man, liked and respected by everyone in town. His special friend was old BRENT KEAN, the farmer who owned this land here. The land meant everything to Brent and his wife, SARAH; they'd been the first people to settle it, and they planned to leave it to their daughter, LETTIE. About the time I got here, though, a big land boom started, because the railroad was coming in and the country was opening up to homesteaders. Under the law, the people living on the land had first claim to it, but they had to legalize their claim. Some of the old settlers didn't file in time, and then the land-grabbing started. A man named GOSS came to town, representing a big land company, with hired claim jumpers to file on any land not already legally claimed. One of Goss's men, named MALLEY, filed on Brent Kean's land. Brent wanted to settle the matter with his rifle, but Scott and FRED MORRISON, a storekeeper who knew some law, instead persuaded him to sue the claim jumper. While the suit against Malley was pending, the Keans lived in town with the Morrisons. But then Sarah Kean died, and when Brent found out he couldn't bury her on Kean land, because it wasn't legally his now, he was fed up with the law. Lettie came running to Scott and me with the news that old Brent was gone—and he'd taken his rifle with him.

The Second of Two Parts

ALL right now. You've been mighty patient listening to me run on. Maybe now this story begins to take some shape for you. There we were, Scott and Lettie and me in Scott's little office, and all we knew right then was that old Brent had slipped off and he had his rifle with him. That was enough. That's the way it always comes back to me: old Brent Kean with long memories in his mind and a rifle in his hand. That's the story—the real story. It was his from then on, clean through to the finish, which was a week later.

Scott knew that whatever was happening would be happening out here, at this place. He told me to look out for Lettie, and he ran out back and slapped a bridle on his gray—he didn't bother with a saddle and went larruping up the trail; but when he got out here, the first of it was already over and those claim jumpers were gathering.

They were talking ugly and splitting into groups and starting to



Brent slipped into the office, his rifle at his hip. The first Scott knew he was there was when he said, "Hold it. Don't move!"

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

He's saving taxpayers $465 million

One of the many places where independent electric companies are saving you tax money is Hell's Canyon on the Idaho-Oregon border. In the photograph above, an engineer scales the walls of this canyon surveying for a power dam to be built by the local electric company. Three dams along the wild Snake River in Hell's Canyon will double the electricity available to people in the local company's service area. At the same time, these dams will save you and your fellow taxpayers $465 million. That's how much this project would have cost the public if the government built it.

Electric companies to double the supply of electricity by 1965

When you buy another appliance, or your family increases, you need more electricity. And it's always ready and waiting at the end of the wire. That's because America's more than 400 independent electric light and power companies can plan and build ahead for your future needs. They don't have to wait for an act of Congress or for tax money from the Treasury. Right now, these companies are building dams and power plants and such at the rate of more than $2 billion a year with money from millions of investors. This is one of the important reasons why you get the best and the most electric service from companies like the ones bringing you this message—*America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies**.

**Names on request from this magazine*

How much is he saving you in taxes?

Here's about how much the people of each state save in taxes because the local independent electric company, instead of the government, is building the Hell's Canyon power project:

Alabama	$ 4,300,000
Arizona	1,900,000
Arkansas	2,200,000
California	42,900,000
Colorado	4,700,000
Connecticut	8,800,000
Delaware	2,300,000
Florida	6,900,000
Georgia	6,100,000
Idaho	1,200,000
Illinois	35,600,000
Indiana	11,900,000
Iowa	5,600,000
Kansas	4,500,000
Kentucky	4,700,000
Louisiana	5,100,000
Maine	1,800,000
Maryland	9,100,000
Massachusetts	15,000,000
Michigan	26,900,000
Minnesota	7,800,000
Mississippi	2,200,000
Missouri	11,600,000
Montana	1,500,000
Nebraska	3,400,000
Nevada	700,000
New Hampshire	1,300,000
New Jersey	16,900,000
New Mexico	1,400,000
New York	68,700,000
North Carolina	6,400,000
North Dakota	1,000,000
Ohio	29,700,000
Oklahoma	4,600,000
Oregon	4,400,000
Pennsylvania	35,000,000
Rhode Island	2,400,000
South Carolina	3,000,000
South Dakota	1,100,000
Tennessee	5,400,000
Texas	18,900,000
Utah	1,600,000
Vermont	700,000
Virginia	6,900,000
Washington	7,300,000
West Virginia	3,300,000
Wisconsin	9,500,000
Wyoming	700,000
District of Columbia and Possessions	6,600,000
TOTAL	$465,500,000

scour the country around. Scott didn't pay much mind to them, just to find out what he could. Then he rustled a wagon and brought the three men in—one dead, one dying and the third, Malley himself, in bad shape. He left them with the doctor and came back to the office. From what he'd seen and heard and what we learned later, the whole thing was plain enough.

OLD BRENT had slipped out of the Morrison house and headed up the trail, not on it but to one side, holding to cover. He still limped some from his busted leg, but a limp wouldn't slow him and he moved along fast. When he reached the place out here, Malley and two other men were busy cutting hay off the meadow over there. *His* meadow. *His* hay. *His* place, where Sarah had wanted to be buried. This Malley was driving a mower and the other two were raking. Brent stepped out and went across the field to them. Malley saw him coming and stopped the mower and the other two saw too and came over by Malley, and they were all three bunched together watching him. He came up close. "Get off my land," he said. He was speaking very soft and that should have warned them, but they just laughed and told him to run along, quit bothering them.

"Get off my land," he said again, just as soft, "or I'll kill the three of you." But they just laughed again and slapped the guns they had at their hips and said if an old coot like him wanted trouble, why they'd give it to him. He turned around and walked to the edge of the field, to the fence along the side of the pasture, and climbed over and turned again and rested the barrel of his rifle on the top rail. They were still watching him, and they were startled when they saw what he was doing and started yanking at their own guns, but he didn't pay any attention to that at all. He squinted along the rifle barrel and he sighted and started firing.

The first bullet took Malley through the right shoulder, low enough to rip through part of the lung, and knocked him off the mower seat, hurt bad but not so bad he couldn't hitch himself quick around behind the machine. Brent grunted to himself for being so sloppy with his shooting and fired again at one of the others who was just getting his gun out; the bullet hit this one exact center in the left breast, and he was dead before he even collapsed to the ground. The third man was ducking and dodging away now and sending his own bullet Brent's way, but Brent sighted slow and careful and picked him off with a bullet through the belly before he'd gone far.

Brent could see Malley's feet sticking out from behind the mower and he watched and there was no sign of movement. Then he heard shouting a distance off and saw people running from the next place up the trail, and he headed off into the woods and away.

Scott hadn't much more than finished telling Lettie and me what he knew when Goss came running into the office. He was so excited and mad he wasn't smooth-talking. "You're the sheriff!" he shouted at Scott. "Why aren't you out with the posses after that murderer?"

"Posses?" Scott said. His voice was tired, which was how he seemed to be too. He was acting like he was only pushing himself along doing what had to be done for no other reason than it just plain had to be done. "You call those fool mobs posses? They're wasting their time."

"You going to just sit there," Goss shouted, "and let him get away?"

"I'm going to sit here," Scott said. "But I'll tell you something. Anybody bring him in, it'll be me. In my own way. And you and your hired men'll stay out of it."

Goss caught himself then and pulled down into something of his usual style. "All right," he said. "If you won't do your job I can't make you. But I won't be responsible for what they do when they get hold of him."

"*If* they get hold of him," Scott said. "You're not so strict law-abiding after all, are you? Not when it pinches you some. Now get out."

Goss did, and Lettie was staring after him, wide-eyed. She turned to Scott. "Why, he means they'll—"

"Lettie," Scott said, "Brent's off up in the hills that're like his own back yard to him. They don't get even a sniff of him. I know I couldn't, and I'm fair good myself. They won't get him. You know that."

She nodded her head slow and seemed to feel some better. Then she was jumping at another angle. "But even so," she said, "we've got to do something. He can't just keep on hiding and running away."

"Lettie," Scott said again, "you've got to face it. He's shot three men. But I'll take care of him. All that anybody can now."

"How?" she said. "I don't see how. You don't even know where he is."

"I don't," Scott said. "But I know him. You ought to know him even better'n I do. You just think a minute. He's never run away from anything in his life. What will he do now?"

She stared at Scott and after a minute she nodded her head again, slow. I couldn't follow them. I felt like I was left out somewhere and I wanted to be in there with them, belonging and doing something. "What do you two mean?" I said.

NATIONAL
WEEK
MAY 2
BETTER

"If you don't know," Scott said, "you don't. You'll see in the morning."

So all I could do was wait around, and he took Lettie across the street to leave her with Mrs. Morrison; and we had a hectic evening, with the town buzzing and men riding in and out reporting all kind of rumors. Brent was said to be heading off here and there and about everywhere at once. That new deputy marshal Goss had brought to town was running in circles and giving orders and then changing them, and no one was paying much attention to him anyway. The man Brent hit in the belly died about ten o'clock, and that stirred new buzzing and more groups were forming and riding out. People like Fred Morrison and Rufe Martin, the town blacksmith, kept coming into the office wanting to know why Scott wasn't out at least trying to keep things under control in case the posses *did* catch up with Brent, and Scott just kept telling them in that tired voice to go away, let him alone.

There was activity mighty late that night, but by time the sun showed early next morning the town seemed near deserted. "Come along," Scott said, and we saddled and rode up the trail to this place. It was all quiet and peaceful with the hunting way off now. The cabin here was still and silent as if nothing had ever happened. We rode right up to it. The door was closed. Scott lifted the latch and we went in, and on a chair by the one front window, where he'd been watching us come with his rifle across his knees, was old Brent. "I been waiting for you, Scott," he said.

"Yes," Scott said. "Yes, I know." He pulled over another chair and sat down on it, slow and tired, and hitched it around a little, and the two of them sat there side by side looking out the window. I fidgeted around thinking we ought to be hurrying out of there before any of the hunting parties thought to come back through this way; but they just sat there, not even looking at each other, just looking out that window. They acted like they didn't even know I was around at all, and there wasn't anything I could do except sit down on another chair and watch them.

"Brent," Scott said, "a man has fool thoughts sometimes. I been thinking we could barricade the door and each take a window. We could put lead in a lot of them before they got us. You and me, Brent. There'd be some satisfaction in that." They kept on looking out that window, and Scott said: "But we can't."

"No," Brent said. "We can't." He looked down at the rifle across his knees for a minute and then out the window again. "I lay out last night the way I used to, in a place I know up in the hills. That's good for a man. Bigness all around and the sky wide and clean above. But you can't turn time back. I was wrong. I'd do it again but I was wrong. Men like Malley and those others don't count any more. They're only doing what they're paid to do, and there's always that kind around. Always." He looked down at the rifle again and ran a hand along the barrel. "Maybe I've just lived too long," he said.

THE two of them sat still and quiet looking out that window. "Brent," Scott said, "I been thinking maybe we ought to say to hell with the whole kit and caboodle of them and what they're doing to this country and slip away and head up north where it's still big and clean. You and me, Brent." And after a minute he said again: "But we can't."

"No," Brent said again. "We can't. Sometimes a man's just plain got to follow the trail he's started. Now mine's led to your jail." He stood up and he looked around at me, and then he near tore me apart inside because what he did was call up for me something of that old gleam in his eyes and send that big old voice booming at me. "Well, boy! You overgrown lunkhead! Why aren't you down in town looking after Lettie?"

That was it. That was what he always did to me. He slammed at me with that booming voice that might make some people mad and with words that might seem mean and cantankerous and what he was really doing was reaching out and taking me right into his own world with him and seeing me as another whole human being, and saying stand up there, boy, and be yourself, and if you can stand up to me there'll be a (*Continued on page* 94)

RCA VICTOR announces THREE BI

$199⁹⁵
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TRADE-IN
ALLOWANCE

YOUR OLD TV DECIDES THE PRICE

No matter what year, make or model, your old TV can bring you a big allowance on any of these 3 great buys. Limited time only.

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TOWNE SPECIAL 21—Ultra-smart table model with new RCA "Silverama" aluminized picture tube. Balanced Fidelity Sound re-creates all the sound sent out by largest TV networks. "Hidden Panel" tuning controls are convenient, but out of sight. Mahogany grained finish (Model 21S6055) or limed oak grained finish (Model 21S6057).

At your service! Famous RCA Factory Service (optional, extra) is available in most TV areas, but only to RCA Victor TV owners.

See Milton Berle, Martha Raye alternately on NBC-TV 2 out of every 3 Tuesdays. And don't miss NBC-TV's spectacular "Producers' Showcase" in RCA Compatible Color or Black-and-White, Monday, May 28. • Manufacturer's nationally advertised VHF list prices shown, subject to change. Slightly higher in far West and South. UHF optional, only $25 extra.

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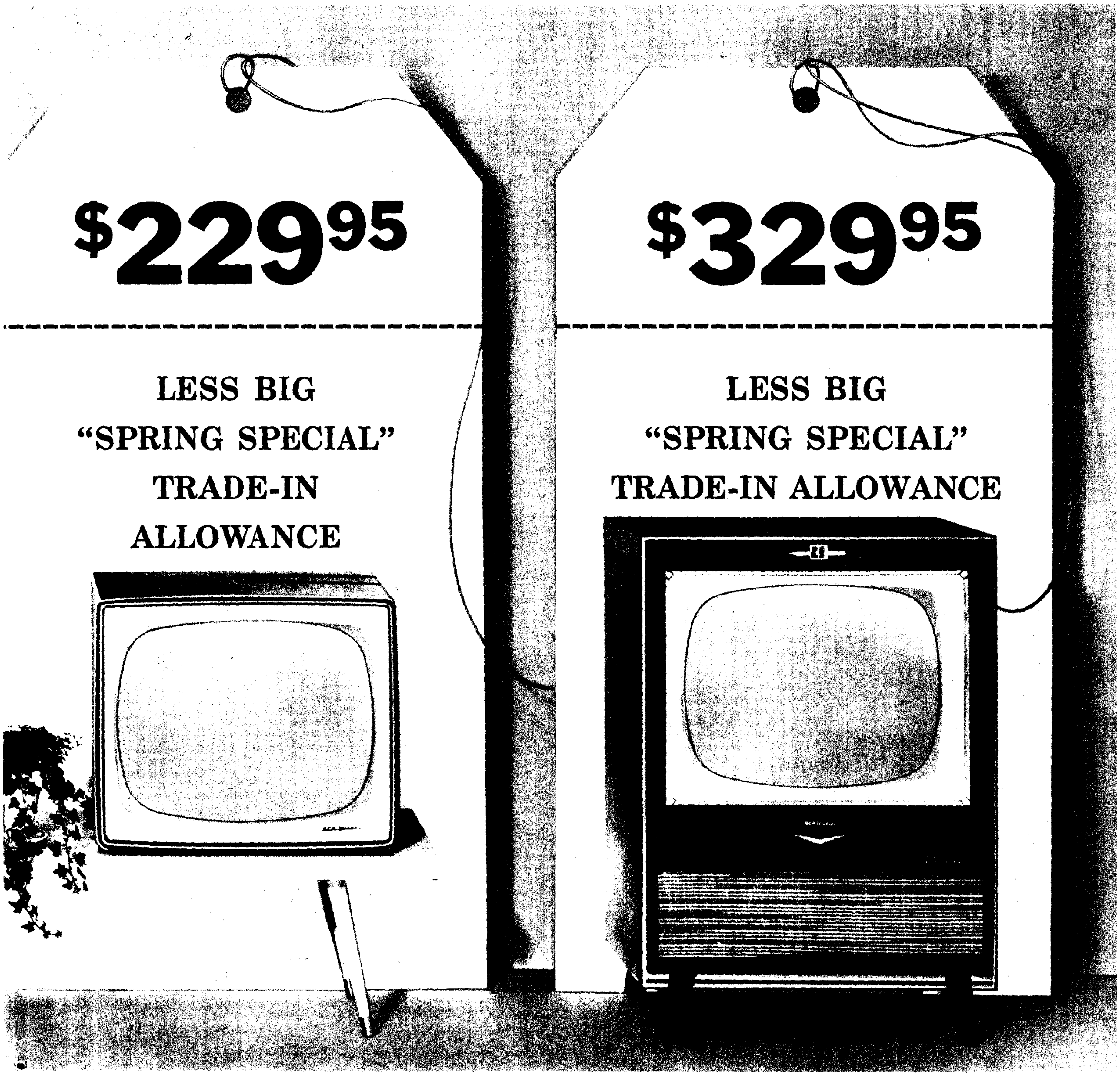
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All "Spring Special" TV sets bring you a full 261 sq. in. of viewable picture!

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COMPTON 21—Amazing new "4-Plus" picture quality for extra brightness, contrast, steadiness. Plus other extras like spot-illuminated tuning dial, a phono-jack so you can plug in a record player. Balanced Fidelity Sound. Mahogany grained finish (Model 21T6115), tawny gold finish (Model 21T6114) or limed oak grained finish (Model 21T6117).

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ALLISON DELUXE 21—Masterpiece console with Deluxe chassis—for the finest TV performance money can buy! New Balanced Fidelity Sound—with two speakers. Phono-jack, illuminated "Front Window" VHF channel indicator, "3-point Personalized" tone control. "High-Side" tuning. Superb mahogany grained finish. (Model 21D645.)

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ATHLETE'S FOOT
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Now! This High Potency Formula for as Little as 6¢ a Day!
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(*Continued from page* 91) pair of us.

"I'm not in town," I said, "because somebody has to take care of an old crook-leg like you. I rode a horse out here. You'll be needing it to go in with Scott and I'll be hiking."

That was how we went, Brent on my horse and Scott on his, the two of them riding ahead and me walking along behind. I watched them pulling on away from me toward town, the two of them riding together, not saying anything, just riding along together side by side.

THINGS happened fast after that—or anyway they seemed to, though it was really five-six days. Brent stayed in our jail, not because Scott wanted him there or had the slightest trace of a thought he'd try to get away, but because that was the safest place. Scott rigged himself a cot in the office and took to sleeping there instead of upstairs, and he was mighty particular who he'd let come into the office to see him. It was a good thing the searching hadn't been organized, just haphazard bunches of men out hunting around hit or miss, because that meant they came straggling in, one bunch at a time, tired out and disgusted; and when they'd hear what had happened they'd blow some about what they would have done *if*, and then they'd drift off, so there wasn't ever many of them around close at one time.

Goss was hammering on the office door every few hours wanting to know was Scott going to help or hinder the law, and was he notifying the proper authorities so a trial could get started. He was worried, Goss was. He wanted to see Brent on the end of a rope and fast. He didn't want what Brent had done to get contagious, have other people taking guns and trying to chase his jumpers off land that had been theirs. I expect that was the only thing Scott and Goss ever agreed on, that the trial ought to be over and done quick as possible. Scott knew that was all Brent wanted now, and that staying in jail was hard on a man like him.

Scott sent Fred Morrison over to the county seat right away to make arrangements. He wanted to get Brent out of our town where feeling ran high, and over there where he thought the trial would be anyway. But Morrison came back and three other men with him. They turned out to be a new judge and an assistant clerk of court and a lawyer who'd been sworn in to act as prosecutor. "They're so jammed over there," Morrison said, "it would be months, maybe longer, before this case could get in. The best they can do is spare these men a few days so the trial can be held right here. It's irregular but it's legal enough."

Scott was disappointed, but after he thought it over he even perked up some. "Maybe it's for the best," he said. "There's still a bit of the old-time spirit left around here."

He was right. You could almost feel it in the air around town. The most talk, the most noise, was made by the claim jumpers and those who sided with them, who figured the old days were gone and maybe a good thing, too, because they were poky and not much money around. But here and there were those who'd lived here longer and knew what it really was like once, and who looked on old Brent as one of them, something that had belonged to them in a special peculiar kind of way like an old landmark. Even if they didn't mind the town getting bigger and more bustling, they still didn't hold with having a bunch of newcomers pushing people out and taking over and beginning to run things. Brent was the focus of the whole feeling of unrest and tension even more now than before. Arguments were plenty along Main Street and in the saloons. That makeshift courtroom across the hall from the office was packed to the limit when the trial started about the fourth day.

I'll say this, those court people from the county seat behaved all right. Of course, they weren't land court, they were state court. This was a criminal case. The clerk didn't count one way or another. He was just to keep the record. That lawyer who was the prosecutor was out to win—it was his job. But a couple times while the case was being prepared I saw Goss trying to get in good with him, make a special friend of him, buy him drinks and such, and the way he brushed Goss aside made you think maybe this would really be a straight deal. And the judge was fair, no question about that. He didn't like the assignment much, but he was fair and he knew his law and he had a sharp dry way of speaking which helped keep reasonable good order.

Picking a jury took all morning. Morrison was acting for Brent, who plain wouldn't hear to hiring a big-name lawyer. "I don't want any legal trickery or finagling," he said. "All I want is an old friend and an honest man, and Fred here's both." Morrison and that prosecutor had some wrangles over jurymen, but when it was finished Morrison had what he was after. He had five of the old settlers on that jury.

AFTER noon recess Scott and I brought Brent in and the real business started. It took longer than was needed, most of the afternoon, for that prosecutor insisted on calling as witnesses just about everybody who'd hurried to the place here right after the shooting. He even wanted to have Malley carted in on a stretcher to testify, but the doctor was firm against that. Malley was still in bad shape—touch and go with that ripped lung—and the doc wouldn't let him be moved. The prosecutor didn't know old Brent or he'd have known all that wasn't needed. There wouldn't be any contesting the facts or twisting of what had happened; there'd be straight truth-telling and no dodging and whining. And that's what he got when Brent took the stand.

Brent had been sitting there while the rest went on, Scott on one side of him and me on the other. He was still and quiet as an old rock, looking across the room, over the heads of the jury facing him, right through the opposite wall into the distance. When he was called he stepped up on the little platform and sat on the chair there. When the prosecutor started on him he bent his head forward a little and paid full attention to him. He answered the first questions polite enough. Then he saw how that prosecutor was winding around and trying to handle him cagey, and he was a bit peeved. "Son," he said, "what you're after, or should be, is to show what happened. Your way'll take all day. Shut your yap and I'll tell you."

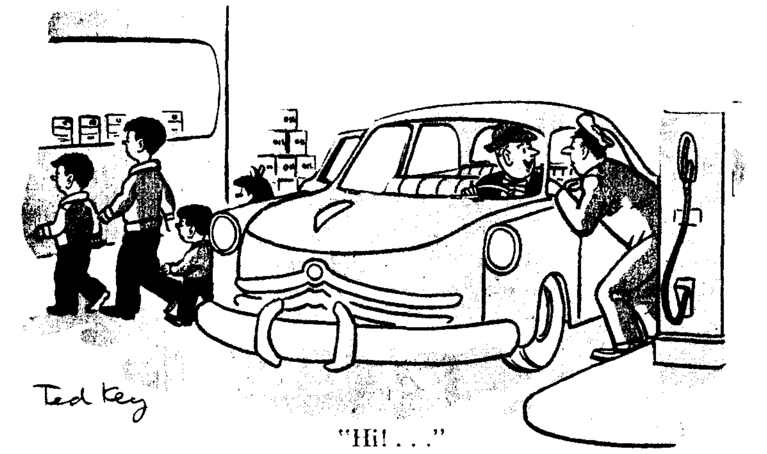
THE prosecutor began burbling something and the judge cut in, sharp and dry, with the comment that Brent's idea might be a good notion. So Brent told what had happened out here, straightforward, simple, and it tied in with what some of the witnesses said Malley had said—except Malley'd said Brent fired at him twice, and when the prosecutor cut in about that Brent just snorted and said he'd be ashamed of himself if he had to use more'n one bullet on one man. Listening to him tell it, you knew, everybody knew, that was exact how it was.

The real wrangling came when Morrison took over. He couldn't explain what Brent had done but he could aim to show why, build up extenuating circumstances and such. He kept Brent on the stand quite a while, bringing out the background of the whole business and digging into the claim jumping. Just about every question he'd ask, that prosecutor would be on his feet shouting objections, and there'd be cracking back and forth whether it was pertinent or not, and the judge would have to rule, and mutterings were breaking out all through the room. It was Brent himself shut it off.

"Quit fussing, Fred," he said to Morrison. "You mean right but you'll only tangle this more. Everybody on that jury knows all that, knows why I did it, or they're more stupid than they look." Most of the jury sat up straighter, staring at him, though a couple of the old-timers there just smiled a little. The room quieted and Brent went right on. "Let's get this over with. I killed those two men. It was only my sloppy shooting didn't make it Malley too. The only question now is, does that jury think I had reason enough. Likely not. They don't look like much to me."

The judge was staring at him, eyes narrowed, like he'd never bumped against Brent's kind before. The whole room was quiet, and in the quiet there was a little sound, a sobbing catch of breath. It was Lettie, on one of the back rows of seats between Mrs. Morrison and Mrs. Martin, fighting hard not to cry.

Old Brent looked out at her from



"Hi! . . ."

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Gordon's never **gilds the lily**... always brings you **gin as gin should be**... crystal clear in the tradition of the world's great gins. True to this time-honored tradition, Gordon's **for over 187 years** has distilled every drop of Gordon's to **crystal clear perfection**—and stopped right there.

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By the bottle or in a drink—always specify Gordon's—the gin that's been **"right" through the centuries.** You get crystal clear dryness **plus** higher proof of 94.4 for more body **plus** superb liqueur quality for greater smoothness. Drinks never taste thin with Gordon's Gin.

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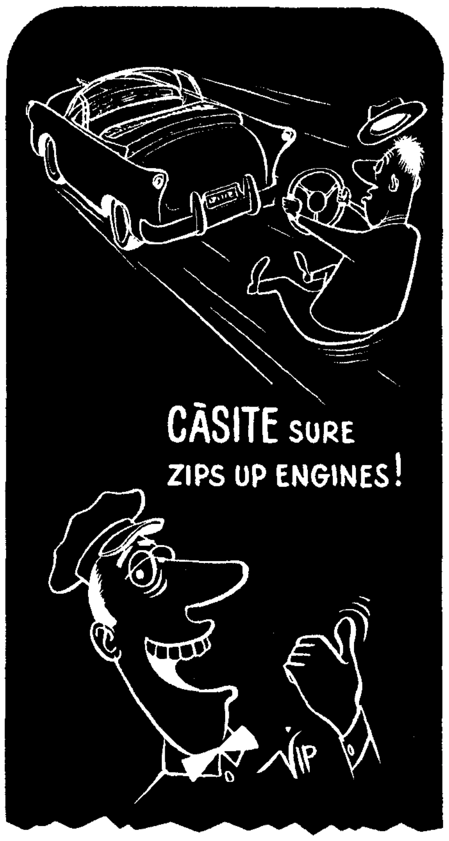
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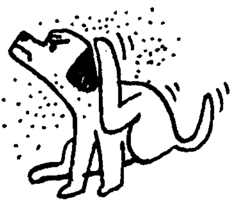

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up there on the little witness platform. "Lettie, he said, "none of that. Ain't I always told you how a man should be? When he decides to do something, like I did, why, do it and face up to what it means." Brent turned toward the table that was the judge's bench. "Judge," he said, "you been acting square, according to your rules. Can't you hurry this thing along?" He stood up, stretching tall, and he stepped down from the stand and came and sat between Scott and me, and nobody made a move to stop him.

THE judge hurried it but he didn't have to do much urging. The prosecutor kept his remarks to the jury brief and to the point. He figured it was a cinch, now that Brent had clinched it on himself by admitting everything right out and then ruffling the jury. Morrison was just as short. He knew by now that what would happen would happen regardless, and if he'd done anything it was when the jury was being picked. Then the judge gave his instructions, brief too, and he sent the jury upstairs to Scott's and my living quarters to do their deliberating. . . .

We could hear them moving around some up there, and now and again we'd hear voices, not clear enough to make out words, just enough to know they were arguing. It got to be suppertime and no verdict. Most people drifted off to eat and some came back and wandered around, inside and out, waiting. The judge and those other two officials went out and came back, and Scott and I took turns.

Brent was back in the jail again and ate there. Lettie brought him food as she always did, quiet and set-faced and hardly seeming to notice Scott and me at all, just waiting for one of us to open doors for her and going in and out without a word, and we let her alone in there with him long as she wanted. But she didn't stay long, likely couldn't without letting old Brent down by crying some. She came out and was going past us. "Lettie," Scott said, "don't get to wandering around any. Stay inside with Fred and the missus. We'll let you know right away." She went straight on without speaking.

About nine o'clock the foreman came downstairs. He was red-faced, peeved. They were having a time, he said. Couldn't they knock off for the night and go at it again in the morning? But the judge said no, his time was running out, he'd keep them there till they reached a verdict. He couldn't stop them flopping where they could and taking a nap, and he'd have food sent up, but that was all.

We worried through that night and no verdict. About midnight the judge said to call him if anything happened; he and the other two officials were going off to get some sleep somewhere. Scott and I made out in the office.

Next morning it was the same. The whole town was waiting now. People were milling up and down Main Street, talking and arguing and wandering around. The saloons did mighty good business. Goss and his special crew took to camping in the courtroom, trying to or pretending to play poker in one corner and getting madder by the minute, and most of his paid settlers were around town somewhere. The judge was getting impatient. He'd planned to leave by the evening stage. He sat at his table-bench playing solitaire and near wore out his cards. And old Brent sat sometimes on the chair in his part of the jail and lay sometimes on the bunk, still and quiet as an old rock, staring right through everything around him off into the distance.

"Damn it, Scott," I said, "why aren't you in there talking with him? He seems so all alone."

"No," Scott said. "He's off where I can't follow now. He's best alone."

So the waiting went on. And along late afternoon the whole jury came stomping downstairs. They looked like they'd been having a time, all right. The foreman didn't even wait for the judge to get in a peep. "We're quitting!" he said. "We had it seven-to-five for a hanging at the start and we got it down to nine-to-three and we're stuck and we're quitting!"

The judge looked them over, disgusted, and took hold. "All right," he said. "We ought to have the prisoner in here and make this formal, but I won't bother. I'm discharging you as a hung jury. I'm declaring a retrial. Date to be set soon. You'll get your duty money in a few days. Now clear out. I have a stage to catch." It happened so fast that words hadn't got outside yet and not many people were in the courtroom. Those jurymen straggled out, not looking at each other. Other people followed them, hurrying to spread the news, and that left only Goss and his crew. They'd dropped their cards and were standing in a bunch, looking mean. And the judge showed them that maybe he knew more than I'd figured about what was behind all this. "That means you too, Mr. Goss," he said. "I'm clearing this courtroom." There wasn't a thing Goss could do, not then, except go out and his crew with him.

THE rest of us—Scott and me and the judge and the other two officials—went into the office so they could fix up their records. I ducked back into the jail part and told Brent, and all he did was raise a little on the bunk. "So it ain't over yet," he said. "They didn't look like much. Couldn't even make up their minds." He lay back again and I went to tell Lettie.

I had to plow through people milling around, because the word was spreading fast. I pushed right into the house. She had the door closed to the room where she was and I hammered on it and shouted something about the jury; then I shouted didn't she hear me. The door yanked open and she really looked bad, all worn and tired. "They couldn't agree," I said.

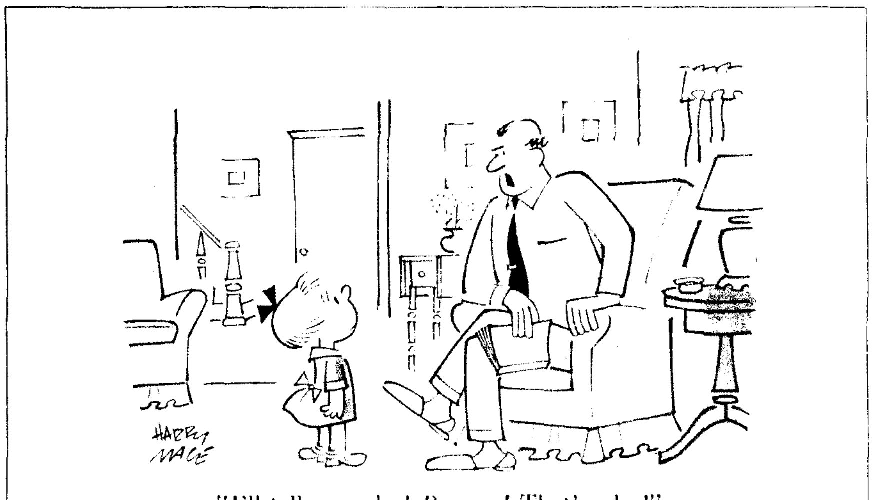
Her face lighted. "Oh, Ben, does that mean they'll let him go?"

"No," I had to say. "It means there'll be another trial."

She stared at me and the light faded out of her face and it was hard again and set. "You and your law," she said. "You're just playing with him. Dragging it out. Making it worse." She slammed the door shut, and all I could do was go back to the office.

The judge was just leaving, the other two with him. "Don't get me wrong," he was saying to Scott. "I was dragooned into this job, so I'm doing it, and that's that. I don't care a hoot whether he hangs or not, except how, though he does have a lot of pepper in him and we don't seem to have too much of that nowadays. It's for a jury to say. But I'll do what I can. I'll see about a transfer right away and let you know." They left heading for the stage station, because even though the railroad grading crews had moved on, the rails themselves weren't in yet and people still had to use the stage.

SCOTT stood in the doorway a minute watching them go; then he closed the front door, bolted it and came back into the office. He stood in the inner doorway looking in at old Brent lying there still and quiet on the bunk; then he pulled that door closed too, very gently, and went over and sat on a chair by the front window. He looked at me in that steady way of his and then he looked out the window.



"I'll tell you why! *Because!* That's why!"

COLLIER'S HARRY MACE

"Ben," he said, "I ain't your father and I ain't built right to be, maybe not even a fair substitute. I don't know how to put things. But you're getting a strong taste of it, the way it is sometimes—the law, I mean. Being a sheriff ain't always making people behave decent and strutting some with a badge and getting a name. It's being in the middle sometimes, with the right and wrong of things all mixed, and all you can do is set a course that seems right to you and hold to it. There's that Goss that's a first cousin to a rattlesnake and I wouldn't trust with a nickel, walking around free as air. There's Brent that I'd trust my life to anytime anywhere, back in the jail waiting for another trial that can mean his neck. You could pull out of this, Ben. A young one like you with everything still ahead. Maybe that's one thing would make sense."

I looked at him sitting there, with that clear and almost lonesome completeness within himself—not much on size but all the same a damned good fighting man; and I don't mean just fighting with a gun or muscle but fighting straight and steady through all the doings of life—big and little and decent and mean alike. And I thought of old Brent back there following the trail he'd started, and Scott sitting there holding to the course he'd set; and I

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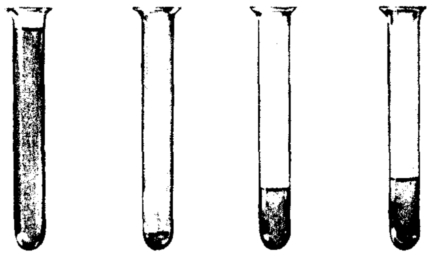

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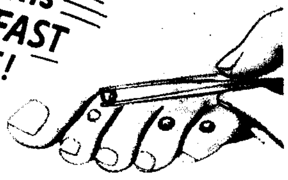

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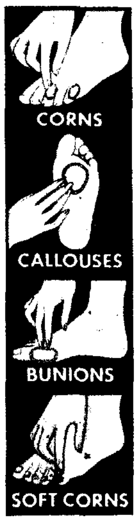

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saw that pulling out wouldn't make any sense, not for me, and that maybe one of the few things that do make sense is sticking to what you've come to believe in, no matter what, and seeing some purpose in living other than just getting through the days pleasant as possible. And even if I didn't have any purpose yet, nobody could stop me going on looking.

"No," I said. "I'm not pulling out. But not because I like what I've seen of the law much. Likely for a lot of reasons. Maybe one's because my father whopped people that tried picking on you once and I know why he did."

He kept on staring out that window. "Thank you, Ben," he said, simple and quiet. "That pays for a lot. I guess you're a Hammon all right. Now get upstairs and clean things some. That jury must've made a mess."

THEY had. They'd made a real clutter. It took me a while cleaning up, and when I went down again Scott was still by the window. But he wasn't the same. He wasn't tired and worn with that air of pushing himself along to do what had to be done. He was sitting straighter, leaning toward the window to peer out. He seemed a lot more alive and alert than before—like something was happening he could see straight, without having to worry about right and wrong, and he was ready to stand up and meet it head on. "Take a look," he said. "The trial's over, and they know how it came out, and the new one can't be for a while—but the crowd ain't thinning out any. Not much anyway. They're staying away from this building and that's good. But they're hanging around."

I watched out the window with him and he was right. Too many people were out there. They were staying away from the open space in front of the building but we could see them going up and down the street, wandering around and talking in bunches and drifting into the saloons and out again and around, and too many of them were men that'd come into the territory taking orders from Goss. But they were staying away from our building. They'd look over toward it and a couple of times I saw some pointing.

"You want to go out and circulate around some?" I said.

"No," he said. "Neither one of us is leaving here. We'll sit tight."

We sat by the window and the sun was low, throwing long shadows outside, ready to drop behind the mountains to the west. Then Lettie was coming across the street with a tray of food. I unbolted the front door and bolted it again after her. She marched into the office, not looking at either of us, and maybe the reason she wouldn't, and wouldn't even speak, was she was afraid she'd break and start crying again. But you couldn't be sure, not the hard way her face was set. She put a plate of sandwiches on Scott's desk.

"Nice of you, Lettie," Scott said.

"That's Mrs. Morrison," she said and went on with her tray into the back room. We ate the sandwiches and after a while she came back out, still not looking at us.

"Lettie," Scott said. She kept right on. "Lettie!" he said again, sharp, almost mean, and she stopped. "Quit acting a fool," he said. "Soon as you get back, you tell Fred Morrison to move about some and come here the back way and tell me what's doing around." She just nodded, and I unbolted the front door for her and she went out and across the street.

It wasn't much later when Fred Morrison rapped on the door at the rear end of the hall. I was waiting there and let him in. That door had a good bolt too, and I fastened it soon as he was in. Scott came to the office door and Morrison started talking right there in the hall. He wasn't worried too much.

"Well, Scott," he said, "I'm glad you sent word. I was so busy catching up accounts at the store I wasn't aware. But I don't think you'll have trouble. There is considerable talking, what you'd expect—the law is too slow, it's not certain, perhaps something should be done. And with the usual cuss words and foul language for trimmings. But no one is steamed up enough to touch things off."

"There was hollering down the street a while back," Scott said.

"Well, yes," Morrison said, "I guess there was. There's been one ruckus, from the talk I heard. One of those jury holdouts was fool enough to stay around, and several of the others jumped him and he took a beating before he got away. That was tough on him, but maybe it was a good thing. It's something new for them to talk about and it blew off some of the steam."

"Goss," Scott said. "What's *he* doing?"

"Right," Morrison said. "That is the trouble spot if there is one. But I doubt it. He's buying drinks for those talking against Brent. I don't know what he's saying, because he kept his mouth shut when I was by. I'm not at all certain he would really like to get something started—just keep them stirred up. It isn't as if Brent were acquitted."

"Maybe," Scott said. "But he was after a hanging and he hasn't got it. He ain't absolute positive now he will. And he knows his jumpers ain't going to be feeling safe till he does."

"Well, yes," Morrison said. "Perhaps. But just a delay isn't enough to push things. He's not getting anywhere anyway. He's only getting them drunk. Soon they will barely be able—"

Morrison stopped. He jumped a little. I guess we all did. There was another rapping at the rear door. Scott's old .45 was in his hand. I don't know how, but sudden it was there. He motioned me to go unbolt the door and stand aside. I did and the person outside pushed right in. It was Tim Ballard, that saloonkeeper Scott tangled with when the boom first started. He looked mighty serious. "Hammon," he said. "I thought you ought to know. Malley's just died."

THERE was silence in that dimming hallway. Faint, far off from down the street outside, we could hear yelling, and then that faded out and the only sound was the soft slither of metal on leather as Scott put his gun away.

"A man came legging into my place with the news," Ballard said. "I saw how the boys were taking it. Then Goss came in talking big, and he looked too blamed pleased to suit me. Never liked him anyway. So I came here."

Morrison sighed. "So I was wrong."

"Hammon," Ballard said, "you cut down my profit with your midnight curfew. When I tried to ignore it, you shot out four of my lamps, for which nobody's paid me a cent yet. I don't know why that puts anything up to me, but somehow it does. My bartender can take care of the place. I'll stay here a while with you and see what happens." He reached a hand into the side pocket of the jacket he had on and pulled it out part way, enough to

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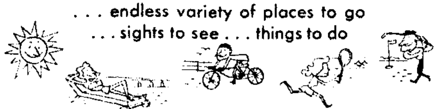

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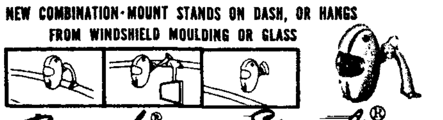

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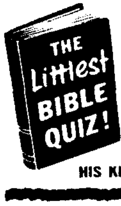
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show he had a gun there. "I'm not too good," he said, "but I've used this a little in my time."

The back door was opening again. It was Morrison, going out. That shook me. I hadn't figured him that way. I hurried and bolted the door after him. "Stay there," Scott said. "Watch that door. You never can tell." And he and Ballard went into the office, where they could look out the window.

I STAYED there by the back door and I could hear the faint yelling again. It was growing dark in that hall. Then I heard not a rapping, just a scratching on the door. "Who's there?" I said and I could hear Scott and Ballard coming into the hall behind me.

"Morrison," a voice said outside, low and not much more than a pushing whisper, but it was his voice all right, and I opened the door and he came in quick and silent. He had an old shotgun in his hands and right behind him was the thick barrel-shape of the blacksmith Rufe Martin. "Bolt the door," Morrison said to me, and I did.

He peered through the dimness at Scott and Ballard. "Scott," he said, "Lettie is safe at the house. I told the wife to keep her there no matter what. Rufe and I thought maybe we all could slip Brent out of here. But they are posting men around."

A cold shiver hit me, thinking of us cooped up in that building with men around watching to keep us there for whatever would happen. And then it was gone because my Uncle Scott was speaking. "So they're going to play it rough," he said. He didn't say it at all worried. There was even an edge of eagerness on his voice, like maybe he was glad how things were because maybe at last he'd have a chance to cut loose. "They don't know what rough is," he said. "They'll find out."

He took us into the office, stumbling some in the dark, and he lighted a lamp and set it on the floor in a corner behind the desk so the light was just spread out dim through the room and enough into the hall so we could see to move around. He went to the old cupboard in the opposite corner and unlocked the padlock on it and took out a rifle and loaded it and handed it to Rufe Martin. Then he got out another for me. "No shooting," he said, "unless they rush us. I've bluffed out these things before."

That was when we heard the yelling again, louder, coming closer, fading out again only now in front of us, across the way. Out the window we could see them, dark shapes across the open space in the street, a whole crowd of them—more than a hundred, I'd say, because somehow people who aren't really in on a mob still go straggling along sort of fascinated and blood-hungry and eager to watch, and maybe even are stampeded into taking part. There was one bunch, about fifteen of them, close together and standing out some, and they were the ones to watch. And while we watched, a half dozen of them came cautious across the street and up onto the porch. "Hammon," one of them shouted, "we want to talk to you!"

"Go ahead, talk!" Scott shouted.

"Not through a bunch of boards!" the voice shouted. "Come on out!"

"Talk, is it?" Scott whispered to us. "That's a good sign. They ain't screwed to the point." He stood up from where he was crouching by the window. "All right!" he shouted. "Stand back some!" He motioned us into the hall after him. "I'm going out," he whispered. "Into the doorway. Got to show them I ain't afraid of the whole caboodle. Let them see we're ready for them. Make them back down a bit." He posted us there in the hall, backing him, where the dim light from the office would show on us. "Stand back from that door!" he shouted. "I'm coming out!"

He unbolted the door, and the instant the bolt was slipped they pushed from the outside, swinging the door in and shoving him back. Two of them crowded ahead into the doorway, and in the same instant Scott's old .45 was in hand, bearing on them, and they saw us all facing them with guns ready and they froze where they were. "Talk fast," Scott said. "We ain't in a mood to play games."

"Look," someone said. "That's Ballard. The blacksmith too."

They were surprised. They fidgeted around but they didn't back off.

"Thought you wanted to talk," Scott said.

"Hammon," a voice outside on the porch said, and it belonged to Goss, "I'm not speaking for myself in this. I'm just speaking for these men—"

"Quit that, Goss," another voice said. "You're in this too. All we want, Hammon, is for you to clear out. You chuck in your badge and clear out and you'll be all right. We ain't waiting for any elections. We're taking over."

"A bunch of drunks like you?" Scott said. "I ought to lock you all up, but I ain't got the time. You thought there was only two of us in here. There's five good guns waiting if you start a thing. Now clear that doorway."

"This is a public building!" someone shouted. "We got as much right here as anybody!"

"Say something," Scott whispered quick to Morrison, and that Morrison, steady as a whittled old fence post, began spouting something about being a justice of the peace and as such ordering them to disperse and go home and think things over. But I didn't hear much because Scott was whispering to me. "Any gunplay now and the whole town'll bust loose. Can you clear that doorway?"

AND sudden I felt good. I'd been trailing along thinking I was about useless, except maybe for show, because even with a rifle in my hands I couldn't do much, being as I never was good with guns. I was just a big overgrown lunkhead. But I had size. I had muscle. I reached over quiet in the dim light and leaned that rifle against the wall. I put my head down some, and then sudden I drove forward and I curved out both arms to take in those two in the doorway, and I carried them right off their feet and on out through that doorway and smacked them and myself into those outside. I heaved the way I'd spent years heaving on big old plow handles when I was growing, and the whole bunch of them went sprawling this way and that—and one even clear off the porch. Then I ducked back in fast, and Scott slammed and bolted the door.

"All right, Rufe," he said. "You and Ballard take the courtroom windows, front and side. Fred, you take the back door. I'll take the office window. Ben, you be ready for anywhere you're needed. Keep an eye on the front door but likely that's safe. Anybody comes close'd be in cross fire from the windows." The others scattered to their places and he ducked into the office and me with him, and he crouched by the window and raised it a bit. "Every door and window's guarded!" he called

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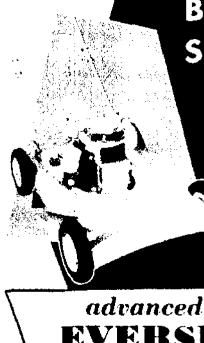

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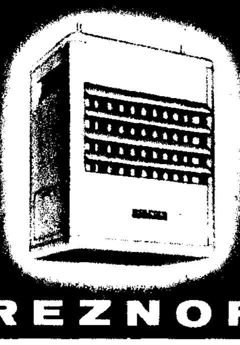

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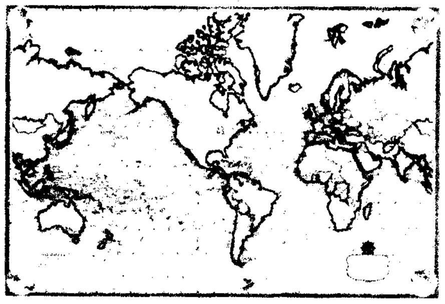

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out. "Better call it a day and go home!"

Those who had been at the door had scurried back to the street, likely mad as hornets, maybe thinking a bullet or two might come after them. There'd been some satisfying crunching when I hit. Across the way there was a lot of racket now, people talking and shouting and milling around.

SCOTT took a quick look around the office. "Too much light in here," he said. "Makes me an inviting target at this window. But we got to have a little." He took the lamp from the corner and opened the door to the back room to set the lamp on the floor inside, so only a little faint light would come out into the office. That lighted up the inner room some, and back in the jail part we could see old Brent.

He was sitting on the edge of the bunk watching us. As the light hit his deep old eyes you could tell that he knew, that he knew everything. His keen old ears had been hearing things through those single-partition walls and he knew. "Scott," he said, "there's bad weather brewing. A real storm."

"Nothing we can't handle," Scott said. "Don't you worry."

"I ain't worrying," Brent said. "Not about that." Scott swung around, hurrying again to his window, and Brent called me with a little flip of his head. He beckoned me right up to the bars. "Boy," he said, "where's Lettie?"

"Over at Morrison's," I said.

"Good," he said. "This ain't for her. Her time's ahead. I've had mine. This is me alone again, the way it ought to be with Sarah gone."

"You're not alone. There's—"

He stopped me with a hand up. "Think I don't know?" he said. "It's a crazy fool world, boy. There's a lot of men out there working themselves up, and plenty of them will get their fool heads shot off if they start something, and this whole section'll get split apart a lot worse than it is already, and there'll be bushwhacking and drygulching and fighting around for a long time. There's that damned little coyote Scott who'll maybe get his fool head shot off too, though that'll take doing. There's you, boy. And those others. And the fuss is all over what'll only be a pile of old bones at the end and soon enough anyway. That's me. It ought to make me feel important. It don't."

"Brent," I said, "it's not just you."

"Don't try to blow it up, boy," he said. "Right here and now it's me." There was a new burst of yelling outside and he looked past me. "Go see what's happening," he said.

I hurried to the office and crouched down by the window with Scott. They'd started a fire in the street, down a little ways, and were piling wood on it. A wagon came up, and the man driving swung it sidewise near the fire and stopped the horses, and another man climbed up on the seat beside him and stood up there and started talking. We couldn't hear what he was saying but we could hear the shouts rising around him, and we could see pretty well in the firelight. "I'll be damned," Scott said, peering out hard. "They've got a body in that wagon. Must be Malley's. And that's Goss talking."

The crowd was thick around the wagon, and Goss, up on the seat, was having to raise his voice to be heard; but even so we couldn't make him out, because the others were making a racket that reached us as just a mixed angry yelling. Then one voice hollered above the rest: "Burn 'em out!"

Scott pressed closer to the window, intent upon what was happening out there, but something caused me to turn around to look into the back room. Brent was up, standing close against the barred door of his cell, beckoning to me. I slipped away, and Scott was so intent he didn't notice me go.

"Well, boy?" Brent said.

"They're planning to burn us out," I said. He looked at me and that look held me there, still and waiting. And then he said, very soft: "All right, boy. Unlock this door."

I've wondered countless times since why I did it. Maybe I figured that if they were going to try to set fire to the place it wasn't right for him to be penned in there. But I don't remember any figuring. I only remember doing it. I think it was just plain because old Brent Kean told me to. I think it was simple as that. I leaned the rifle I was carrying against the side bars, and I reached in my pocket for the big flat key that was the same as the one in Scott's pocket. I unlocked the door.

He didn't hesitate at all. He knew what he was going to do and how he'd have to do it. He pulled the door open and came out. He moved swift and easy as a big lean old cat, despite his limp. He reached one hand out, and set it for a tiny tick of time on my shoulder as he passed me, and with the other hand he scooped up my rifle. He stood there in the open a few seconds checking the load with experienced old fingers. Then he was moving toward the office. And as I say, that's the story, the real story—old Brent Kean with long memories in his mind and a rifle in his hand.

HE SLIPPED into the office, quiet, a long lean shadow in the dim light, and the rifle held at his hip was bearing on Scott, and the first Scott knew he was there was when he said: "Hold it, Scott. Don't move." And Scott stayed still, froze, crouched down there by the window, only his head moving so he could look around and up. His eyes flicked over at me following Brent, and they narrowed some and flicked back to Brent.

"I'd use this gun," Brent said, very soft, very gentle. "On you." And they looked at each other and then Brent said: "All I want is one minute. One minute for myself before you do anything at all."

Scott crouched there by the window, still, not moving, and yet it seemed to me even in that dim light that all of him was shaking. It seemed to me he just plain wanted to cry, wanted to put his head down and bawl. "I ain't afraid of your gun," he said and then his voice broke and the words came with the shaking plain in them. "Or any man's. Or anything they think of trying."

"I know that," Brent said.

And then Scott's voice was steady again. "Then that'll have to be enough," he said. He drew in a long breath. "All right, Brent," he said, "you can have it your way."

OLD BRENT turned and was out in the hall, and we heard the faint slipping of the front-door bolt, and we heard Morrison's voice from the rear end of the hall saying something in surprise, and the front door opened and Brent was out on the porch.

I jumped to the window by Scott and we both peered out. Brent loomed up there on the outer porch edge, lean and tall in the faint light from the fire out in the street. Then they saw him. Their yells told they could make out who it was. Brent stepped down from the porch and out some into the open space, and he raised that rifle and fired once, twice, and the first answering shot was an echo of his third shot, and more guns were blazing from out in the street, and he staggered and dropped to his knees and collapsed slow sideways and lay still.

The silence that shut down outside was sudden and complete. It held there, a kind of shocked hush over everything. Then there was the sound of running feet and all of us in the building were out on the porch, and those men in the street were scattering, scurrying off into the darkness, and the wagon went clattering off fast, and there was only a fire out there lighting the emptiness.

We looked down at the body of old Brent, limp and still on the ground. "The crazy old wolf," Tim Ballard said. "He wanted to go down fighting."

"No," Scott said.

I stared at him because I didn't get it at first.

"He could pick off a running deer at three hundred yards," Scott said. "There was a crowd out there. Maybe a hundred feet away. Look sharp. You see anybody hit lying out there?"

We looked. There was only an empty street and a fire lighting some of it and sending flickering shadows along it.

"Fred," Scott said to Morrison, "you

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go over to Lettie. Rest of you take him inside." And Scott stepped down off the porch and started away.

I hurried after him. "Where you going?" I said.

"Goss," he said. He went right on. He went right past Brent's body without stopping. I hesitated and then I followed and I picked up the rifle lying beside Brent's body as I passed. All kind of wild notions were pounding in my head and I was fed up with the whole billy-be-damned world again, and I kept thinking that even if I couldn't do much with that rifle as a gun I could do plenty damage with it as a club. But I was wrong. I was still wrong about some things. I should have known. He was Scott Hammon. He couldn't be anything else. He made his own rules and he held to them.

We stopped at the first saloon and looked in. There were quite a few men in there but not as many as I'd thought there'd be. They were crowded by the bar and they were being unusual quiet. They saw Scott in the doorway and they looked at each other and away and fidgeted around. But Goss wasn't there—it was in the fourth place that we found him. We went in and Scott went up and took his stand about ten feet from him, and the population in that saloon dwindled mighty quick.

"Now, Hammon," Goss said, "you haven't—"

"Shut up," Scott said. He didn't take his eyes off Goss, and he spoke kind of slow with that old Kentucky drawl plain now in his voice, only it didn't have any softness to it. "*You* listen. A man smart as I seem to be knows what happened can't be pinned on anybody. Technically, Kean was breaking jail. Impossible to prove whose bullet got him anyway. But there's one piece of my old-fashioned law I can still make stick. I'm running you out of town. Disturbing the peace. Inciting to riot. I'm giving you one hour to get out. I find you here then or any time after, I'll shoot you on sight."

Goss got out. We never saw him again.

Of course the company just sent another man, because that's the way things go. But this one was wary—he only stopped by every so often to check, and he didn't push things. Claim jumping in our section slowed down. The land boom was moving on anyway, following the rail line. No more jumpers were sent in and some of those first ones quit and left, though most of them finally got title and collected before they left too. The company did all right, got most of what it was after, as such outfits about always do.

WE BURIED Brent the next morning, beside Sarah in the town cemetery. There was one thing you might call funny about that. Lettie didn't show at all. "Staying in her room," Fred Morrison said. "She doesn't want to see anybody." But Lettie was a Kean. She had old Brent's blood in her and Sarah's too, and she could take hold.

It was early afternoon the same day and we were sitting in the office, Scott and me. He was by the window and he wasn't saying much, not even a word about my unlocking the jail door. He never once spoke to me about that, not once even in the years after—which weren't too many for him, though the kids did get to know him some when they were little, before the big blizzard when he was out helping open the way to snowed-in families and froze a foot, the one that didn't have good circulation because he'd been winged in that leg once, and gangrene set in and took him in just a couple days. I figure that knowing him even that little helped the kids turn out right.

But as I say, he was by the window and I was by the desk, about as low as I ever was. Even with Scott sitting there, a Hammon like me and not really so complete and firm within himself that once in a while he wouldn't break down and let me know it—even with that I felt like I didn't belong anywhere after all, not even here. I wasn't going to stick around that office any more, not after what had happened. It had the smell of law about it, even though maybe only Scott's kind of law, and I'd had enough of any kind. I didn't have anything to be doing, to be aiming at, and couldn't even think of anything. And then I got to thinking about when I was plowing that patch out there at the Keans' and how it was, doing what I really could do right, and Lettie watching me and making me mad, the kind of singing-inside mad my father must have had when he was arguing with my mother. And that made me even lower, because what I'd done had finished that.

Scott said: "There's a wagon outside. Somebody on it."

I LOOKED out and there was Brent's big old wagon with his team hitched to it, and it was stopping out front. Lettie was up on the seat driving. Scott said: "Get on out there."

"I can't," I said. "Not after what I did."

"Ain't you learned anything yet?" he said. "There's people and there's people. That's Lettie Kean out there —Brent Kean's girl. Now you jump."

I went out because I could see I had to tell her, and I didn't want to but I had to do it. She sat up on the seat looking down at me, and she was in bad shape. She couldn't keep the tears out of her eyes, and some would slip over and run down; she'd been wiping at them with a hand dusty from the reins, and that'd left dirt streaks.

"Lettie," I said, "I'm the one that let him out."

She looked down at me and I could see that sinking in and I started to turn away, to get away from there—anywhere, but away from there—and her voice caught me. "He wanted you to, didn't he?" she said.

I turned back and looked at her, and her eyes were straight and steady on me. "Yes," I said.

She looked down at me and she nodded her head a little and then it hit me, her being there on that wagon. "Where are you going?" I said.

"I'm going home," she said. "He wanted it to be Kean land. He wanted a Kean to be living on the place. Well, Malley's dead and no relatives and the claim's open. I'm a citizen. I was born in this country and I'm past twenty-one. I've been to the land office and I've filed on it."

"Lettie," I said, "you can't do that. You can't handle a farm all alone."

"I thought—" she said, "—I thought maybe I wouldn't have to do it alone." And then she fixed me for life. She raised her voice, not a real shout, just an echo of a big old voice we both had known. "You overgrown lunkhead," she said. "Why aren't you climbing up on this wagon?"

I stepped up on the near-front-wheel hub and sat on the seat beside her. I reached and took the reins and we drove on out home here.

—JACK SCHAEFER

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THE WEEPER

Sound stages rock when sobbing Rod Steiger goes into his wild warmup for a scene, but it pays off—he's pile-driving his way to stardom

By ALINE MOSBY

IT WAS FIVE MINUTES before cameras were scheduled to roll on the dramatic drunk scene in The Harder They Fall, a rough-tough prize-fight movie recently released by Columbia Studios.

As the other actors and actresses, including Humphrey Bogart, calmly received the usual eleventh-hour ministrations from eyebrow pencil and powder puff, an intense, heavy-set, villainous-looking actor was making some last-minute preparations of his own. First he beat his fist into his palm until bones cracked audibly. Then he ran 10 stiff laps around the sound stage, stiff-arming imaginary opponents and pile-driving his knees like a college fullback with 98 yards to go. He threw himself on the floor, did 15 quick pushups, sang eight roof-rocking bars of Celeste Aïda, staggered to a nearby water cooler, sloshed water on his sweaty face until it dribbled down his chin, snarled tigerishly, then deliberately punched himself in the pit of the stomach. He paused to study the effect of these preparations in a mirror, then informed director Mark Robson that at last he was ready to perform.

"Are you quite sure you've worked yourself into the proper mood?" inquired Robson idly.

"Quite sure," replied the actor matter-of-factly.

The cameras rolled.

The intense young actor is a man whose ability to wring tears from himself has caused fellow actors to dub him "the Weeper." His name is Rod Steiger, and he is amazing not so much for his pre-acting antics as for their spectacular results.

At thirty-two, he has been in Hollywood only two years. During that time he has made eight pictures, been nominated for an Academy Award, has accepted a $100,000 contract at RKO and been offered more choice film roles than he could possibly play in 10 years. Director Fred Zinnemann, who led Steiger through his menacing role of Jud in Oklahoma!, calls him "one of the five most exciting actors in Hollywood." Jerry Wald, executive producer at Columbia and a noted star-picker, says Steiger is "one of the great personalities of the screen—the most dynamic force since Cagney, the most promising newcomer since Brando."

The Weeper's success as an actor is based on equal parts of brass and talent plus an unshakable belief in his ability to do anything. His hysterical warmup technique stuns fellow workers. On the set of Jubal one hardened, burly prop man gave me his considered opinion of the new star: "This guy acts *definitely* nuts."

In Jubal, for Columbia, Steiger was required to attack actress Valerie French. He prepared for this eventuality for half an hour. Set workers gawked while he beat his chest, glared balefully into space, gasped and did his usual quick 10 laps to work himself into a suitable state of evil-eyed disarray. He even drew Miss French aside and urged her not to spare the fingernails in her defense. She didn't. "Rod thought the scene was great," said the prop man. "I thought we'd have to call the studio doctor."

To Steiger this is simply doin' what comes naturally. "You just can't jump into a scene cold," he says. "A boxer has to warm up, doesn't he? Sure, other actors kid my warmup. But they don't kid the results," he adds, and he's right.

The Weeper is hot. Last year he won enough votes in the Star of Tomorrow poll to paper the walls of Darryl Zanuck's office. His fan mail has to be delivered by the sack. He is known as an actor who can do anything. And though character actors aren't supposed to be romantic, the five-foot-eleven 200-pounder even shows signs of muscling into Rock Hudson's field. "Take away 30 pounds and he can be the greatest movie lover in 25 years," producer Wald claims.

The Weeper, however, does not always evoke similar enthusiasm from fellow actors. For example, on The Big Knife set, he talked the make-up department into dying his hair white, then commandeered a hearing aid which guaranteed him even more attention. When the first scene started, he made his entrance as if Jack Palance, the supposed star of the picture, was out to lunch. While the upstaged Palance did a slow burn, the Weeper yelled and stormed. He covered his face with his arms. And, naturally, he wept. Finally, he began a grand, fiery exit.

Palance could contain himself no longer. He hurled a stack of phonograph records at Steiger. Happily, he missed. Steiger, who had exited running, wisely kept on running—off the set and home. Later both actors called director Robert Aldrich to apologize and a truce was declared.

There is little Steiger does conventionally. He puts ketchup on *filet mignon* and drinks 12-year-old Scotch with sugar-free ginger ale. He paints passable oils and writes poetry, stories and plays as yet undiscovered by publishers. He is an ex-sailor, ex-truck driver who became an actor "to meet beautiful women."

The Weeper will sing at the drop of an eyelash. Once, to entertain a girl,

Steiger needs the full windup even to get into mood for rehearsal. On set of Jubal, before scene requiring him to attack actress Valerie French (lower right), he starts (above) with series of knee-bends, switches abruptly to a state of blackest brooding, stalks the floor with unseeing intensity, then sets off for ten fast laps around the room before hurling himself into scene. For results of Weeper's workout, turn page

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ZINN ARTHUR

THE WEEPER continued

An intense and sensitive man, Steiger paints, writes stories about chats with a cat, and creates poetry which moves even himself to tears

he burst into loud song at Chasen's restaurant and continued, fortissimo, until the alarmed owner threatened to throw him out. Another time Steiger attended a plush party given by Arthur Loew, Jr., son of the M-G-M president. One of the folkways of such soirees is for great entertainers such as Judy Garland and Danny Kaye to perform. Steiger unabashedly announced to the celebrities present that he had written a song. He walked slowly to the center of the room, stood before the hushed gathering, closed his eyes and sang. Finally he opened his eyes and sat down. Later he confided to friends that he had composed the tune and lyrics as he went along. (The song, everyone agrees, was terrible.) One of them commented later: "He's the kind of guy who would play the fiddle in front of Jascha Heifetz."

Not long ago I drove into the Hollywood hills to visit Steiger in his rented modern home perched on the edge of a cliff. He was wearing a black velveteen shirt and bathing trunks and reading aloud some of his poetry.

"Hi-ya, darlin'," he said. "Listen to this:

" 'I exist
Not as a prophet
But as a searcher
One who follows
The instinctive aphorisms of his
Soul.' "

Asked about his great emotional proclivities, Steiger said he has been that way virtually since he was born, "yelling and kicking, and for all I know, beating my chest," 31 years ago in Westhampton, Long Island. As a youth he worked summers barking on the Seaside Heights, New Jersey, boardwalk. Without ever having taken a driving lesson, he got a job as an ice-truck driver (he still drives like one), and later another job as a leather cutter, assuring the plant manager he knew perfectly how to operate the lethal 10-foot blade. After a year of high school, Steiger took off for the Navy. One of his unusual abilities in the service was to sleep standing up. He was shipped home from the South Pacific with a medical discharge for an unglamorous case of acne.

His first postwar job was oiling check machines at the Office of Dependents and Benefits in Newark, New Jersey. There he recalled that Pushkin, the Russian poet, wrote, "You can't romance all the women in the world. But you must try." Steiger became a Pushkin disciple and hung around the water cooler, trying to date all the Marilyn Monroes in the office. However, they turned down the eager, puppylike boy because they rehearsed every night with a civil-service theater group. Naturally, Steiger joined immediately. Before long somebody told him he should take acting seriously. Having nothing else in mind at the moment, he moved to New York in 1946 to study acting under the GI Bill of Rights at the Dramatic Workshop. Thus Rod Steiger became an actor.

He lived in a rented room on West 82d Street for $5 a week. His mother supplemented his Automat diet by sending the week's residue of chicken and meat balls from home. After two years he enrolled in the American Theater Wing. Shortly critics were startled to discover that the fifty-five-year-old detective in Night Music actually was a twenty-five-year-old newcomer named Steiger. That was the first of a long line of elderly parts. He explains this talent, rather sadly, with "I guess I'm old at heart."

In 1949 he was accepted by the Actors' Studio in New York, which had launched a new concept of acting—"realistic and psychiatric," says Steiger. The Weeper was a prize graduate.

"Elia Kazan and Lee Strasberg, the school directors, taught me to act from the inside out," he explains. "I learned what it means to talk to other persons in the story instead of reading lines with a phony voice."

Steiger's emotional performances in the class became legendary. Once, as a class exercise, the actor delivered a ballad about lynching. Tears rolled down his cheeks as he sang, *"Laughter on the lips of the white one . . . fear in the heart of the black one . . ."* The song was so raw emotionally that the audience, one witness recalls, was left in a state of shock. So was the tear-stained Steiger. It was then that Rod's fellow students dubbed him the Weeper.

After four more plays and leading roles in 150 TV dramas, Steiger became known along Madison Avenue as "the offbeat TV actor." When he was only twenty-eight, he dared to carry off TV portrayals of such elderly "villains" as Andrei Vishinsky, Rudolf Hess and Dutch Schultz. He also breezed through Romeo and Rasputin, roles that taxed the Barrymores. Then, to prove his remarkable range, he originated the tender part of Marty, a homely man searching for love, in the TV play of the same name. As a result Steiger was spirited off to Hollywood to discuss the movie version. However, he ran head on into another intense character, Burt Lancaster, producer of the film. Lancaster visualized Marty as soft and gentle. Steiger wanted to play him in typical, brooding Steiger fashion. The role (and an Academy Award) went to Ernest Borgnine.

BUT DIRECTOR KAZAN remembered Steiger from the Actors' Studio and cast him as Brando's brother in On the Waterfront. That role won Steiger an Oscar nomination and quintupled his salary. Then director Fred Zinnemann hired him for the Jud role in Oklahoma!.

Steiger tackled that assignment with characteristic energy. He convinced Zinnemann that he could do his own singing and managed to keep pace with veteran Gordon MacRae. A professional dancer was slated to double for Steiger in a ballet sequence. But the heavy-set actor (he weighed 232 pounds at the time) studied ballet for three days, until he and his teachers "thought I'd collapse," and electrified everybody by doing a creditable job in his scene.

Steiger, who freely admits that his schooling has included a stretch on a psychoanalyst's couch, gives a fast analysis to every character he plays. This may not be approved of in the best medical circles, but it has made his portrayals of heavies more human than most. For example, some critics complained that he played Jud as if he'd been created by Dostoevski, making the simple farm hand stick out like a Freudian chapter in an otherwise frivolous book. But Steiger's theory is, "You don't put on a mustache and slink around to play a villain. There's good and bad in everybody." And Zinnemann adds: "Rod transformed Jud into a modern neurotic and made people feel sorry for him."

The Weeper has devised tricks for working himself into a cold fury when he plays villains. He pretends the other actors are Nazis who murdered his professional idol, Harry Baur, the late French star. "I keep the emotion fresh by thinking these guys not only killed Baur, they put lighted straws under his fingernails first," he says seriously.

"The result," explains director Aldrich, "is that Steiger delivers his lines as if nobody else were there, and often changes them. It throws everybody off. Usually I lie awake nights trying to think of ways to improve an actor's performance. With Steiger the problem is to try to contain him."

Steiger often has been compared to Brando, a similarity only the former acknowledges. However, there is one point on which everyone agrees. The Weeper has been a terror with the ladies since his marriage to New York actress Sally Gracie went on the rocks some two years ago. Exactly what women find so fascinating about Steiger is hard to define. He is intense, unorthodox; never dull. A fair example of the Steigerian technique may be found in the story of how he dated Joan Crawford before her recent marriage. Never having met Miss Crawford, Steiger approached the problem characteristically—he merely picked up the phone, dialed her number and asked for a date. The Great Lady was so flabbergasted she accepted.

FOR MY FIRST INTERVIEW with Steiger he invited me to dinner. I wore my best earrings. Rod wore a sport shirt and yesterday's whiskers. We ate at a nearby beanery. Later, at his house, I did not rate a recording of waves breaking on a beach, which I understand he has frequently employed with other females. Instead, he played some love poems by e. e. cummings as recorded by himself.

Rod is the author of a collection of introspective short stories entitled Conversations with a Friend Who Happens to Be a Cat. He enjoys talking soberly about the Art of the film and the work of Sergei Eisenstein. Around his living room are scattered such books as Thomas Wolfe, a Critical Study (he wants to play Wolfe on the screen) and The Life of Chekov. And always there are the Poems by Steiger:

dear nebulae—
i did
(you talk)
i tried
(you talk)
i failed
(you talk)
i may be remembered

"And," he adds intently, "it *must* be written lower case."

Underneath Steiger's public façade there lies a serious, searching man. Also a lonely one. The latter, his friends think, is the main reason for his restlessness and frequent dating. He went into psychoanalysis because "I was unable to sustain an emotional relationship with a woman."

With all his surface flamboyance, this underlying sensitivity in Steiger is impressive. Once when talking about the character of Jud in Oklahoma!, he said, "I can understand what it means to be this type of person. Nobody loved him or even cared."

Woven into his complex personality is, in common with most stars, a tremendous drive for recognition. Steiger tempers his with sensitivity. When I didn't enthuse quite hard enough over his paintings—primitives in bold colors—he seemed genuinely hurt. Later he began pacing and talked about acting and how "tremendously exciting" and educational it was for a guy with only one year of high school. Suddenly he grinned in delight. "Hey," he said. "Today I made a *movie!*"

Somewhere between his sensitive personality and his intense drive lies the answer as to why Rod Steiger is called the Weeper. Asked how he could cry on cue in a scene he said, "It's a talent you either have or you don't. I cry easily. My problem is to keep from overdoing it. If you let it get out of control, you wind up crying for problems in your personal life."

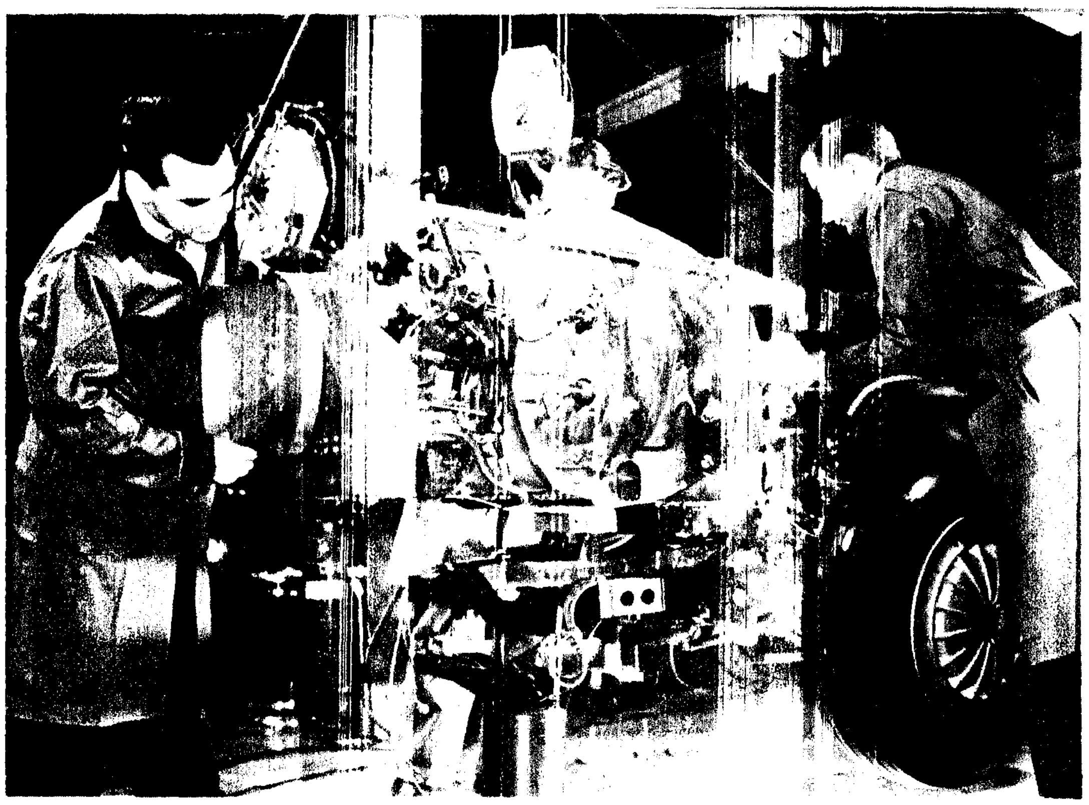
The night he played his recorded e. e. cummings love poems for me he listened intently to his emotional delivery. "In this next one, I break up," he said as he put on a record. Sure enough, at the end of the poem about an unfaithful woman, Steiger's recorded voice burst into sobs. I looked at Steiger. He had tears in his eyes.

"Gets me every time," said the Weeper. THE END

Scene over, Steiger gallantly helps the battered Miss French remove a particle caught in eye while acting

Collier's Comment

Big Industry Goes with a Big Country



Research workers at General Motors' new Technical Center outside Detroit prepare to install gas turbine engine in Firebird II, GM's 1956 auto of the future

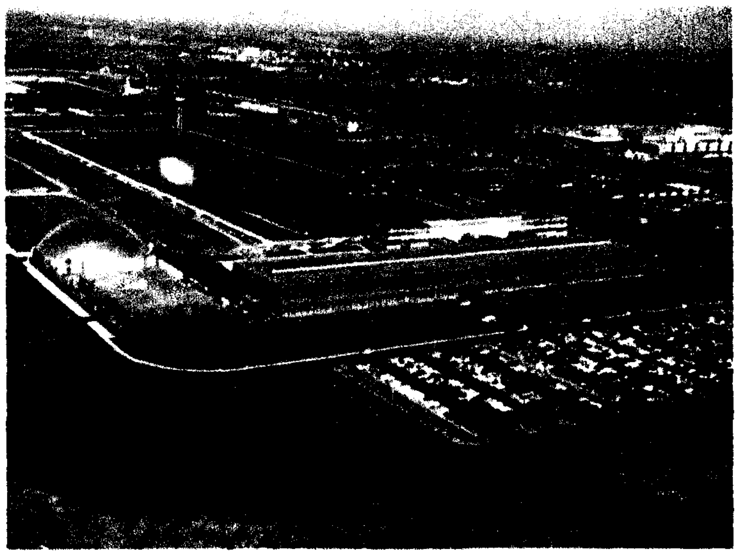
ON MAY 16TH some 5,000 leaders of American business and professional life are meeting in Detroit to attend the opening of the new General Motors *Technical Center.* This is an event of extraordinary significance, and we recommend it to the attention of all Americans—including the Antitrust Division of the Justice Department.

For the Antitrust Division has lately been viewing with alarm again—alarm over bigness generally, and General Motors' bigness particularly. The chief of the division, Stanley N. Barnes, recently singled out General Motors as most culpable of the Big Three auto makers in point of monopolistic tendencies. He suggested that General Motors relinquish its finance division and bus-manufacturing operations as not relating to its principal business.

By the same logic Barnes might well have recommended that GM shuck off the new Technical Center, for it, too, gets pretty far afield from motor making in some of its activities. Not one of its 4,200 scientists, engineers and other employees is producing automobiles, or refrigerators or spark plugs or buses or diesel engines. They're producing the future.

Out of their laboratories already have come many discoveries of importance far beyond GM or the motor industry—such as the mechanical heart, the electrostethograph, and the mechanical centri-filmer. This latter device was developed to spin liquids into extremely thin films, so they can be irradiated and thoroughly sterilized. It has provided a successful and revolutionary method of sterilizing Salk polio vaccine.

The secrets of the atom, the stresses of supersonic flight, the wonders of radioisotopes, the worth of new weapons—all will be within the scope of the new Technical Center. And so, of course, will the motorcar of the future. From the research and experimentation of these technicians will come a more efficient kind of car—and because ours is a nation on wheels, the whole economy will benefit.



From the air, the Technical Center's 22-acre lake dominates the scene. Around it are located four staff organizations that work for tomorrow

The Antitrust Division through the years has shown a consistent aversion to bigness as such. The GM Technical Center is an eloquent demonstration of the fallacy of this dogma.

There could have been no GM Technical Center without a General Motors big enough to conceive and create it.

There could have been no such nation as present-day America without a whole system of industrial corporations big enough to think and act on the grand scale in research, organization, integration and production.

Free competition—the freedom of the consumer to buy what he chooses and reject what he doesn't want—created this system. The evolution of the system has not threatened to wipe out competition, nor has it jeopardized the place of small business in America. But it has wrought certain changes, both in the nature of small business and in the nature of competition. These changes are not ominous, they are natural and logical.

Automobile making for the mass market is necessarily big business. But the big car makers have brought into being and provided support for tens of thousands of small enterprises—the specialized suppliers to the industry, and the dealers, garages and service stations.

Competition remains vigorous among the big auto makers. But other dimensions have been added to competition since the Sherman Act came into being before the turn of the century. Whole industries now compete with other industries—railroads against trucks and airplanes; coal and natural gas against oil and electricity and the atomic fuels. We also find, in a way that never happened before, the sum total of a nation's productive energies pitted against the sum total of another nation's energies. Every ounce of our economic strength and skill is pitted totally against Russia's. That's the essence of the cold war.

The Antitrust Division is right to be alert against oppressive tactics and unfair trade practices and conspiracies on the part of business, big and small. But the antitrust laws leave considerable scope for the exercise of discretion on the part of those charged with enforcement.

No such exercise of common sense is evident in the attitude that bigness in business is suspect per se; that any business which reaches a certain size had probably better be broken up on general principles.

The question of what's good for the American people enters importantly into the picture, and certainly their best interests cannot be served by any policy that tries to push the industrial economy backward through half a century. The American people have assigned big business a vital job, in sustaining prosperity, mobility, and economic and military prowess in the world of today and tomorrow.

The Antitrust Division should conduct its activities in awareness of this fact of mid-twentieth-century life.

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